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**AUTUMN
1990
#6**

Independent Cassette Arts & Networking

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with YOUR comments

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Bret Hart

Ken Clinger

Michael Bowman

**100's of
Contacts**



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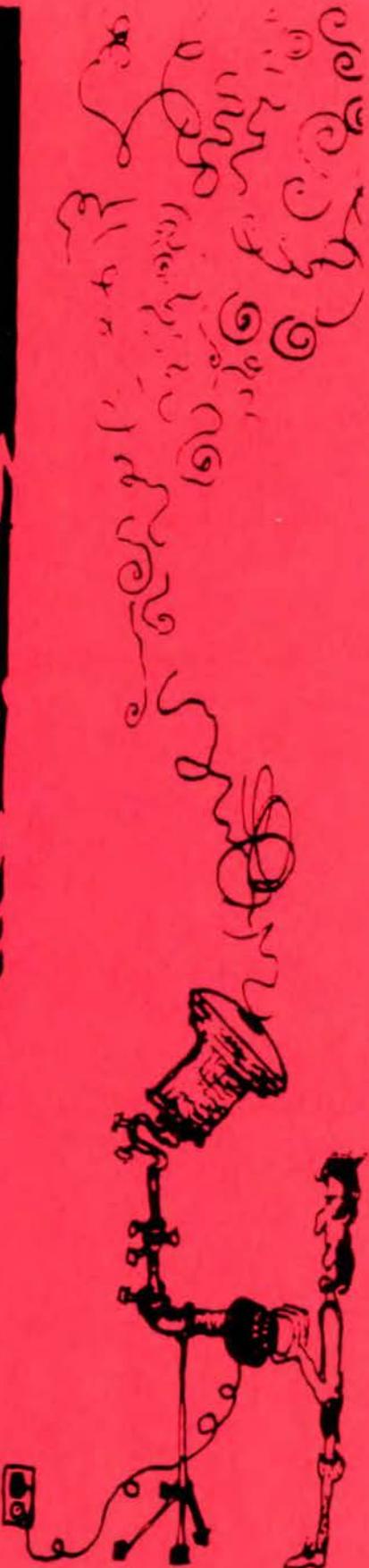
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GAJOOB Magazine

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EDITED by BRYAN BAKER

WRITE

GAJOOB Magazine

PO Box 3201, Salt Lake City, UT 84110
Phone: (801) 363-5607 (nights)
FAX: (801) 355-5552 (24 hrs.)

GAJOOB is a forum for independent recording artists, without regard to stylistic parameters. Contributions in the form of letters, essays, prose, photos, art, comics, etc., are requested and appreciated. Payment is in copies.

GAJOOB still reviews every tape you care to send. So keep them coming! I encourage you to send a submission guide along with each tape you send me. Your thoughts about your tapes make the reviews worthwhile.

The current **GAJOOB subscription rate** is \$10 for four issues, ppd. in the U.S.; \$12--Canadian and \$15--foreign (shipped via air). U.S. funds or current foreign equivalent are both equally acceptable.

You may purchase mass quantities (5 copies minimum) of GAJOOB for **distribution** @ \$1.50 ea.

Back issues of GAJOOB are available. \$1 for each of issues #1 thru #3, \$2 for issue #4 and \$3 for issue #5. Issues 1-3 are probably for completists only.

GAJOOB's **AD RATES** are as follows:

Full Page	\$25
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Multiple insertions for two consecutive issues, paid in advance, may deduct 10%

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Editorial

SM PRI SM

In past issues of GAJOOB I have used this section mainly as an introduction to Cassette Culture itself, being that GAJOOB is a magazine devoted solely to this topic. For those of us who have been involved in it one way or another for more than a few years, it's hard to imagine that there are still people involved with independent recording who haven't the slightest knowledge that a network such as this is not only "out there," but, indeed, flourishing.

So, if you're new to all this, I say, "Welcome!" There are thousands of people recording and distributing their own music. There are thousands of ways of doing just that. There are thousands of people who are interested in this music. And the scope of Cassette Culture is broadening.

A growing number of radio programs all over the world are playing cassettes produced independently. The mainstream press is beginning to take notice. More magazines and smaller zines are devoting space to it and the people involved in it.

But it's debatable whether or not Cassette Culture can truly be called a "movement." By its very nature it scorns homogeny. As soon as it is tagged most of us will seek to tear it off and move in a different direction.

We like the independence; but, most of all, we love to record. It's an end in itself. Recording is what motivates us—not the promise of some other pie in the sky.

Defining Cassette Culture is an attempt to bridge dichotomy. Remember the circus clown who stoops down to pick up a balloon, only to kick it away with his oversized shoes?

Ahem....

Like every past issue of GAJOOB, this one is bigger than the last. More pages. More reviews. More interviews. More, more, more. It's taken a long time to put together. Much longer than I planned. I appreciate your letters, and I understand your impatience.

Before I let you loose, I must thank a few people.

Thanks to Duncan for the cover art and the "Contribute" drawing on the last page. I also used his art for the cover of the Gajoobilation #1 tape. I encourage everyone to check out his *Paper Toadstool* zine.

And Matt Towler for several section headings. His Sponge Studio has postcards and other things available. Write: 277 Lake Ave., Worcester, MA 01604.

And Pawnee Ribber (37 Terry Ln., Monticello, NY 12701) who publishes *Cluttered Mind* for an article and a comic, once again.

And LMNOP for their (his) Baby Sue comics. See the publication reviews and tape reviews sections for more information on some great music and zines.

And John Bergin for his dramatic art. John publishes *Brain Dead*. It's reviewed in the publications section, and I highly recommend it.

And Chris Curtis for his "Savory Platter" and "Eat Your Heart Out" comic.

Thanks to those who contributed articles, columns and other things for this issue. Jake Berry, Chris Duers, Tom Furgas, Malok, Michael Chocholak, Dave Schall, Jeff Jarvie and Bloody F. Mess. Berry, Malok, Duers (Bud Collins Trio), Schall (Sockeye) and Jarvie (Cheapskaters) all have tapes reviewed in this issue. You can find their addresses there. The others have tapes available also. Write Tom Furgas at: 1840 Paisley Rd. #3, Youngstown, OH 44511. See the M&M Music ad on page 40 for Michael Chocholak's address. Bloody F. Mess and his Skabs have a record coming out on the Black and Blue label. Reach Bloody at: 5523 Montello Dr., Peoria, IL 61614. More on his article later.

Special thanks to all the advertisers in this issue. I have every intention of keeping the advertising rates low. I encourage you to respond to the ads in this issue. I guarantee you'll find real people behind them who care about their music.

Thanks to all who sent infor-

mation on various projects and other contacts. If you know of something going on that may be of interest to Cassette Culture, let me know so I can let everyone else know.

Thanks to Kathy King, Ken Clinger, Bret Hart and Michael Bowman for answering questions. The interviews by Mark Kissinger, Tom Burris, Dick "Zza" Metcalf and Alec Cumming are great reading! I want many more interviews like these.

Very, very special thanks to Creighton Miller for the translation of a book from the original French by Jean Cocteau. Creighton is not involved in Cassette Culture. He is essential to GAJOOB, however. I am truly indebted for his support.

Scott Painter, local ad-man wiz, has lent his knowledge to various design aspects of GAJOOB. Of course, I leap over the bounds of professionalism, but, hey.... The "Don't Be a Boob" thing, in particular, was a *real* eye-roller.

Incidentally, GAJOOB is created on a Macintosh with Aldus PageMaker 4.0. Other software used was Macwrite, Macdraw, Macpaint, Microsoft Word and Broderbund's Typestyler.

Thanks to all my co-workers at AlphaGraphics, and to Kermit Johnson for providing my job there.

Thanks to everyone who sent tapes for review. I realize you're mostly looking for exposure in order to make contact with other people in Cassette Culture, but I sincerely appreciate your tapes, nonetheless. Please keep them coming!

Thanks to all who gave permission to use their great music on the Gajoobilation #1 tape. They're all listed in the ad on page 16. The songs on this tape are some of my personal favorites out of all the tapes GAJOOB has received.

Being human, I've offended two people I very much wish I hadn't. You know who you are. I'm sorry.

Thanks to my friends and family for all their enthusiasm and support.

Hand me my shoe, Flip. I only wanna (wanna wanna) dance with you....

Finally.... Racism and sexism are like isms through a prism. Their absolute ugliness is reflected through our society in countless ways. They both seem to be major concerns of ours, as they have been discussed by several people in this issue of GAJOOB. Perhaps the most obvious one is in Bloody F. Mess' *Takin' It Sleazy* column. I must admit that publishing this is cause of great concern to me. So please allow me to state my views, for the record.

Racism and Sexism are censorship of human life. Censorship must not only *not* be tolerated; but it must be fought against. In the case at hand, do we then tolerate the expression of a person's view even when this view advocates the censorship of human life? In other words, does our fight against censorship dictate that we allow a person to *advocate* censorship, and only stop at its actual practice? Do we follow Voltaire?

It's a tough question. I have published Bloody's column just as it was submitted. I am concerned that he calls Matt Hale's idea "simple." It appears to me to be an attempt to dilute the *very real* danger of Hale's racist view in his defense of Hale's right to state it. I am concerned that he portrays those who fought against this idea as whining, homicidal idiots. I am concerned when he encloses culture in quotes.

(I do not believe Bloody supports white supremacy. I think he simply questions the validity that one person's beliefs are more important than another's.)

One might ask why the question of Racism and Sexism is being raised so often in Cassette Culture. Perhaps it is because its very foundation is based so heavily upon the freedom of expression.

As publisher and editor of GAJOOB, I am responsible for its content. I am publishing Bloody F. Mess' column because I believe it effectively raises (notwithstanding my above-stated concerns) a very tough question that is currently being raised, not only in Cassette Culture, but in all of society: when does a person's freedom of expression intrude on another's freedom, and can we, in a free society, draw a line there? If we do, do we only preserve freedom at the expense of it?

Goo Goo Gajoob.



Bryan

Yo—

"Wreck Collection" is also available on vinyl LP but I elected to send you a review copy since it did appear originally as a cassette-only release. This was a full year prior to its LP release. And, to tell you the truth, I was very close to leaving it as a cassette-only. The reason I didn't was because so damn many people wanted it on the vinyl format (\$5,000+ in pre-orders from domestic distributors is nothing to scratch a needle at). In the future, however, I plan to release new projects initially in the cassette-only format and then decide whether they merit being released on LP or CD (or both). Believe me, these days an independent label cannot afford to make the wrong marketing decision based upon surveys, statistics and speculation. Unless, of course, you like to risk putting yourself out of business.

SPOT

Dear Bryan,

Well, I cranked out another Speculation column. I guess, I'm set for about the next 8 months or so, huh? As with all my columns, it's part fact, part fiction. I'll leave it up to you to decide which is which. Last night, a car crashed near our house. All our redneck, mutant neighbors took their children to the crashsite, like it was a carnival or something — maybe to them it was. As for me, I stayed in the house and wrote this new column. I don't know, but watching paramedics dislodging bloody corpses is really not my idea of a good time.

On the lighter side, did you see the show ELVIS yet? It's absolutely awful; I must watch it every week. Bryan, just be thankful I haven't started writing Speculation columns about Elvis — because once I started I'd probably never be able to stop. I think Jay Leno said it best: "Elvis is the Bigfoot of the 80's."

I'm planning a short trip to Washington, D.C. next week. I'm gonna look for a recording studio job. If I can find something, I'll probably stay there — but that doesn't mean that the columns will stop. Nothing can stop Speculation.

Jeff Jarvie
Indiana, PA

Dear Bryan,

Thanx again for letting us stay with you when we were in Salt Lake City. You made our time there really enjoyable. Maybe you should start up a tour guide agency on the side — all you'd have to do is put a few more chairs in the back of your van!!

Love,
Louise/LEMON
Melbourne, AUSTRALIA

If any of you happen to be passing through Salt Lake City, please feel free to call on me.

Hello Bryan,

Many thanx for the copy of GAJOOB #4 — it was a stone-blown gas to read from cover to cover! Very enjoyable and informative. How refreshing to actually read an "underground" zine that encourages and promotes a degree of creativity. Other "tapes and things" zines (who shall remain nameless — icky! icky!) profess to work in the name of creative self-expression, but, in fact, only act as forums where their readership has nothing better to do than complain and moan about "the state of things." How boring! GAJOOB seems to be more on the side of those who see home taping as a positive happening that contributes something nourishing and worthwhile to culture — in other words, your cheerfulness is welcome.

.... I liked the Robin James interview, the Anti-Socialist Party ad, and (in particular) Elizabeth Was' essay on noise. Talk about expanding my awareness on the nature of noise as it relates to life



GAJOOB welcomes your comments on issues raised within "Cassette Culture" or within GAJOOB itself. This is intended to be a forum.

— I think I grew 2 feet just by reading that article! I sincerely wasn't trying to be flip or sarcastic through the article [Home Taping—Where It's been, Where It's Going]. It was done more in the spirit of being tongue-in-cheek, and in perhaps instilling a little levity into a sometimes dour medium. Face it, hometapers can be a severely serious lot! Plus, I really feel I have few really worthwhile, intelligent insights in hometaping. I've been taught that my opinion is pretty worthless. What could I possibly add that hasn't already been said so much more eloquently? So I wrote about something I do know about: make-up!

Stay moist,
Lawrence Salvatore
Joilet, IL

I do view Cassette Culture in generally positive terms. I guess I can't help this attitude from being translated onto these pages. But complaining and moaning are fair game also. So if any of you don't necessarily share my viewpoints, I'd like to hear from you. Granted, we're probably not changing the world — but what's wrong with a little exploring?

Hey, Bryan, How goes it you?!

.... I'm excited to let you know that some of my German friends are in bands. I know of three groups to be exact, and two of the groups are in the process of making cassettes. I told them about your zine and they're interested in sending their work to you, so hopefully a couple months down the road you'll get something from them.

Incidentally, I'm a civilian working for the U.S. Army installing telephone switches in West Germany, but with the way things are going I probably won't be doing that much longer! I live in Worms am Rhine, which is 40 miles south of Frankfurt. So, German grammar reveals that "the German beer has to me good tasted."

Spater,
Thomas Kudia
W Germany

Bryan....

John Six here. Thanx for reviewing the tape.... and the review was nice too, thanks.

Not many people can appreciate what I do. They expect a big, 24-track sound quality, but I have real cheap "equipment" (a stereo w/ double tape decks).

John Six
Rego Park, NY

Hi Bryan,

I had forgotten all about that interview [See the

Joe Newman interview by Dino DiMuro in issue #5]. It's weird to read things that I said three years ago and realize that I've changed my mind about a lot of things. Hopefully I'm not as big a dumbshit now.

Joe Newman
Austin, TX

Hey Bryan —

Thanx for GAJOOB. Glad to see someone else considers Joe Newman to merit the highest praise.

Don W. Seven
Baby Sue
Decatur, GA

Brian,

Thanks for reviewing our tape in your mag [See The Tape Beatles, "subtle buoyancy of pulse" review in issue #5]. We appreciate the coverage. It sort of caught me off guard, actually, in that it is the first negative review we've yet received. It could be because of your more "musical" orientation (rather than "sound art"). In truth, I cannot imagine how anyone could think of the sloppy pause edits you mention in the review as anything but intentional. We laughed real hard over that one....

I agree with you that yes, reviewing is a kind of struggle between being objective about something that is inherently subjective. But something that I feel your view does not take into account is that there is a difference between being sloppy (which is easy and perhaps even lazy) and using sloppiness as an effect. Effects help us, as tapemakers, to communicate. In the example at hand, "Listen to the Radio" by the Tape-beatles, sloppiness and slickness coincide. The radio interviewer has a slick voice, and a "cool" (for the time) radio personality manner. His substance is much less emphasized in how he presents himself than how he sounds. For most people, this slick veneer gives him "credibility." We wanted to undermine his credibility by affecting his presentation. We plagiarized his "text" and made it our own. If this is a "high concept" then so be it. The Tape-beatles are not afraid of "high concepts" and we are not afraid of seeming like we know less than we actually do.

To get back to the original subject, that is, reviewing, it is my opinion that a good review does the following for its readers: it tells them if this is the kind of tape they think they'd be interested in. This is a lot more important, it seems to me, than the reviewer expressing his / her attitude about tapes

or sound or anything. Obviously clear and meaningful description must play a leading role in this. Good prose is also important. What is unimportant is whether or not the reviewer "liked" the tape.

You appear to be grappling seriously with the issues raised by one person reviewing the expressive output of another, and this is very good indeed.

I rather object to cold "scientific" music as well, on the grounds that works of art should be relevant in some way to the culture of which they cannot escape being a part. Too many artists (musicians, poets, etc.) seem to want to belong only to their subculture: with the end result being that they're alienated and alienating; and this, it seems to me, is a very debilitated position to be in.

Lloyd Dunn
Iowa

Bryan—

RIGHT FUCKIN ON BRYAN!

I started doing music 'cos all these assholes (musicians) around me were taking themselves so god damned seriously, drinkin' too goddamn much of their own bathwater! And for years I've been lambasting the living *sh*t* out of the music (musician) culture — and no one ever got it!

'Til now.

It's all a fuckin' spoof!

Thank you Bryan — you have given me the reason to go on.

I was soooooo fuckin' sick of their shit — what the fuck do these fucks know about ART?

I always thought you were supposed to listen to music that sound good (that appealed to you) — ISN'T THAT THE FUCKING POINT? Maybe not — who knows, Bryan, we're not the experts. The experts are doing REAL ART, right?

Well.... fuck them — (whew!).

Thank you for being intelligent w/o having to be fucking artistic!

John Bartles
Springwater, NY

Hello Bryan!

I'm working on a list of favorite home tapes (there's a lot of them!), so I'll send you that article when I'm done with it.

What would really be interesting would be home tapers writing about their "guilty pleasures," i.e., music they shouldn't like, but do. I think the answers would be really interesting — if not shocking! Ha, ha!!

Also, one other idea — if you haven't already done it — a profile on the day jobs of home tapers! (Don Campau works in a supermarket, I work in a library, etc.) Just to see where some of them get their inspiration, as it were!

Bye,
Ray Carmen
Akron, OH

See AGOG's list of some of his favorite tapes in issue #5. I would be more than happy to publish more lists such as that one. It's simply another viewpoint; and those are valuable around here.

GAJOOB

Just a comment or two on Issue #5: That Bloody F. Mess thing sounded just like a big commercial for the guy and his band, as opposed to an interesting/insightful look at an artist... For example, that "Booed USIC" (or whatever the hell that article was called) was a really neat use of text and graphics to tell a little about an artist with an unusual approach.

Jeff Rentsch
Bernardsville, NJ

(The following is a form letter I received which may interest a few of you—bb)

Hi Bryan,

Well, the busy part of Winter ski season is over and I've finally got time to sit at my desk and relax and start to write letters again. Maybe a short review of my life might be in order. If you haven't heard, I will be going to the alter with Nolette Spalding Oct 6th 1990. I'm really looking forward to the changes in my life and I'm adjusting where my priorities lie. There are no hard and fast rules but CLEM and CLAS are no more. I will always have an interest in music and I'll never sell my collection but it's going to become a hobby and not a job. I'll continue with the radio shows Late Night Aliens and Alien Soundtracks, and am also now on the programming committee at Co-op Radio. I'd like to stay in touch with the many CLEM friends I've made over the years but I'd be lying if I told you I'm active in the networking underground. If you're interested I've still got over 100 items in the CLAS warehouse and am open to any offers.

I continue to love my job at Seymour Ski Area and will once again go to Whistler Mountain in the Summer to join in the Summer Ski Camp. I will always keep the postal box as a mailing address. Nolette and I plan to spend our first few years on Mt. Seymour, but like any couple, hope to have our own place at some time.

If I may be so bold, I've had an amazing life so far, my friends throughout the world cannot be thanked enough. If you're ever in Vancouver do give me a call. I look forward to my new life with the same joy and excitement that I entered the electronic music world with.

Alec Douglass
PO Box 86010
N. Vancouver, B.C.
V7L 4J5
CANADA

Dear Bryan,

I really don't understand all the hub-bub over Carl Howard's ideas/opinions. The guy struck me as being open, honest and thoroughly realistic. What's the problem?

I really enjoy Wayne Branch's work — give him all the room he wants.

I really know nothing about Joe Newman, but his conversation with Dino DiMuro was very interesting and fun reading. If you can get more of this sort of thing, do it.

I finally reached the break-even point with my radio directory and now I'd like to get rid of my remaining copies. If you're interested, I'd like to give you a couple dozen copies to dispose of as you see fit. You could use them as a subscription incentive, sell 'em cheap and use the money to support GAJOOB, or give them away to people you like. Maybe you have other ideas? I hope it will be a help to you. That's it for now. You're doing a good job with GAJOOB, and I wish you continued success.

Yours,
Mark Klaslinger
Sharon, PA

Mark's radio directory is an excellent source for those of you wishing to get your tapes a little airplay. It contains all the pertinent information, as far as contacting the right stations (and the right people within those stations!). And there are hundreds of them. He was selling it for \$25 a shot. I'm taking Mark's second suggestion — selling it REAL cheap. I have 20 of 'em. You can get yours for \$7, while they last. I'd probably go lower, but I'd hate to insult Mark.

Bryan,

Thanks for writing back — it's good to speak to you "in person." I understand your frustrations about reviewing. I have experienced them myself, writing reviews currently for *MailLife* I score reviews. Short blurbs are easy because it's basically just a description — very little analysis and almost no opinion — no time for it. But in an extended review — or even one of a paragraph or so — many problems arise, especially for a poet — I'm so accustomed to writing out of the other side of my brain.

Sometimes people are so obviously off course in their reviews, missing the point so entirely that it doesn't even effect me. Other times they're right and I know it and just have to be more careful about that particular thing in the future. But sometimes I feel they are acting out of a bias that prevents them from serious consideration — for instance, writing someone off simply because he or she is experimental. And then there are reviews like the reviews you do where the reviewer is obviously concerned with being fair, in those cases if I disagree I say something because I feel the reviewer would like to know, wants to understand. And this is one of the many strong points of GAJOOB. You obviously care, and you are offering a service long needed in cassette culture. And I hope you're able to continue doing it.

Back to "environmental" recordings. I think there are two kinds — one intended to create an alternative atmosphere, and one intended to enhance the one already present. The latter is pointless because, as you say, the environment is already there, you've just got to listen to it. "Diaspora" is intended to create an alternative environment — something other than what you already have available, just like hardcore presents an alternative to Top 40. This isn't an exact analogy because your present atmosphere is valuable, while Top 40 is worthless garbage with the very rare exception. But I don't want to beat this thing to death. The point is that Diaspora is not an interpretation of the environment — it is the creation of an alternative one.

Jake Berry
Florence, AL

Hello,

Bryan. I just finished reading GAJOOB #5 — another fine effort! As usual, I always find items in the review section which I want to purchase. Invariably, when I do my ordering, there are some artists which I have selected who have sent in tapes that do not include a price. These artists are setting up another potential barrier between their music and a new audience. A tape which has a price listed expedites the process of getting the music from the artist(s) to a potential audience. Otherwise the first letter simply delays the potential for real communication which can begin to occur after the two have shared the artist's work. It also makes good business sense; both parties save on needless additional postage costs.

I need some additional information for one of the publications you reviewed on page 45. Your review of *POLYNOISE* does not contain any ordering information.

Thanks,
George Ventura
Toronto, Ontario
CANADA

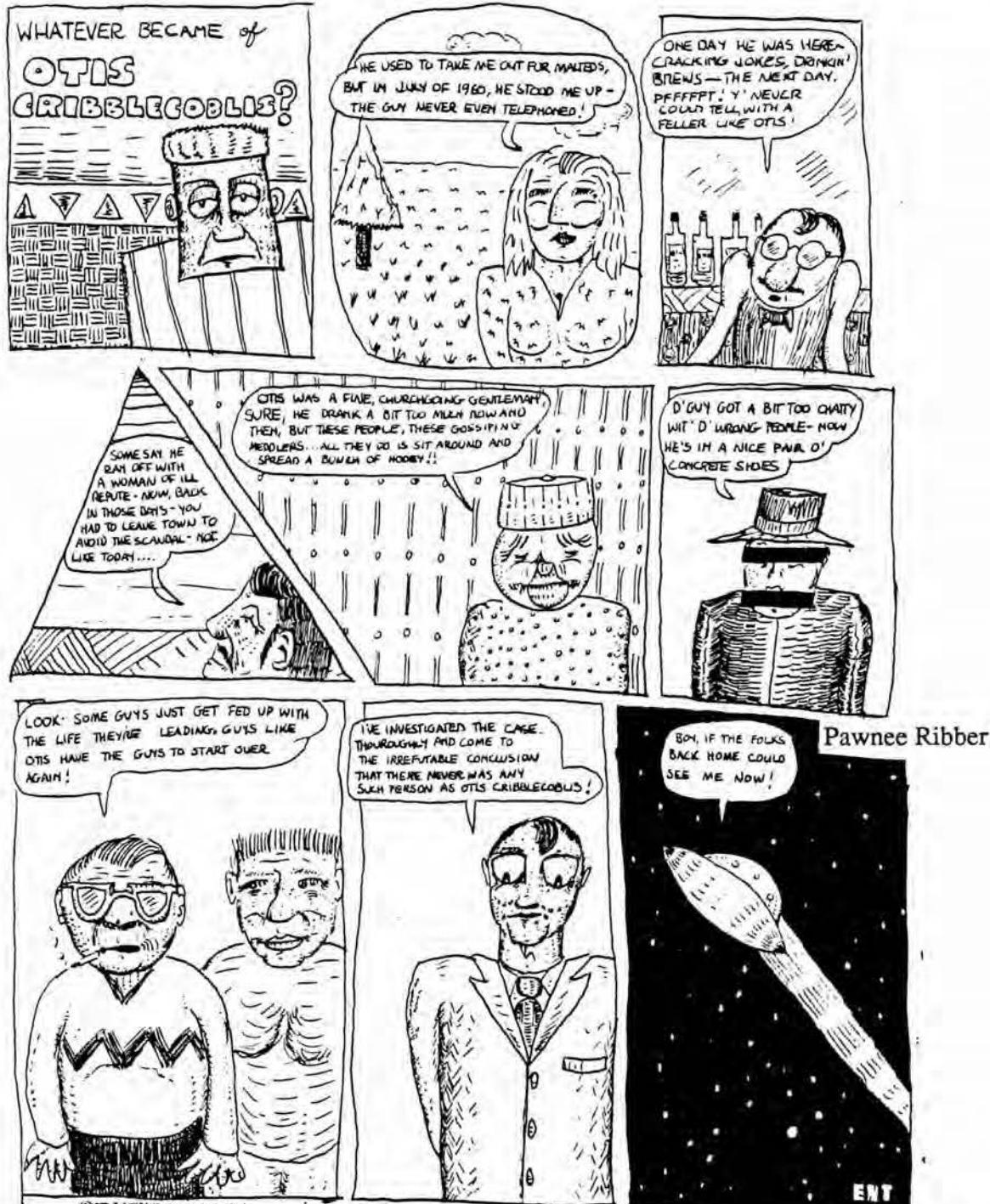
Again, for those of you submitting tapes for review, I strongly suggest that you take a minute and fill out a submission guide to send along with it — one for each tape you send. It really helps me organize information about your tape — and that's what reviews are all about, really.

You can write to: Xeroxial Editions, 1341

upset. First of all, reviews are not gone forever in EC, necessarily.... If I receive enough reasonable, convincing arguments in favor of their return I certainly won't close my mind to it. In fact, I have received two or three rather convincing letters. And I paid particular attention to them because they were logical, rational, supportive and friendly letters. For the record, there will be no reviews in my next issue, #4, out in July [This issue is currently available. 72 pages this time out. Sample copies are \$3. Write to Hal at: PO Box 3637, Apollo Beach, FL 33572]. The reason I dismissed reviews in the

I am growing a little tired of defending EC in regards to my advertising policy. Yes, I have received a lot of letters about my accepting ads from Chicago's white supremacist label, AWB Recording. But this is an issue on which I will stand firm. And boy do I love my hate mail! *Storefront Bar-B-Q*, a zine out of D.C. [send \$1 to: Shawn Swagerty, 428 Ridge St. NW, Washington, DC 20001-4622] recently called EC an "ideological whorehouse"! Wow! Great press! I've made it rather clear that I personally do not agree with Terre Blanche's viewpoint, and actually find it repulsive and Neander-

certainly isn't a pretty one and there is a certain regressive cast to it. But we as a scene cannot afford to shut our eyes, ears and minds to the reality of the situation. It won't pay to look at the home taper scene with rose-colored glasses and deny that a phenomenon like Terre Blanche exists! EC is a forum for all home tapers. I and you and a lot of other people may not like what Terre Blanche is all about, but where are we going to draw the line? What next? Are we going to exclude groups with sexist lyrics? And then how about groups who don't have lyrics about saving the Earth from pollution?



first place was because of space limitations and because I wanted to gear EC more in the direction of issues and ideas. And I think there are a lot of fine zines out there doing reviews — GAJOOB, Factsheet Five, H23, File 13, ND, to name a few. I'll make it clear that I am not inflexible and there is a distinct possibility that reviews will return to EC. Nuff said on that.

that. However, EC is a magazine dedicated to home tapers, cassette culture and audio electronic pioneers. As you know, that's not just one thing! There are as many styles, approaches and attitudes as there are home tapers. One of the strengths of our scene is its diversity and freedom of expression. We are supposed to be doing something alternative here. Terre Blanche's vision of things

OK, another example, I am very much pro-analog synth, almost to the point of making it a political issue. But should I exclude people from EC who use digital synths? Or should I exclude those who do acoustic music, because I prefer electronic music? I have perhaps stretched a point to make a point, but quite simply, you and anyone else are more than welcome to disagree. I have always

welcomed dialogue and debate — it's what makes EC tick! And, really, I have no fear of a backlash. People are either going to accept my stand on this point or not accept it. It's as simple as that. And if what they see on the "EC Channel" isn't to their liking, then they can change the channel! If it offends you don't read EC!.... We have to accept our scene for what it is. We have to take the bad, as well as the good.

One of the things I have noticed going on with the scene is that we're becoming very knee-jerk reactionary. We're not willing to give the other guy the benefit of the doubt. And I don't think we're as liberal and open-minded as we fancy ourselves to be... I'll make it plain to you — I am as dedicated to the home taper scene as anyone else could ever be. I believe in it more than ever, even when the scene insiders are fizzling out, back-stabbing each other, mumbling and grumbling and in general, losing their enthusiasm. I am more idealistic than ever about the home taper scene in general and the cassette culture in specific. The cassette is all about creative democracy; it's about being a producer rather than a passive consumer; it is the most revolutionary art medium and form.

Your buddy in sunny Florida,
Hal McGee/Electronic Cottage
Apollo Beach, FL

Hell O There Gajoob/Bryan,

Greetings from the Dollyhead tape exchange. I came across your magazine completely by accident, waiting for a friend at Tower Records (by the magazines because he's always late and it would give me something to do while I waited) and I picked up a copy of GAJOOB. I'm not stupid enough to think that I was the only person operating a Tape-exchange system, I'd already heard about the Network, it's just that until then I had no way to tap into it. It was strange to see the perfect mag on the subject just at the right time... fate... providence... complete luck.

I have recently set up a Tape Exchange, which if it gets up to full speed, should provide everyone involved a great deal of pleasure. Basically all that happens is that people send a tape along with an SASE (or a couple of dollars if you're sending from abroad) to the above address, and they are in turn sent another tape from someone else. The tapes can be anything from a demo, a bootleg or just some strange stuff put together at home whilst under the effects of prohibited psychotic medicines/horse tranquilizers and bottles of vodka, there are no boundaries. Everyone gets to hear different things and hopefully enjoy them. Of course more people will get to hear about you and what you are doing as well, and that will hopefully benefit you.

Chris Bethoud
The Dollyhead Tape Exchange
73 Fitzgerald House
London E14 0HH
U.K.

Hi Bryan!

EXILE is now also the name of my new record store. I want lots of home tapes in it too, so please spread the word. (I'm on a very ltd. budget now, so obviously consignments are the way to go.)

Tom Burris
2431 Fairview St.
Anderson, IN

Hello Bryan,

Things are picking up here at Something Else on the cassette scene. We've received a lot of great music and, even better, corresponded with some really interesting and friendly people. There's a series of phone interview/performances in the works, a cassette comp. of which I hope we can assemble and trade for music. We've also acquired some cartridges for cassette music that we've put on a playlist for all-hours KLSU airplay. One's enclosed; I'll try to keep you up-to-date. This way, all submissions we get can receive airplay while SE maintains its focus on the unusual side of music.

I've found several cassettes of interesting music sitting around the music director's office, some dated up to a year ago. This makes me wonder how many college radio stations get tapes without provocation (I hope they don't wind up like they have here at every station). I think it's a good idea to establish some sort of communication before sending music -- especially on tape, which has to compete with vinyl and CD's for the M.D.'s attention. Sending a bit of information and a post-paid self-addressed postcard will get a music director interested and expecting your music, and cost much less than dubbing and mailing a tape, plus, the station will be expecting the music. Many radio stations are unaware of the scale of the indie tape scene, or the quality and personality of the music. Minoy sent me a photocopied article from Option which overviewed the scene quite well — maybe some information like that will start an avid interest in the culture.

Well, enough for now — I'm still working on a tape to send you — one of my computer pieces was selected for a national S.E.A.M.U.S conference, so I've been busy preparing for that.

Keep up the great work,

Arlen Speights
PO Box 18135
Baton Rouge, LA 70893

DIE IND Tapes ***

po. box 239
4041 Linz
■ AUSTRIA

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and E.KA-SPEL, YBE MENTAL, M.B....

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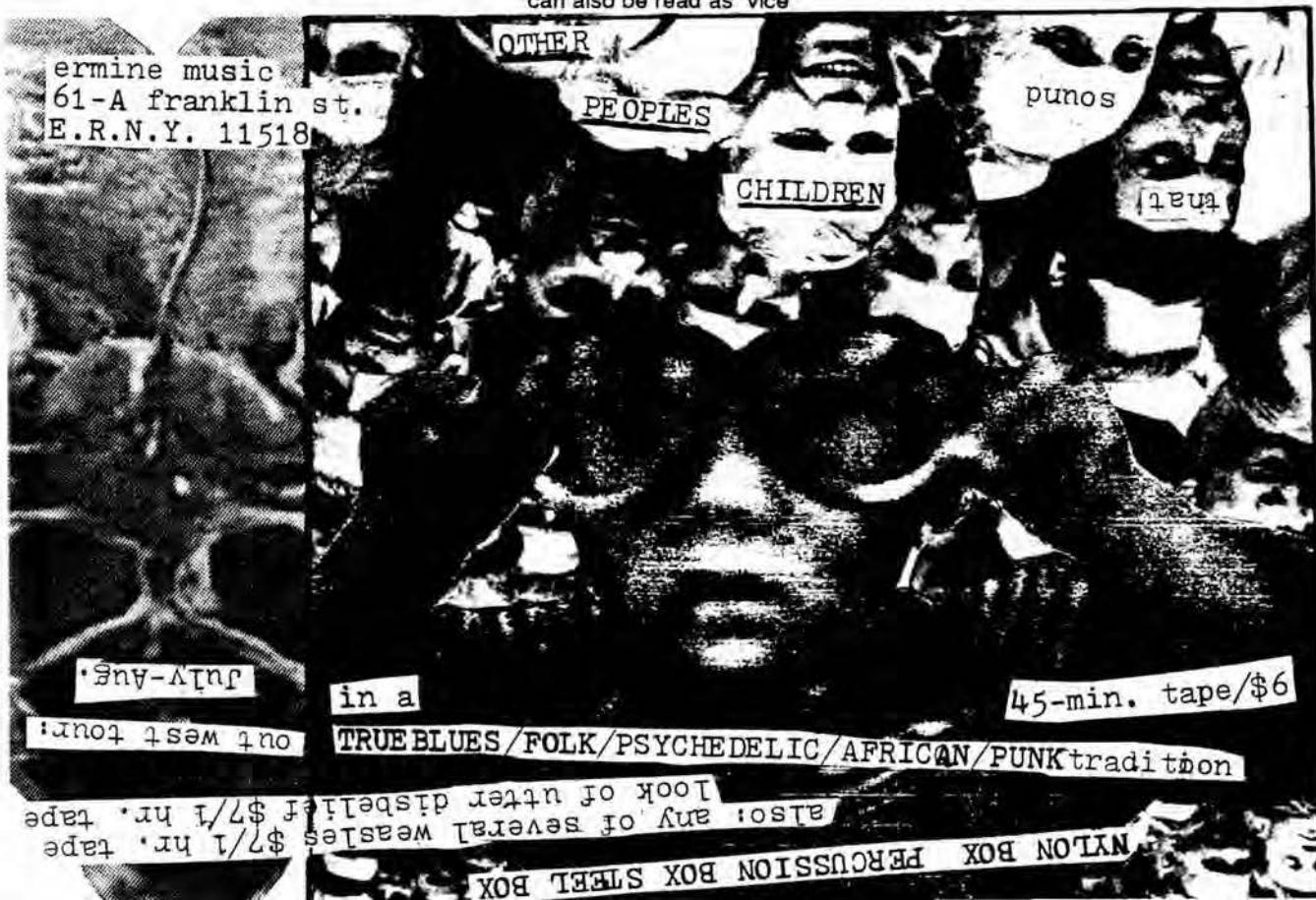
Stroking the Joyous Question

by Jake Berry

What can we do three-quarters of a century after the cessation of art is a progressive force? What can we do when all remaining progression has nullified itself in acts of unintentional parody so grotesquely pitiful that to laugh at them would be criminal? (What is left when we stare into the abyss and it stares back,* and the abyss trembles at what it sees and retreats?) The curse of inaction is far worse than complacency, it is obscene in its pointed disparity, its quasi-trendiness. Shake off your lab coats and damn all revolutions! Imbored with drinking by own vomit. Art as expression, art as action, is an extreme act of megalomania. The world has no center. The void is petrified. Bullshit dissolves and hope abounds! What are your symbols? Choose a swamp and disappear. The noble statements engraved on the bases of memorials and obelisks covering an industrialized planet prescribe abstract ideals to a humiliated citizenry. These are the momentos of a grander time? These are stars to steer by? These are the decaying shadows of the distortion of Plato's gesture. Ideals are the cerebrated cartoons of self-imposed blindness, cartoons endlessly repeated as history in a world so sterilized by passionless intellectuality that the moment of true seeing ignites a psychic explosion so profound that few ever recover. As a result, collective catatonia is the fashionable bliss of the day. What can you aspire to in society that will not demean you? That will not fragment you into the disparate mass? Art is part of the great sleep, perhaps the most dangerous part because of its free spirit pretensions. How could something so hideously commodified have any value? Art cannot save you. Nothing can save you. There is nothing to be saved from. The kind of the hill is the vilest form of

humanity. Holiness is a trick that will leave your asshole bloody from rape. Forget escape, forget surrender, and affirmation, and negation. All your objectives were prefigured by the ghoulish genetics of economic-spiritual manipulation by a force transcending government, power, and wealth. Is it gravity/magnetism? Maybe the backbeat of collective hunger. Who wants to see? to know? to understand? to believe? What you really want to do is consume. In any and every way possible. To gain new ground. To imagine new ground so that you can consume it. My head is spinning, too. How should we respond? To stand and fight (to revolt) is brave, and stupid. To accept your condition is to give yourself up as food for the monster. We must be wiser than that. We must understand our own nature so completely that we can orchestrate a dance beyond the parameters of our hunger. Our creations must be so useless as commodities that no one will want them, utterly useless as fuel for ambition, our's or anyone's. Bizarre is too easy and accessible. Mediocrity marries itself too quickly to boredom. And shock value is the worst kind of trap. But an invective of the voidless unknown strips a creation of its appeal while inventing a magic that could never be scrapped as profundity or commercialized as ephemeral vogue. It's a matter of having your head in one vise*, your genitals in another and your heart in still another, and having these vises so tightly screwed that another millimeter of pressure would mean absolute annihilation in unimaginable, horrible pain, then grabbing the levers and PULLING THEM WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.... and then being motherfucker enough to crawl out and talk about it. That is an alternative worth living.

*paraphrase of Nietzsche
*can also be read as "vice"



OneOfAKind Tapes

by Tom Furgas

For several years now I have been intrigued by the artistic possibilities afforded by the creation of unique one-copy cassette recordings, a kind of cassette art-object/process which I call OneOfAKind tapes.

Each tape in this series is made to exist in the one "master" copy only. Thus when I send it off to someone, I myself no longer possess the music or graphics of the tape. This kind of tape-making allows me to make tapes which exist rather like pieces of fine-art. The uniqueness of each tape lends to it a degree of "preciousness" lacking in mass-produced cassettes.

This uniqueness has several interesting aspects, both in the creation of the tape and its subsequent assimilation by (ideally) one listener.

When making a OneOfAKind tape I find myself drawn to doing exactly what I want to do at the moment. This frees me from concerns about what any more-than-one listener may expect or prefer. When I first began making OneOfAKind tapes I did try to tailor each tape to what I thought would be the desires of a particular listener, but found that I was not producing my best work and, at any rate, I would, as often as not, miss the mark entirely regarding what I originally perceived were the tastes of my listeners. By creating only what I, at the time, feel best doing I'm able to create a more honest and uncompromised music, and all the more so because the tape will have potentially only one private listener.

Creating OneOfAKind tapes also allows me to produce much more music than I normally would. If I were to produce the OneOfAKind tapes in the same manner as my mass-produced tapes I would very quickly have a large and unwieldy catalogue of tapes, and I feel that this proliferation would bewilder potential listeners of tapes from my mass-produced catalogue and cause some resistance to their selecting any one title over another. At least this is true in my case; many excellent cassette artists (notably Zan Hoffman) have very large catalogues and I find myself asking them to make selections for me as titles alone almost never indicate the contents of a particular tape.

Most importantly, making OneOfAKind tapes is just plain fun; one can let one's imagination run riot and thereby combine, arrange, and experiment with any spur-of-the-moment ideas one likes. The end results are usually wide-ranging (from tape to tape if not always within each tape) and have a casual feel that is not always possible with deliberately-assembled mass-produced tapes. (By mass-produced, I should interject here, I mean copy runs in the dozens, not hundreds or (god forbid!) thousands.) This last parenthetical point brings me to my last point.

OneOfAKind tapes are also interesting from a conversational viewpoint. By producing only one copy of a particular work one can avoid adding to the incredible proliferation of cassette art which can sometimes overwhelm potential listeners. Focusing on one listener at a time does help to leave room to them for explore other entertainment options. This approach may not be the most cost-effective or profit-oriented kind of enterprise, but it does allow a degree of breathing space in the current scene.

Of course, I will continue to produce mass-produced tapes as well as OneOfAKind tapes. To me they are two different disciplines, each with their own inherent possibilities and limitations. There is always the possibility of cross-pollination of course. I have on occasion incorporated material originally meant for a OneOfAKind tape into a mass-produced tape, and vice versa. Once one has invented and adhered to one's own borders one can then redefine them and use the previous limitations as a springboard for artistic growth.

the "Philosopher's Union Member's Mouthpiece Mega-Project"

BY ENTENTIVELY, a CONVENIENCE

Sometime in late '87(ev), I heard about the PXL-2000 - the new "toy" video camcorder that Fisher-Price had put out that uses high bias "audio" cassettes as video tapes. Seeing it demonstrated, it seemed most useful to me for close-ups. With this in mind, I decided to shoot a series of people's mouths. My friend and collaborator, John Berndt, returned from a Festival of Plagiarism in London and mentioned that in casual conversation, Stefan Szczelkun had laughingly mentioned the idea of founding a "Philosopher's Union" with my planned PXL-2000 project and the "Philosopher's Union Member's Mouthpieces Mega-Project" was born.

I began shooting close-ups of friends' mouths doing monologues (or whatever) about their philosophies. As those of you who have PXL-2000 camcorders know, the tapes run thru the cameras at approximately 15ips - as such, a tape that would last for 45 minutes per side when used as an audio cassette only lasts about 5 1/2 to 6 minutes per side when used as PXL tape. Working within this restriction, I decided that each "philosopher" would only have 5 1/2 to 6 minutes in which to express themselves. Each person has been encouraged to use props and make-up. People have also been encouraged to use means of expression other than words. Every participant has received a membership card designed by John Berndt (as shown below - the "Keep Thinking Live" motto is a take-off of the English Musicians' Union's "Keep Music Live").

After the 1st 20 were completed, I transferred them to VHS and added titles and digital processing at a lab. A copy of the resultant 2-hour tape was sold to the Enoch Pratt Free Library for \$100.00 - covering the cost of the tapes and the studio time.

In the spring '88, I went to England, Scotland and France where my companion Laura Adele Trueseal (the good provider of the PXL equipment) and I shot 20 more mouthpieces (using special battery packs to enable us to use the PXL monitor) - giving us the possible distinction of being the 1st people to ever use this camera outside of the US@ and Canada. Excerpts from these were incorporated into our 2-hour quasi-documentary movie about the trip entitled "Homeless Movies" — and we got the pleasure of surprising Stefan by showing him how his passing comment had blossomed into something much larger than he'd expected.

Since then, I decided that it would be a "good" idea to shoot 50,000 of these mouthpieces! — 50,000 seeming like a sufficiently grandiose figure to make this a remarkably immense project!

This is where YOU come in. Shoot 20 "Philosopher's Union Member's Mouthpieces" using a PXL-2000 camcorder, make a VHS copy of them for me at S(standard) P(lay) speed, send the VHS tape to me and I'll send you the slick "1st 20 Philosopher's Union Member's Mouthpieces" VHS video in trade along with 20 membership cards. Please identify who did each mouthpiece legibly. If you should be so extraordinary as to send me 20 more mouthpieces then I'll send you a VHS copy of "Homeless Movies" (and, of course, 20 more IDs). I'll also keep you informed about what uses (if any) that I put your mouthpieces to.

Laura Trueseal has already contributed 9 more (shot in Albuquerque), I've shot 4 more (shot in Baltimore of friends visiting from out of town), Uncle An has made 7 (shot in Atlanta), and Thomas Clay (of Tampa) has shot, at least, 7 that I know of (all this as of early '90(ev)).

Unfortunately, Fisher-Price has supposedly withdrawn the PXL from the market already, so this mega-project is going to be highly dependent on those few of you who already have them. So, GET TO WORK! (or PLAY) and shoot those mouthpieces and send them to me! I hope to, someday, edit all 50,000 of them together (in excerpted form) to create 1 long, tangential, run-on philosophical sentence!

PHILOSOPHER'S UNION
LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP
"KEEP THINKING LIVE"

PO Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203, US@

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

If Found Return To: _____



MA'S AUDIBLE OM

MALOK
Feb. 11, 1989

In my times, the fall into forgetful focus, all energies impotent. I ask for important forgiveness. Down the jello-aisle, heard ma's audible Om-scream, in my times. The mice piss. Overall. The money you beg to earn. I am arming my weapons in a future of loins, metal, intellect-frenzy-down-pat science gods. Yes, your genetic pattern exists in the hard times, the Trees of Life and Death, together. A moment exhibited to the Self's Mind! Foreplay and atomization! The Martians sing about Laura's tits — I can live with that clean sound! A few. Chew. This, my master. Will to. Learn. Cry. Tip the nipple of your soul in quiet screech-caverns. Affect your genes. God and the bibles, mated with samples of shit. Victimized eyeballs downstairs, coats the room. A blip-tinkle, where? Manic hosannas for blind use — set the rules and cut your nuts off! Rule and your mind is clear of VALID SHIT! Then the mates (Vikings, Celts, Druids) come over the hill, to some form of liquid hell-heaven.... choice is still free. There. I'm still gurgling water in the west. Phouda-Gaudha!



Kathy King

Interview by Mark Kissinger

I originally contacted Kathy King last summer to initiate a tape trade after seeing reviews of her work in *Option* which indicated that she was a guitarist doing instrumental music, which is what I do as well (and by-the-by: I'd be interested in hearing from any others out there who may be reading this who work specifically in the guitar instrumental vein). The reviews described her music as "rock instrumental," "pop rock," "folk rock," "new age," etc., and certainly she has done some work that touches on these styles, but when I finally heard it for myself I was amazed to find that all of the reviewers (even to this day!) had managed to overlook the tremendously psychedelic quality that permeates much of what she does and had likewise failed to comment on her heavily lysergic lead playing, the crunch of which measures up to anybody. And when I say "psychedelic," I don't mean another rehash of 60's psychedelia but rather a very modern hallucinogenic sound, as if she were keeping pace with the latest designer drugs. In addition to this, she puts a great deal of feeling into her playing, giving her music a strong sense of personality. Her work can be heavy, tender, trippy, or catchy; a boulder out of the sky, a drink of cool water, or a bolt of lightning at the base of the spine. She can probably get away with anything....

mk: How long have you been playing guitar?

kk: Ten years.

mk: Why'd you choose guitar?

kk: I started playing mandolin when I was in high school because I had some friends who played guitar. Then one day I was in a music store with a friend of mine and met this guy named Terry Vogel who my friend had just bought a guitar from. We found that we had a lot of musical interests in common and I decided to start taking guitar lessons. When we found out he was in a band we asked him if they wanted some roadies and we started doing that. Later, the music store went out of business so I started going to his home for lessons and later.... well, I've even had lessons in bars.

mk: What do you mean?

kk: I mean I've had lessons sitting in bars! When the band wasn't playing we'd be sitting at the bar and he'd ask me, "What's the major 3rd of this key?" And stuff like that, just like we'd do at a regular lesson. Right there in the basement of Joe's Start Lounge.... amidst the dirt and.... one lightbulb! (laughs) When I was a little girl I was interested in drums but when I got to fifth grade, you know, when you can start music lessons in the public schools, they wouldn't let me take drums.... I guess because I was a "girl".... you know how that goes. I think they're a bit more tolerant these days. So I tried the flute and hated it! I never did learn to read music....

mk: Okay, well then pardon my choice of words, but for a "goil" you play some incredibly hard, hard rock.... so what are you trying to prove?

kk: Well, that "girls" can do that. Because it used to be, when I couldn't play anything, when I was just learning to play, it was all ballad-y stuff. So it was a conscious kind of thing to try and play with more of an edge to it. I just feel like I'm getting to where I'm able to do that.... 'cause it took me a long, long time. I used to do real folky, mellow kind of stuff.

mk: Why do you think the reviewers haven't picked up on the modern psychedelic/acid

rock aspect of your music? They call it all these other things but....

kk: I don't know. I'd like to know that myself. Because *those* are the songs that stand out in my mind.... those are the ones that I go back to rather than the other ones. I don't know.

mk: Does it bother you that they've overlooked this?

kk: It does now! Now that you've opened that can of worms! (laughs) I think I would like to be known for the ability to play like that. Actually I like the fact that they call it all these different things because I don't want to be stuck in any one category. I want to maintain a consistent sound but still be diverse.

mk: Is the psychedelic quality in your music something that you deliberately try for?

kk: No, I don't consciously try for that sort of sound and I really don't understand why the music turns out that way.

mk: I know you love using delay and do so very effectively.... what is it about that effect?

kk: When I first started playing mandolin, I put a pick-up on it — I was gonna revolutionize the mandolin! — and I put effects on it and I'd take it to the music store and try things out and the delay has always been the effect I liked the most, and you can use it in so many different ways. Right now, for some reason, I'm picking up a baseball game on my equipment and it sounds pretty cool with echo on it! It just seems to give everything a new dimension. It's the most versatile effect and it has an ethereal quality to it.

mk: You also use some keyboards in your recordings....

kk: I had to take music in college; I was going into "hearing impaired" — I thought that was strange — and that's where I learned to play keyboard, not that I actually "play" keyboard. But we had to take a piano lab and that's the only "formal" keyboard training I had. We had to play "Mary Had a Little Lamb" to get out of there.

mk: How's your hand? (Kathy suffered a

broken right hand while roadying a while back — she wore a cast for a month and then a brace for some time after)

kk: It's better. When I hold my hand out in front of me, though, I can't see the knuckle of the ring finger. It's kind of strange....

mk: Has it hampered your playing any?

kk: No, but it still bothers me once in a while when I do certain things. Like the other day I was pitching for kickball (Kathy is a certified pre-school teacher, working for the Ann Arbor public school system in their Latchkey Program, supervising arts and crafts and other activities before and after regular school hours) and after that it hurt for a while. Thank God it wasn't the left hand.

mk: How about commenting a bit on each of your tapes, starting with the first one, "Remedial."

kk: That was done partially on a friend's equipment. I wasn't too happy with the quality of the stuff on there; I was just learning to use the equipment. Then I got my own recorder around the middle of "Two Dozen Cookies" (her second tape) — I did both of those tapes very rapidly because it was like, "Oh, a new thing, a new toy," and it was fun. Those were experimental for me because I did them really fast and didn't care what they turned out to be. I was just figuring out the recording process. With "Two Dozen Cookies" I tried to use less layering of sounds... I tried to make it a starker-sounding tape.

mk: How would you describe the music on "Remedial"?

kk: I don't really remember the music on that tape! (laughs) I don't usually listen to them too much once I finish them unless someone points something out about them and then I go back and listen to it. Nothing on that tape really stands out in my mind except it was the first time I worked with keyboards and I was happy with some of that. The song "Remedial" was done with this cheap little \$25 Teisco guitar and I thought it had a real screamy kind of sound.... and that one I was really



proud of because it was recorded with this guitar that was really a bitch to play — it has a neck like a 2 X 4. It was painful to play it. I replaced the bridge on that guitar — did it myself. I fool around with them; I'll take the whole guitar apart.... which I've done 'cause my guitar has been painted twice. People think I'm nuts — they go, "I wouldn't touch mine!" I will! (laughs)

mk: Okay, "Two Dozen Cookies"?

kk: There are a few tunes on there that I really like but since they have no names I can't point them out! (laughs) There's one on side one that people have told me sounds like vintage Peter Green era Fleetwood Mac and I was happy with that.

mk: "Low-Tech Nuclear Waste"?

kk: That was sort of a concept tape, in my mind at least, because all the tunes are tied together by this little movie in my head. I like a lot of the tunes on that one. I think it has a good balance between the harder-edged tunes and the softer, more ballad-y type. I think that's my most well-put-together and best-recorded tape, in terms of mixes.

mk: How about "Rubber Chicken Rides Again"?

kk: That was a mish-mash of different styles and so is "Strange Metabolism" (her latest tape). I worry about people saying it's too diverse, that there's no common thread through any of it. But at the same time, I kind of have the fear that maybe it all sounds too similar. One reviewer said that "Low-Tech Nuclear Waste" and "Rubber Chicken Rides Again" sound similar and I think that's because my guitar sound is quite identifiable due to my use of the Rockman and a delay. Sometimes I worry about them sounding too much alike and then sometimes I worry about having too many styles.... 'cause sometimes I think you can play different styles but still have them sound sort of.... alike.... that doesn't quite.... make sense (laughs) but it's kind of hard to explain....

mk: "Strange Metabolism"?

kk: One thing I did different was I tried putting together some tunes using autoharp, because I like the sound of acoustic instruments. I'd like to be able to record with acoustic guitar but with my equipment I just can't get an acoustic-sounding sound that I like. But the autoharp, the way I used it, sometimes sounds piano-ish and other times sort of twelve-string-ish and I'm happy with the way that turned out. I would actually like to do a whole tape of music with acoustic instruments.... and electric instruments, but particularly mandolin and autoharp. But I would

have to be able to record them better.

mk: Do you think using these instruments would tend to be a move away from the psych/acid sound?

kk: Only temporarily. I think you get stifled unless you do different things and it's not necessarily that you're giving them up but you're either taking a break from them or finding a new way to use them. I wouldn't totally abandon what I've already done but it would be nice to combine aspects of each of them. But by using those instruments it would be different, although you can still play hard-edged with an autoharp in there. It's just kind of an added dimension, I think, the way I used it. It would be an experimental kind of thing — nothing I would do in a set way forever. I don't think I would ever say, "This is my sound and that's the way it's going to be."

mk: Okay, now let's talk about Krazy Häus and "Eccentric Ego Music." (This is the tape Kathy was working on at the time of the interview.)

kk: I think it's the most diverse in terms of sounds and styles. I'm using some "found vocals" from electronic children's books and altering them with effects. And since the *damn radio* keeps bleeding through onto the tape I've got some unwanted things that I can't get rid of! (laughs) I've got some stereo advertisement coming through on one song. Krazy Häus stuff will be odder than what I would normally do.

mk: You told me that you wanted to do Krazy Häus to see how the reaction would differ if people thought it were a band instead of just you. Do you have some particular suspicions that you want to see proven or disproven?

kk: I don't see a lot of reviews of work by women — the ones I've seen seem to take the work seriously, which is good, but by the same token, I wonder if these people, including myself, are giving more credit than they actually deserve just because they are women and they're kind of new to this type of music. I guess that's my insecurity coming through but I would like to know if people would react differently if they thought that men were playing too. I wonder if people would think it was as good. I always have this fear of somebody saying, "Well, she plays good.... for a girl." Yeah, that's a suspicion that I have and it would be interesting to find out. There aren't a lot of women that do the whole thing themselves, that are willing to take the time to learn to play something and learn to record something and I don't understand that because I find it very interesting, very exciting.

mk: What is music to you?

kk: Music is a very important outlet for me —

it gives me the most happiness and pleasure out of anything I do. It's a very, very, very important thing to me. Both to listen to other peoples' music and to play it myself. I think the ultimate for any musician, whatever style they play, would be to play something that was so hauntingly beautiful that it gave everyone a sense of what you were feeling when you played it. I think the closest I've ever heard anyone come to that would be the song "Albatross" by Peter Green. And especially to think that came — and I know this sounds kind of sexist — but to think that *this* came from a very young *man* and he played something that was, to me, so hauntingly beautiful.... what he must have been feeling inside....

mk: Do you listen to a lot of music?

kk: Yes, and I listen to a lot of different stuff. I like oldies, I listen to commercial music, I listen to the University of Michigan station, which plays alternative music, and there's a blues show on some station around here on Sundays.... I even like big band music. I'm a big fan of Glenn Miller (laughs) — I know that sounds strange!

mk: What, would you say, has had the biggest influence on your music?

kk: Probably the fact that I've had the opportunity to hang around with a band that wrote and played their music, and learning to play guitar from one of the people in the band. And seeing what being a musician is like, in real life. People think it's real glamorous and it's *not*; at this level, it's the opposite. So I think I'm lucky to have learned right from the beginning not to have any illusions about what I'm getting into. How's that for philosophical? (laughs)

mk: Who have been your main musical influences?

kk: Well, I don't think I play like anybody I admire, but in terms of what I've listened to and enjoyed and wished I played like would probably be old Fleetwood Mac. Particularly I like Peter Green. I'm a big fan of Mark Knopfler's style, too, but I don't think I play like either of them.... unfortunately.... 'cause I guess they're people that I think really feel what they're playing. Other people, including yourself, have said that there's an aspect of Jimi Hendrix in my playing and I did listen to a lot of his music, particularly when I first started playing, but then again, I don't hear it myself for the most part other than maybe the experimental aspect of my playing. I don't think I sound particularly like anybody unless it would be Neil Young, because he plays more single-note type lines which can be real distorted — he's got the greatest distortion.

mk: I wouldn't say that all of your stuff reminds me of those people but I would say that I definitely hear each of them at different

points, either in terms of the style of playing or sometimes in terms of your music having the same kind of feel that those people have.

kk: If I do sound anything like old Fleetwood Mac I think it would be more like Danny Kirwan. I also liked his playing, almost as much as Peter Green. You know, one of the most depressing albums is "Then Play On" — I mean, if you couldn't tell that Peter Green was going nuts....! I don't know anything more obvious!

mk: What was this stuff you told me you read about all creative people being a little crazy.

kk: I was just reading an article on depression and it talked about the tie-in between creative individuals and depression, and I tend to think that's sad but probably true — that maybe you have to be on some sort of other plane or whatever to create; that you have to have the ability to feel something really intensely — either sadness or joy or whatever, but you feel it so intensely that it comes out in your music. And it's abnormally intense — things that bother you but you can release it through your music. I think that's pretty true for me.

mk: Are there any female musicians you particularly admire?

kk: I was watching this thing on Showtime last night and they had my uncle B.B. King on — you know, he's my uncle? — and, uh....

mk: Wait a minute....

kk: (laughs) No, I'm not black, but he is my uncle, I wish. I always call him "Uncle B.B." There was this special — I think Herbie Hancock was hosting it and they had all these musicians on it — and Bonnie Raitt was on it, too. And she and B.B. were just jamming and trading lines and stuff and I thought, "She gets up there and she acts like she knows what she's doing and people really respect her." In fact, B.B. King whispered some joke to her and she said he just make a joke about her having balls and I thought ideally that is the way for woman guitarist to be respected among those kind of people. And I thought, "She's got it." I think if there's any woman that I would be influenced by it would be her because she does what she does so well and doesn't take any shit from anybody. She's not like these heavy metal women who wear the dog collars and leather to present a certain image — not that they present that image to make up for their lack in playing; that's not true because some of them play very well — but they don't present an image that I like to see women presented as. I think Bonnie Raitt would be the epitome of a woman that has an ideal situation in terms of being respected by her peers.

mk: Is that something that you're striving for in what you're doing?

kk: I guess I have this idea in the back of my mind that people's first inclination is to say, "She plays real well for a girl," but I would like for somebody to just say, "She plays real well." I think most of the women in music have women fans but they aren't taken seriously by men. Because there just aren't enough women out there doing it, it's still an oddity to see a woman who can really play, especially guitar. It reminds me of article I read in an old *Guitar Player* magazine in which bassist Carol Kaye told a story about being in a session one time, and when it came time for the solo, the engineer just automatically turned up the man rather than the woman because he assumed that the man would be the soloist. And she thought that was a real sexist put-down but that is basically the attitude. Hopefully that's changing because more women are getting into it. But it's a slow process.

mk: Why do you think so few women have gone in that direction?

kk: I don't know. Maybe women have the attitude: "It's electric; I don't know how to do it." Because women have always been good acoustic players, but *electric* guitar — that means you have to.... turn some knobs and.... plug something in and....

mk: I think you're getting awfully close to a blanket put-down of women here....

kk: Well, I don't know if it's that — I've never been afraid of that kind of stuff — I don't know if it's that or lack of role models or not being taken seriously or what. I think women just have to go to extremes to get noticed but I don't understand why there aren't more who are out there just for the sake of playing. It seems like you either have to be hardly dressed or playing really butch-type music. Maybe women think it makes them less feminine to be up there playing screaming lead guitar. Who wants Wendy O. Williams as their role model, right?

mk: Me! Me! Where the hell's my electrician's tape....

kk: (laughs) Yeah, right! I saw her on some show and she took a chainsaw to a guitar and I thought, "How could she do that?!"

mk: It was a really cheap guitar.

kk: Even so, it was sacrilegious! God! To her that was music; that was like her way of playing it, you know? And that was the image she was trying to present, but it was just unsavory for anybody! Unhealthy!

mk: (laughs) And appeals to the prurient interests."

kk: (laughs) Uh-huh! But you know, people like Lita Ford who dress the way they do and play the heavy metal stuff — I mean, she's a good player but she presents this kind of strange image. Her audience must either be young boys lustful over her or... teenage girls who probably can't take it seriously.

mk: It seems like your basic sex-sell.

kk: Exactly. In fact, there's a controversy in *Guitar Player* because some advertisers use women in their ads who are barely dressed and some people have written in saying they're offended and others say, "What's the big deal?" I don't know which side I take — I've seen the ads and I'm not offended by them; I just think they're stupid. But it's not going to influence me one way or the other to buy their products, presenting a woman half-



naked playing the guitar.... Now if it were a man, perhaps I would! (laughs) But, you know what I mean?

mk: (leering) Oh, yeah! I know what you mean!

kk: But you know that half-nude girl is not a guitar player and doesn't know what she's doing there.

mk: Yeah, I always look at their.... hands. (leering hard enough to pull a face muscle) Really, you can tell if they've ever held a guitar in their life.

kk: Yeah, the girl with the two-inch fingernails, right? Sure.... People make too big of an issue of that kind of thing but it *does* tell you something about where people's ideas of women guitar players are. But do women really have to be that way in order to appeal to people? But I am glad I'm living in this particular time because it is being more accepted that women can play and play well.

mk: Do you find yourself particularly interested in female musicians or don't you consider that?

kk: Only in the sense that if they can do it I can do it. But if I hear something I like, I don't care who it's played by. But I am interested in the fact that there are more women out there doing this who are accepted.

mk: How's Ann Arbor as a place for bands that play original music?

kk: Not very good. It used to be but it hasn't been very good for the last five or six years. And Detroit isn't open to Ann Arbor bands — they spit on us.

mk: Do you have intentions of starting a band?

kk: I'd like to someday but I don't know if I could. I mean, I get nervous just going up on stage during a sound-check to test a mic if there are a lot of people watching me. I'd like to be able to do that.

mk: What do you think it will take to get you past your self-consciousness so you can get up there and play?

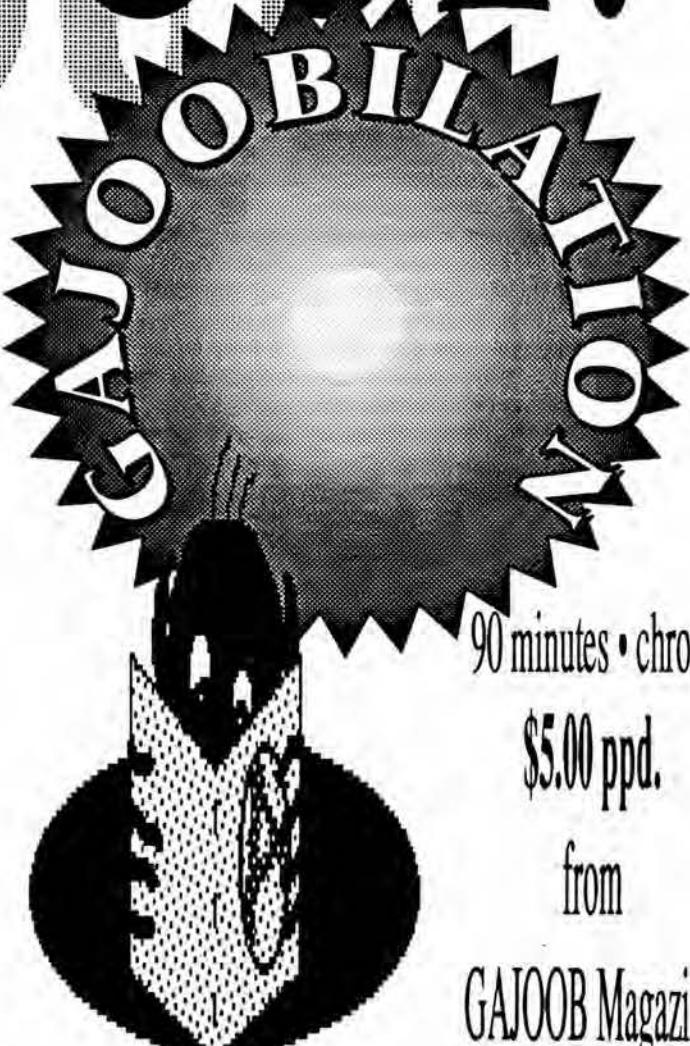
kk: A lobotomy. (laughs)

*Author's note: After so many years of naked public humping, Wendy O's career in music should probably be viewed as a sort of "mellowing out."

Kathy King can be reached at: 636 Louise Dr., Ann Arbor, MI 48103. Her tapes are available for \$4.00 plus 85¢ p&h. I particularly recommend "Low-Tech Nuclear Waste" and "Rubber Chicken Rides Again" to guitar freaks everywhere.

IT'S OUT!

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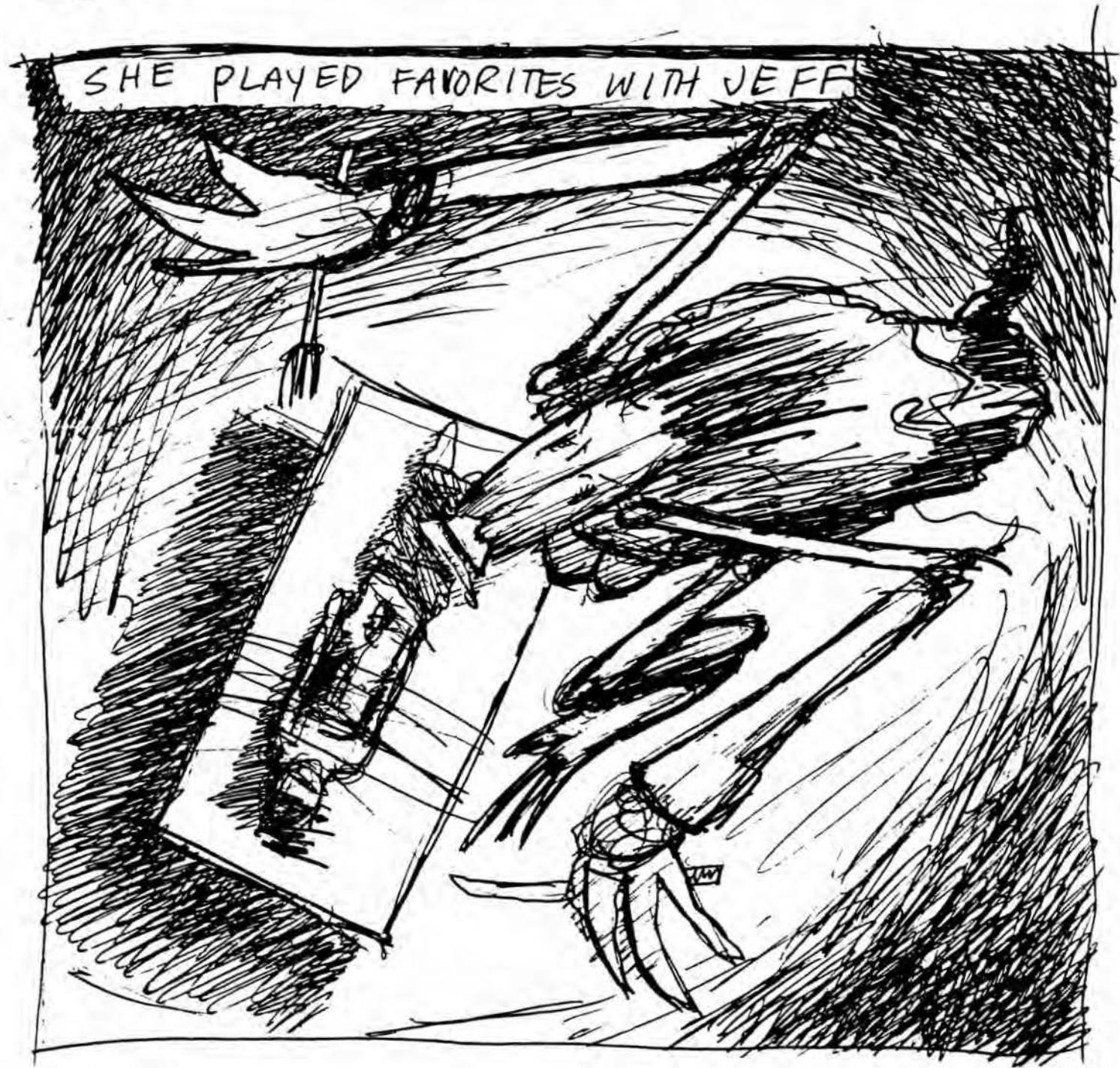
TEACHER WAS A GOOD TEACHER

~~2 X
2 YOUTHS~~

Bedtime

SHE KEPT A GUN
UNDER HER DESK

by John Bergin



“Musical” quotes



Art is the science of the flesh.

The musician opens the cage of numbers, the sketcher emancipates geometry.

A work of art must satisfy all the muses. That is what I call: "Proof By 9."

A masterpiece is to play a game of chess won by checkmate.

A young man must not buy safe values.

The tact in audacity is in knowing just to where one can go too far.

There is a house, a lamp, soup, fire, wine and pipes behind every important work at our house.

Instinct demands to be raised by method. But instinct alone helps us to discover a method which is proper for us and thanks to which we can raise our instinct.

The nightingale sings badly.

Among the comedians there are magicians, and they amuse us, but we do not pardon them unless the trick takes place. To put a rabbit in a hat and bring out cages, that is what is good; but put in a rabbit and bring out a rabbit.... this bad magician, wouldn't he rather be taken for a poet?

An artist can open, by groping, a secret door and never understand that this door hid a world.

If a man who passes for the father of a school because he decided to, shrugs his shoulders one day and denies it, this discredits nothing about this school.

When a work seems to be ahead of its time, it is simply that Time is behind the work.

An artist does not skip over steps: if he skips them it is time lost because he will have to reclimb them later.

An artist who retreats is not betraying. He is betraying himself.

The emotion which results from a work of art does not truly count if it is not obtained by a sentimental blackmailing.

In art, all value which proves itself is vulgar.

One must be a living man and an artist posthumously.

Truth is too naked: it does not excite men.

A sentimental scruple which prevents us from telling the whole truth makes it a Venus who hides her sex with her hand. The Truth shows its sex with its hand.

Satle said, "I want to do a piece for dogs and I have my set. The curtain rises on a bone." Poor dogs! It is their first piece. Afterwards, one will give them more difficult spectacles, but one will always return to the bone.

All "Live One Such" brings a "Down with One Such." It is necessary to have the courage of this "Down with One Such" under the penalty of eclecticism.

Eclecticism is the death of love and of Injustice. In art, justice is a certain Injustice.

It is hard to deny, above all of the noble works: but all profound affirmations necessitate a profound negation.

The worst drama for a poet is to be admired by misunderstanding.

There is a moment when each work in progress profits from the prestige of the rough outline. "Don't touch it any further!" cries the amateur. It is then that the true artist tries his luck.

"Take care of the painting," say certain placards. I add: "Take care of the music."

Look out! Be well on your guards. For alone among all of the arts, music turns you around.

The musician must cure the music of his embrace, of his tricks, of his turn of the cards that he will oblige himself as much as possible to remain in front of the listener.

A poet always has too many words in his vocabulary, a painter too many colors on his palette, a musician too many notes on his keyboard.

One must sit down first and think after... This axiom should not serve as an excuse to those sitting. A true artist is always in an uproar.

In the creator there is necessarily a man and a woman, and the woman is almost always Intolerable.

What makes the optimism of pessimists such as us is the intuition that the work of art collaborates with supernatural equals.

I work at my wooden table, on my wooden chair, with my wooden pen, which does not prevent me from being responsible, in some measure, for the course of the stars.

A dreamer is always a bad poet.

If you shave your head, do not save a lock for Sunday.

The important thing is not to float (on water) lightly, but to disappear loudly while propagating soft waves.

We close the eyes of the dead softly; it is also with softness that we must open the eyes of the living.

The crowd is seduced by the lie; they decide by truth that is too simple, too naked, too unseemly.

Translated by Creighton W. Miller

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Finding My Marks on the Invisible Stage

by Michael Chocholak

Way back in the early spring of 1988, I came across an announcement in Option magazine regarding a competition for "new work for live performance using a digital performance instrument" jointly sponsored by the Bregman Electronic Music Studio of Dartmouth College and New England Digital Corporation (the folks that brought us the Synclavier). The competition was to be judged by a jury made up of Laurie Anderson, Jon Appleton and Steve Reich, and it offered \$5000 to the winner. Well! That seemed too good to simply nod at in passing. I obtained a copy of their entry procedures which asked for a video of the performance. After that, I got a hold of some folks I knew that were connected with some real cutting edge efforts in the realm of digital performance. I figured that they had an honest to God shot at the gold ring and regardless, were deserving of greater acknowledgment. Then I gave some consideration to my own position. Yes, I worked with a digital performance instrument; primarily the Mirage digital sampling keyboard, but while I was doing solid studio work, I really hadn't applied myself to live performance for quite some time. I suppose I could have submitted a video of me simply standing there tickling the keys, but let's face it — so what, right? Digital or not, I'd much rather watch Sun Ra or even Sam the Sham doing the same thing.

Well, I struggled with this dilemma for while until I was struck with a thought of blinding genius. I would submit a blank video tape! Sure, I could brew something up about how the performance was a conceptual combination of the artistic philosophies of Andy Warhol ("In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes") and John Cage (specifically his piece entitled "4'22" for Henry Flint" where not a single note is played) and my performance would be 15 minutes of blank tape! Hey, I figured Steve Reich's sensibilities would get bruised a bit, and I wasn't sure about Jon Appleton, but come on, Laurie Anderson would probably get a real kick out of it. I take the muse fairly seriously, but we've all gotta lighten up now and then, no? It would probably provide a welcome break from hours of serious listening and scrutinizing. Sooo, I typed up an entry letter for "My Fifteen Minutes" on official letterhead, went out and bought a blank video tape, and packed it all off to Dartmouth. I figured that my cute little surprise would be discovered in short order and that would be that. Well....

On July 28, 1988 I received a reply from Jon Appleton to the effect that the jury could not reach agreement "as to what constituted a digital performance instrument" (considering the folks involved and their opinions, I'll bet it was an interesting discussion). Therefore, no prize would be awarded. In short, they hadn't even reviewed the material they had received; they hadn't gotten my punchline! This was a humorous situation I had not anticipated. However, beyond that, Jon stated that because he "was impressed with the quality of 'My Fifteen Minutes'" he was forwarding the tape to Andrew Buchman at The Evergreen State College in Olympia

Washington to have it considered for performance at the annual meeting of the Society for Electro-Acoustic Music in the United States (SEAMUS)! (Hey, listen, we've all used form letters before. Those of you without sin can throw the first word processor).

My little antic hadn't been lost at all. Hell no, it was cruising along out of control like those early NASA rocket launches.

Should I contact Andrew and try to explain? Right. Have you ever tried to explain some clever scheme you concocted when you caught in the act? Uh huh. Maybe I should just.... wait.

So I did. After a while, I even managed to forget about the whole thing (actually, I'm a busy guy and purged it from my circuits fairly quickly).

Then, on June 12, 1989 I received a letter from Andrew Buchman apologizing for the delay in contacting me and informing me that their plan to organize a syndicated radio series which would have included my work had "fallen through" and my work was being returned. Too bad. "My Fifteen Minutes" could have been right up there in ratings along with the emergency broadcast test tone.

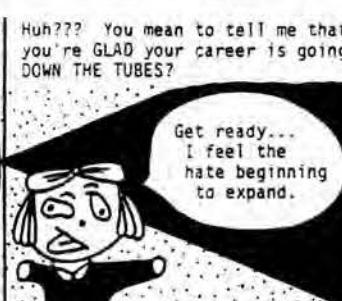
It had been a long and winding road to say the least and now it had come full circle. But as I pondered the sequence of events, a gestalt of a larger picture coalesced in my mind. "My Fifteen Minutes" wasn't a clever jest gone flat. Not at all. In fact, the curtain had just gone down on a vast performance piece involving a nationwide cast that had taken a year to run its course.

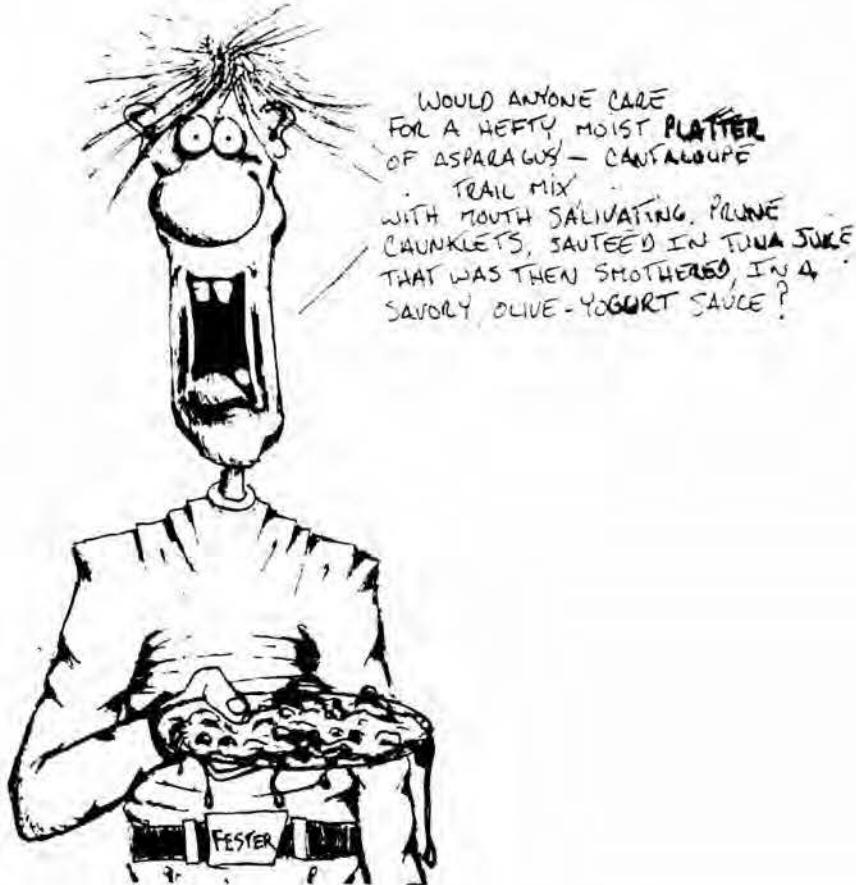
Here is a performance piece that dwarfs even the sculptural works of Christo or Huelber. And it even goes beyond Rauschenberg's "Erased Drawing" by dispensing with the initial act of creating an artistic piece to be erased. What genius! And here I thought it had been just a bit of fun. Ha! If Marcel Duchamp can sign a urinal and Yves Klein can sign the sky as art then I see no reason not to declare myself the 'winner' of these events as well as all other related events worldwide in 1988, whether they occurred or not and whether I entered them or not. I am at least as brilliant as Duchamp and Klein (as long as I'm making impudent declarations, why hold back, eh?) and certainly my 'entry' is as iconoclastic as any readymade.

So ends "My Fifteen Minutes." I would like to thank all those involved for their efforts, particularly those who never realized what I was doing — for their cognizance would quite possibly have terminated the project at any time. I sincerely hope Jan and Andrew can accept my actions in the good humored spirit in which they were intended.

Then again, despite its long run, I must admit that I am not at all fatigued by the performance and in fact am ready to embark on even bigger performance projects inspired by the success of my initial attempt. Like the sayings go, signatures or no, the sky is the limit and the world is a stage.

(copies of "My Fifteen Minutes" are available wherever quality video tapes are sold).





WOULD ANYONE CARE
FOR A HEFTY MOIST PLATTER
OF ASPARAGUS - CANTALOUPE
TRAIL MIX
WITH MOUTH SALIVATING, PRUNE
CAUNKLETS, SAUTEED IN TUNA JUICE
THAT WAS THEN SMOTHERED IN A
SAVORY OLIVE-YOGURT SAUCE?

NOTHING TO SAY

by Dave Schall

As I sit here, ready to write my first column for GAJOOB, I wonder what to write about. What in the world do I have to offer to the readers of this zine? This is an unfortunate hang-up. It strikes the best of us. It seems to be some sort of law of nature that in order to write, you must have something to say. I think that's nonsense.

In the same manner that anyone can be a musician without any sort of talent or meaning, so can we all be writers (I am proving this even now).

An unfortunate by-product of a society so full of buying and selling is that people are under the illusion that all they need to do is to listen to the music or read the writing, when, in fact, they, themselves should be doing the singing or writing. I make no bones about it: if a person is going to consume music or literature, they better be willing to give back some of their own.

It's really pretty simple. What does it take to be a writer? Literacy helps, but it's been proven not to be necessary. What does it take to be a musician? Nothing. This zine is about the cassette "culture." Well, I agree that cassette is the perfect medium because it allows almost anyone to get their stuff down and heard by others. The beautiful thing is the sharing.

Who can say that even the worst thing you've ever heard had no effect on your own music? Not I. I can honestly announce that everything I hear, changes my musical outlook. It's a good goddamn thing too, because I need it.

Anyway, my point is, I suppose, that everyone can do it. I can do it. I am living testimony to the fact that an inept asshole can make music. Perhaps you can, too.

OK, I am not one to beat anything into the ground, so that will be the end of that particular topic.

My next problem is a timely one for me. Last night (yes, that

recent) a band that I am in had a show with Poison Idea. I looked forward to it, actually. I figured it would be a real good time for everyone. I anticipated a pretty good crowd. Almost none of this came to be.

Oh yes, P.I. marched in. One of them did, anyway. He looked around, saw the lack of a crowd which awaited them, headed back out to their van and left. Yep, the show that never was. It didn't make our band skip a beat. We got to play longer than we would have, had the rock gods stuck around.

This is a problem to me. Few people were there. Was that a reason for them to cop out on us? I don't think so. Maybe I'm missing something. I thought that they were there to entertain or maybe to have fun. Oops, guess I missed the boat on that one. They must have been there for that almighty dollar. I guess a certain degree of success can do that to a band. Well, Poison Idea, you disappointed a lot of people last night. And to Sloppy Seconds, who were also slated for last night, you guys followed your heroes out the door. Don't expect me to buy any of your goddamn records.

Oh well, enough of that. Yes, it's true I'm fed up with the shitty attitudes of bands like these two. Screw it.



Ken Clinger

Animal Heaven & the Bovine Philosopher

Interview by Tom Burris

Ken Clinger is the most identifiable (and maybe the most influential) hometape this side of the other side. The guy's also prolific beyond belief. His style is... um... lemme try to explain.

Imagine the dreamlife of Fred Rogers. Things get weird, but only beneath the surface of his own vocal cords, emitting grammatically correct (and impeccably pronounced) narration. (If anybody has narrated dreams, it's Mr. Rogers.) Ken's voice is similar to Fred's. The delivery is similar as well.

Here's the difference. Fred tells growing boys and girls all about normal, everyday things in a sweet, matter-of-fact manner. This delivery is what gives Ken's material its special edge. He knows that a perfect surface usually exists to hide the imperfections underneath.

With Fred, everything's just a little too perfect to be truly perfect; or, as Ken puts it, "cows are just too good at 'acting like cows'." Now let's see what happens when we remove Fred Rogers' voice from his dreams and put it out to pasture....

TB: Let's get the typical opening question out of the way. When did you start recording and releasing your own tapes; and who many tapes have you released so far?

KC: "Officially" I started in the Fall of 1983, meaning that I began making tapes that were intended to be duplicated and sent to other people. I had been experimenting with tapes for years before that, though. There are around 50 "official" tapes, including collaborations and my own KC series. Many of these are 30 minutes long are now released on separate sides of C-60 cassettes. There are round 25 comp tapes (mainly the Winnie series) beyond that. This does not include several "unofficial releases" which will be covered in your next question.

TB: You are psychic yesindeedee. Lately, you've begun releasing tapes known as the KCX SERIES, which are comprised of unreleased recordings. Why did you decide to start releasing some of these pieces?

KC: As mentioned before, I had been experimenting with tapes before Fall 1983. It was done on old cassette and reel-to-reel decks that had seen better days, so the fidelity wasn't that great. Also, there were occasional pieces that didn't make it to my regular KC tapes. Since these pieces were strewn over different tapes in no logical manner, I decided to organize them into the KCX series. Since the pieces are of questionable quality (either in sound or content), they aren't "official" releases. But out of this grew a fascination with this kind of material, since it has a kind of charm at being unacceptable, but interesting in the right mood. I'm continually discovering forgotten, old tapes and also occasionally make one-take pieces with cheap Casio accompaniment, so there's lots of KCX material still to be compiled.

TB: Were your earliest recordings "songs" or have you always done "recitation" pieces with a musical backing?

KC: By the time I started making tapes for release, I had been convinced by my own ears that my singing voice was of dubious merit, so I spoke my pieces that had vocals.

This turned out to open a new area for me. As well as speaking lyrics (which followed a background rhythm), I realized that very short stories could be set to music. Since I like to write somewhat off-the-wall stories, this was a perfect opportunity to combine the two interests. It wasn't until then I had occasionally experimented with limited-range vocals, and decided that within certain limitations I could actually sing. To the horror of several people, I then began working in simple pop song formats, thereby no longer being "serious."

TB: Have you ever based a character on a person (or animal) you know, or have known personally?

KC: There are some pieces that actually use real names and references to their real-life activities, although the references tend to be quite distorted. For the most part I prefer to start out making up my own characters. occasionally a situation will come up which reminds me of someone I've known, and I'll borrow from that. Real-life animals tend to be too sophisticated to have bizarre experiences, so none have inspired me in that way. The animals in my songs and stories are more connected with fairy tales and cartoon realities. Real cartoon characters have been in pieces.

TB: Okay, Ken, you knew this was coming: what's with the fascination with cows?

KC: Growing up in a small country town and having a farm animal veterinarian for a father set the stage. Having even less grasp on reality than I do now, as a child I was both fascinated and terrified by cows. Somehow I got the impression that they were extremely intelligent animals, but were too cool to show it. Whenever I'd see cows, I'd watch for some slip-up to prove this. I'd have dreams where cows were quite obviously hiding secret awareness, and this image stuck. To this day I'm not totally convinced this isn't true. Cows are just too good at "acting like cows."

TB: I can't help but be reminded of that "Far Side" cartoon where the cows are standing at an upright position and talking to each

other until the cow on "guard duty" yells "Car!!" In the next frame they're all standing on all fours and chewing their cud like good little cows while the car drives by. This is not the first time you've prompted me to think of "The Far Side." How about some reasons for-and/or-against calling you "The Gary Larson of home taping"?

KC: The fact that I felt this years before seeing a "Far Side" cartoon proves it must be true. How else could Gary Larson and I come to the same realization? Both of us must have at least unconsciously caught a slip-up somehow. Sure, I'll be the Gary Larson of home taping. Does that mean that Dan Fioretti is the Andy Warhol of home taping, with his celebrity worship and rejection of "correctness"? Is there a Dali of home taping? How about a David Lynch?

TB: In 1987, NICK released a side-long "Rock Operetta" called "Requiem For Wally." Wally was a beaver who made sudden appearances behind Nick's place only while a tape letter from you played in Nick's tape deck. Do you have mystic powers affecting animals; or do you think Wally simply channeled in on Ken Clinger and his incredible animal tales, and simply kept coming back to hear more?

KC: Actually, I do tend to relate to animals (and very young children) better than adult humans, who for the most part are totally corrupted. When I walk to the Food Gallery to buy milk, if I walk past adult humans, we usually pretend the other doesn't exist. But little kids, dogs, cats and squirrels know better, and there seems to be some kind of communication. Winnie Santiago's cat, Molly, used to respond to my tapes too. But like Wally, Molly has gone to Animal Heaven for a while before getting a new physical animal body.

TB: So you think Animal Heaven is completely separated from People Heaven? I'd like to think all creatures wind up on the same cloud. I'd like to see my cats, Otis and Puff.

KC: I'm sure Animal Heaven and

People Heaven are easily visited at will just by wanting to visit from any other heaven. If Otis and Puff want to stay with you in People's Heaven, I'm sure that's no problem. I'd bet there's a Home Taper's heaven as a section of People Heaven. It's all a kind of "you get what you want" kind of deal; so you can decide who or what you really are before being bombarded with new outside influences in your next physical body. Since time and space are no big deal in non-physical realities, you can visit whoever or wherever you want by imagining it. Of course, it's rude to drop in unannounced, so it's best if you send a telepathic message first and get a response. Maybe Otis will want to "get away from it all," feeling that neither you nor Puff understand him. He might spend some time in Beaver Heaven with Wally before realizing you and Puff aren't so bad after all.

TB: During the time we spent working on Chester Bovine, you often wrote of waiting until you were in a "Chester mood" before working on the next section. Can the "Chester mood" be put into words?

KC: Chester Bovine was done by writing a story that would be strongly influenced by the background pieces provided by you. Since I decided to take the pieces in the order they were on tape, and I try not to plan ahead very far into my stories, I had to keep the story moving from one background to the next, and be heading toward the following one at the same time. Since the story was very linear, I had to be in a mood where the story remained consistent, while being interesting (at least to me) at any moment. So the "Chester mood" was when I would be open enough to accept these limitations while, at the same time, be inspired enough to enjoy doing it.

TB: Tell me how you know CATFISH and how you began recording together.

KC: I was living in San Francisco and I met Catfish through a friend who thought we'd get along. It was early 1983 (before I began releasing tapes) and I was into mail art. Before we'd physically met, we began sending homemade postcards to each other. (We only lived around six blocks apart.) Then we met and started getting together on Saturday evenings to make postcards together, while listening to records and drinking coffee. She would make a few very intricate, thought-out cards; and I would make several dozen spontaneous ones with an extreme range of quality. Afterwards we would go to a coffee house for pastries and more coffee and write little stories on the backs of the postcards we'd made, usually alternating sentences between us. Then we'd mail the

cards off to people we knew, as well as any mail art exhibitions we know about. At this time I became aware of the home taping network and liked the idea of having other voices along with my own on the tapes. A few months later, Catfish moved to Seattle, but we continued writing stories through the mail. So except for the first few tapes, any appearance by Catfish has been by a recording sent through the mail rather than a live collaboration.

TB: Bored Young Men is certainly the "loosest" of your projects that I've heard. How did that project get started?

KC: The Bored Young Men tapes are a collaboration between B. Srahka and myself. Unlike other collaborations, BYM is done in person, since we're both in Pittsburgh. Since my own ideas are used in the KC tapes, B. Srahka is the main source of lyrics and concepts (as well as artwork) of the BYM series. The recording is more of a joint-venture. I enjoy the experience because the pieces generally are to match an image in Srahka's head. In my own pieces it's the other way around, where a mood is established and lyrics or images develop from that.

TB: A while back you released a tape by ELLEN MIZ ELLEN called, "Playing By Ear." How did you come in contact with her; and do you plan to release more of her work in the future?

KC: I met Ellen Miz Ellen when we

previous to "Playing By Ear" of unfortunately poor sound quality which require concentrated listening. I'm sure there will be future solo Ellen Miz Ellen tapes when the situation is right. But every time we get together, we always seem to make a collaborative tape, so for the present the KC/EME collaborations are probably enough for her.

TB: What other collaborative projects have you been involved in?

KC: There are several with ZAN HOFFMAN (known as ZIDBOVINESIK or KENANDALL, depending on the producer), as well as two with TOM FURGAS. A third KC/TF tape will eventually be released when I get the time to finish it. DAN FIORETTI and I have an ongoing series called "Kenny & the Cling-Tones," which is Bovine music at its best or worst, depending on your point of view.

TB: Or depending on your mood?

KC: Yes. When things seem overly serious or overly demanding, the often silly, "anything goes" spontaneity of the collaborations with Mr. Fioretti can be especially enjoyable. I can pretend I "don't know any better" and do things I'd normally reject. Hearing the tapes later often surprises me, since spontaneous parts are so strange.

TB: Is there a Bovine Philosophy?

KC: Actually, there seems to be two of them, or two aspects of it. One is an encouragement of seeming silly and endless interaction between public figures, animals and home tapers in realities where anything can happen. There's usually a level of wry commentary beneath it that some people obviously miss. The other aspect is similar to a lot of home taping philosophy: to create because it's fun, with enjoyment being a higher priority than limiting mental attitudes of quality or acceptability. It comes down to trusting yourself before you think.

Ken Clinger has recently released KC 34 & KC 35. He can be contacted at: 311 Stratford Ave. #1, Pittsburgh, PA 15232-1108.

Tom Burris has just released the first two tapes in the KC Ambient Series. These can be obtained through: EXILE, 104 So. Walnut St., Muncie, IN 47305.

Dan Fioretti keeps a shitload of KC tapes at his place. Send some stuff to him: Kitti Tapes, 312 N. 3rd Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904.



were both at school in Bloomington, Indiana. She was a friend of one of my roommates and we got along very well. Interestingly, it wasn't until after I'd moved to San Francisco and we'd begun corresponding that we discovered a creative interaction beyond our previous social one. There are a few solo tapes

SPECULATION

by Jeff "Fingerhead" Jarvie

As I told you in my last column, I've been planning on writing a book about women in prison films. Well, this week, I found out that someone doesn't want me writing this book. First of all, I guess I should tell you what happened.

A couple weeks ago I wrote Linda Blair a letter, asking her if she'd mind being interviewed for my women in prison book. Instead of getting an answer to my letter, two men in black (see my first column) showed up at my door and warned me not to write to Linda Blair again, and to forget all about the women in prison book — or else. Then, they suggested that I wrote about something more important — like Billy Barty. Needless to say, I was pretty shaken up by this incident.

In fact, I was so depressed following the men in black visit, that I watched nothing but Italian zombie and cannibal films for an entire week. After I watched Lucid Fulci's zombie for the 15th time (in one day), I knew that I was ready to face the world again.

So, now, I can finally tell you the whole story behind why the men in black made sure that Linda Blair didn't receive my letter.

Last month, while I was watching Linda Blair's nude shower scene in *Chained Heat* (for research purposes only), I received the first of many weird phone calls. At that time, I didn't know who the caller was, or why he was contacting me... But the story that he told me, I shall never forget.

The caller identified himself as Petey Wheatstraw, and told me that he used to work for a Dallas newspaper.

On November 22nd, 1963, Petey, like many Dallas citizens, took the day off to watch President Kennedy's motorcade. When the President's limo turned onto Elm Street and the shots that silenced the President rang out, Petey had the opportunity to watch the entire grizzly display from the safety of a nearby office building.

So, now, you're asking me: "Well, Jeff, what did he see? Did he see a gunman hiding in the knoll?" No. "Did he see Oswald crouching in the sniper's nest?" No.

So, what exactly did Petey see? What Petey saw was a cigar-shaped (Castro?) UFO hovering directly over the President's limo. He believes that JFK was killed by this UFO.

At this point, I just wanted to get off the phone and continue watching Linda Blair fighting the uncontrollable urge to become a lesbian at the hands of the ever-so-busty Sybil Danning. C'mon Linda, it can get real lonely in the big house. Sybil just wants to be your friend.

It was at this point that Petey told me UFO aliens killed JFK because he was about to make public the truth about UFO's — they really exist.

The aliens couldn't risk that, so they splattered his brains all over Elm Street.

If you've ever read anything about JFK's assassination, you'll already know that there are many different theories about how and why he was killed — so hearing that he met his untimely demise at the hands (or tentacles) of UFO aliens didn't phase me that much — at least not yet.

I asked Petey if he had any solid evidence to back up this fantastic story. He said that he did. He asked me if I had any stills from the Zapruder film in my possession. Fortunately, being the avid JFK assassination buff that I am, I

have literally hundreds of Dealey Plaza stills at my disposal.



After I retrieved my complete set of Zapruder film stills from the Speculation archives, Petey asked me to look closely at Still 170. He told me that the young girl in the picture, who is running to keep up with the President's limo, also witnessed the UFO that fired the fatal shot at JFK's head.

Petey asked me if I knew who the little girl was. I said that I didn't (the way things have been going lately, I thought that he was gonna tell me that the little girl was my girlfriend Al-ice). "Would you like to know who she is?" "Sure, why not?" Nothing could have prepared me for the shock I was about to receive. He told me that the little girl's name was Linda Blair.

After the full impact of what he said finally sunk in, I dropped the phone, my glass of diet Coke, and all thought of maintaining my sanity.

After I regained the ability to speak, I picked up the phone and asked Petey, "How do you know that it's really Linda Blair and not just Jerri Jewell or Nancy McKeon?"

Petey then told me that Linda talks at length about witnessing the JFK assassination in her *Swank* interview. Now, in case you don't know, *Swank* is a seedy men's magazine that usually includes such articles as "Why Men Like Big Breasts," so I couldn't imagine a wholesome, all-American girl, such as Linda Blair, appearing between its sticky pages. But I told Petey that I'd look into it. After I got off the phone, I proceeded to raid the Speculation archives to find the Linda Blair issue of *Swank*.

After spending one hour digging it out of the archives, two hours perusing the scantily clad pictures of a very healthy-looking Linda, I finally got around to reading the interview.

There it was in black and white — Linda Blair was present during JFK's assassination. So, now it all makes sense: the men in black couldn't allow Linda to read my letter. If she had, she might have called me. And once we started talking, it wouldn't be too long before I brought up the subject of UFO's.

Now, I've finally been shown the awful truth: Linda Blair holds the key to unlocking the mystery of the JFK assassination.

After much introspection, I knew what I had to do — my book on women in prison films had to be completed. Only then would we be one step closer to piecing together the puzzle that is otherwise known as the JFK assassination.

After I finished the *Swank* article on Linda Blair and refilled my glass with Diet Coke, I sat down on the couch... just in time to see a highly intoxicated John Vernon take advantage of poor little Linda on the floor of his office.

How symbolic. How symbolic indeed.

It's times such as this that I think the sheer fabric of our reality (and Linda's nightgown) is rapidly deteriorating.



Well, boys and girls.... Here's another heaping helping of those pesky chain letters. Dare to play!

Instructions:

Send a magazine, book, record, cassette, picture, collage, or something else made by you to the first person on each of the lists below. Remove the first name on the lists, then add your name and address to the bottoms. Make ten (10) copies of this letter (or each one in which you choose to participate) (including your name and address) and send them to people anywhere whom you think will keep the idea growing. Quite soon, things from over 100 individuals and groups will arrive at your address. Or maybe not—hey, that's part of the fun, ain't it?



LIST ONE:

Andy C., 1 St. John's View Boston Spa, Wetherby, West Yorkshire LS23 ENQ, England

Andrew, 18 Golf View, Ingol, Preston, PR2 7EH, ENGLAND

Jer, Gruff Wit Records, Glasgow G12 9DN, U.K.

Lee Jade, 78 Madells, Epping, Essex CM16 4NN, ENGLAND

Chris Berthood, 73 Fitzgerald House, London E14 0HH, U.K.

It's really important, especially for those at the bottom of the list, that everyone who receives a copy of this letter follows the instructions. This is just a small step towards greater communication between members of various worldwide subcultures. Nothing bad will happen if you break the chain, but please try to keep it going.... after all, ten zeroes, ten postage stamps and one piece of your work are not much to ask. LONG LIVE THE NETWORK!

LIST TWO:

The Blobels, 28 St. John's Lawn, Clondalkin, Dublin 12, IRELAND

Andrew, 18 Galf View, Tanterton Hall Rd., Ingol, Preston PR2 7EH, ENGLAND

Neil, "Coruisk", Back St., Bridge of Earn, Perth, PH2 9AE, SCOTLAND

Lee JJJ, 78 Maddells, Epping, Essex CM16, ENGLAND

Mark, 12 Claremont Ave., Leeds, W. Yorks, L53 1AT, ENGLAND

From Nursery to Misery, c/o Gina Fear, 265 Long Riding, Basildon, Essex SS14 1Q5, ENGLAND

The Big House, 81 Castlerigg Drive, Burnley, Lancs, BB12 8AT, ENGLAND

Chris, The Dollyhead International, 73 Fitzgerald House, London, E14 0HH, U.K.

The Town Center Mall in Fort Worth, Tex., is telling unaccompanied teenagers to take a hike! As one store owner put it, "Teens who congregate have become Frankenstein monsters that the malls have created themselves."

A man was sentenced to 10 days in jail because a judge didn't like the words on a T-shirt he wore to court, which read — "Hauling Ass."

About 25,000 men went to a fair in New Delhi, India, recently to buy a wife — and 5,000 of them closed the deal.

Cops say father-of-three Peter Chapman wanted to make dead certain no one else got custody of his infant son, and did it in the most cold-blooded way imaginable — he buried him alive!

Shopper Cathy Roessler got \$175,000 in damages after a department store mannequin toppled over on her, causing her

to suffer a spinal disc injury.

A new study conducted at Temple University reports that people who socialize with their bosses at work are more likely to get promoted.

A woman committed suicide by asphyxiating herself in her closed garage, sitting in a car with the engine running — and accidentally took her two roommates with her.

The assistant manager of a chicken restaurant was fired because he poured hot grease on a robbery suspect. "I regret losing my job, but I don't regret throwing grease on him," said James Hampton, 45.

As his master rapidly sank into a diabetic coma, his dog Guinnes fetched him from the brink of death by bringing him a candy bar.

The remains of a man who was murdered in 1988 were found



in suitcases in two counties more than a year apart.

Dog owner Michael Niderberg has sued his insurance company, claiming they got his medical history mixed up with his pet coker spaniel's and canceled his coverage.

A torrential storm capsized a Kennewick, Wash., man's boat on the Columbia River. He swam to shore and tried to flag down a speeding train, which hit and killed him.

Sexy stripper Senta Auer was charged with manslaughter after she put on a scorching show at a local nursing home and two old men died of heart attacks.

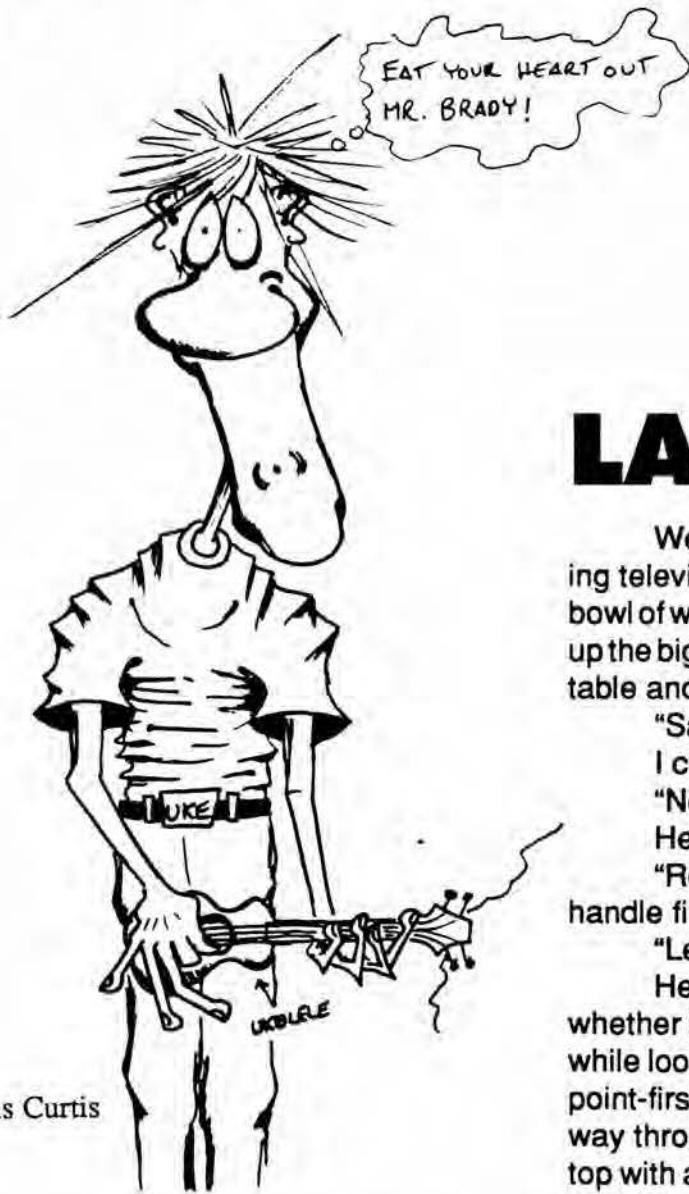
Hopping-mad Darrell Williams chopped up a woman's pet

poodle and two goats with an ax because she refused to go on a date with him.

A sleazy street punk nearly got his arm ripped off when he reached through a car window to grab a woman's big black purse and discovered it was her pet Doberman pinscher.

Tragic dad David Serres lost his home, his family and his \$50,000-a-year job when he rushed into a department store to buy a gift and was busted by the cops because his fly was open.

Two longtime pals died within minutes of each other after one came to the aid of his stricken friend and then had a heart attack himself.



LAME-O

By Chris Duers

We were all sitting around the living room, watching television and bullshitting and eating out of a giant bowl of wet noodle salad and taking drugs. Matty picked up the big seven-inch razor-sharp hunting knife from the table and regarded it gravely.

"Say," he said, "What's this good for?"

I chuckled.

"Not much," I said. "Mumblety-Peg, maybe."

He got a silly grin on his face.

"Really?" he said. Then he offered me the knife, handle first, and put his hand palm down on the table.

"Let's play."

He had a funny look in his eye, and I couldn't tell whether he was joking or not, so I took the knife, all the while looking right back at him, and slammed the blade point-first down into the back of his hand. It went all the way through, and sunk about a half-inch into the table top with a crunch, pinning his hand there. The smile on his face slipped away and was replaced with a pale look

of abject terror. Everyone just sat there with their mouths hanging open, while the television chattered away mindlessly. They looked like someone had just pissed in their laps. Like a dead fish gallery.

Laughing, I got up to get a soda, leaving Matty to ponder his latest predicament. Sometimes the gang I hung with could be a real bunch of lame-o's.

TAKIN' IT SLEAZY

by Bloody F. Mess

Recently, here in Peoria, a local Bradley University student started a storm of protest when he distributed several fliers announcing the meeting of his newly formed group: The American White Supremacist Party.

The student, Matt Hale, was shocked when he realized how much his simple idea upset members of the University's Minority Coalition.

They whined that Mat should not be allowed to hold his meeting and they wanted something done about this outrage.

The next thing he (and us members of the TV viewing audience) knew, all the local forms of media were talking to and about Matt Hale.

After several days of hearing about this incident, it was decided that some form of disciplinary action must be taken against big bad Matt Hale. A meeting was held between him and the Head Dean of the University, and he was placed on school probation and strictly not allowed to post his fliers anywhere on campus.

As I followed this case it started to smell raunchier and raunchier, so I decided to talk to the man behind the myth: I called Matt Hale myself.

Fact: He is into white supremacy. He considers minorities and gay people to be of a lower class than himself.

Now, a lot of GAJOOB readers will undoubtedly go hoarse with their cries of "Racist!" "Scumbag!" and "Redneck!" But one thing you have to keep in mind is, Fact: he wasn't burning crosses on people's yards and he is not inflicting violence or harm on anyone. Bradley University has fraternities, gay organizations, sports groups, kegger houses, minority coalitions (they even have their own "cultural" center) and probably religious fanatics, too. There's a wide spectrum of individual tastes and beliefs. For the Minority Coalition to intervene and react the way they did was disgusting, and for Bradley's "officials" to not see past all the bullshit is asinine.

Not only did Matt Hale receive death threats by telephone, he was run off the road in his car by a black, male driver. The whole

controversy would've been ignored if the people against big bad Matt Hale would have ignored him. I mean, the bottom line is the guy *does* have his right to organize his own party (whether it be on campus or off) just like the two party candidates solicit the public for votes and finances, big bad Mat Hale has his right to hold a big bad white supremacy meeting. I realize that blacks and others have been (and still are) repressed by white people, and that it's unfair as hell, but why shouldn't this guy be given his freedom by letting him, and any others like him, meet about whatever they'd like—as long as it stays within the boundaries of the "law"?

The controversy escalated when Matt held his next meeting at the local public library. I decided to attend, and counted a whole four (4) people in attendance during Matt's speech. Soon after, all of the media showed up with all their cameras and then ten or fifteen black people showed

up and a debate broke out between them and Matt. They told him that blacks invented everything, but that the white man wouldn't give them credit for it. And he told them that if it wasn't for the white man, they'd still be living in mud huts and throwing spears.

It was actually funny and tense to see that none of Matt's "followers" spoke up even once during the debate (it ended quickly). The minorities outnumber Matt by a long shot (there are a lot of bigots, but not a whole lot of actual supremacists), and there's not a lot for them to worry about as far as big bad Matt Hale.

What would the black community think if an NAAWP were formed? I think the NAACP would have a shitfit!

As I was leaving the meeting, a reporter for the local newspaper asked me if I was Bloody Mess, and I said, "No." If I would have admitted the truth, the media would have labeled me as a white supremacist punk Nazi or something, which would have been not only unfair, but a lie.

It seems the whole issue is completely unfair and a blatant case of reverse discrimination.



baby sue comix

I've been getting a lot of complaints lately about your overuse of foul language, Baby Sue.



Some people say you're not creative...that you're just a flimsy comic strip character intended to shock people.



Well? Don't just STAND there...what do you have to say for yourself???



©1989 LMNOP

Bret Hart



The forum was WIDE open; been wanting to get this young gent's impressions for some time.... couple guys with wine, and me with my everpresent caffeine and we were on the way.... all crammed in Bret's "2nd Bedroom Studio East"... large enough to hold 3 guys [James B.

Sells, a local poet, is here also] and drinks, but small enuff to create a more intimate atmosphere than usual....

BH: Can I have one of yer smokes?

Zzaj: Yeah, I think so... you smoke a lot?

BH: I smoke so few cigarettes now, I'm getting a buzz offa this one....

Zzaj: What would Grandpa Hart have to say about smoking?

BH: Well, Grandpa Hart, who's 96 right now, smoked a pipe and cigars for about 60-70 years. He eats bacon, eggs, butter and all that other shit that's supposed to be bad for you.... he's still doin' good!

Zzaj: Well, I've heard you talkin' before about tapes you have of your grandfather....

BH: He's a pretty profound guy. He remembers the first electric lightbulb in his hometown, the first automobile, he can go on and on about a slew of past presidents.

Zzaj: What kind of things did he teach ya?

BH: I guess the best thing my grandfather ever taught me was to accept life as it comes.... ya' know? I'm only 30 years old and I've already flirted with an ulcer — he never had one.... and it's probably 'cause he was very capable of accepting things.... didn't let shit get on his nerves....

Zzaj: Did he listen to your music?

BH: No, he's deaf... has been for a very long time.

Zzaj: What about the rest of your family... what are their impressions of your artforms, etc?

BH: Well, my mom is an epileptic, and she used to ask me to "stop" when I was working on guitar feedback studies, because she felt like as though it might bring on a seizure... but, she never disapproved of what I was doin', ah, aesthetically, just a physical aversion to it...

Zzaj: Zappa has a song about "He Was A Very Nice Boy"; so that wasn't the way your mother reacted to the things she heard you

doing?

BH: mom was a ceramics student in the early 50's, and you know, she was a really radical person... she was concerned about world hunger and such things 25 years before it came into vogue. Well, you kinda' grew up 'round the same general area I did... Erie, PA...

BH: Yeah, Syracuse is not too far north of there.... I never had ANY contact with racism till I joined the Navy. No shit... I mean, where I'm from there WAS no racism! There were never any, even casual, racial slurs or remarks, and it wasn't till I came into the Navy that, just by virtue of being with and around a lot of people who truly were viciously racist, o.k?, that all of a sudden there's this perceived racism, ya' know; well, like the blacks that I work with are just feeling a lot of animosity from whites in general, and I'm being treated as though I'm part of this group of racists... which I am not. I have a tremendous aversion to that and speak up against it often.... Havin' a Korean wife — that was my first experience with being on the RECEIVING side.

Zzaj: You see racism in music and art at all? Especially in the underground scene, magazines we read, and all that?

BH: No. Actually the underground music press is very good about that... they don't align themselves with any unhealthy policies. I think... they feel that, while freedom of the press and non-censorship is important, that trouble attitudes are their own best enemy. Take a band like PSYCHODRAMA; they're into the "nigger-nigger" shit, and Jew-baiting/fag-baiting — all that stuff. The press will review them, even let them state their views. But, such people dirty up their own slates without much assistance from the press. I have yet to see a publication come out and say "We really dig Psychodrama's message and agree that all blacks/Jews/homosexuals, etc... should be destroyed." All of the magazines that I subscribe to (Gajoob, Lowlife, Sound Choice, Factsheet Five, OOption, Electronic Cottage, Bad Newz, The Utne Reader and others) reflect very healthy, progressive attitudes... an all-as-one mentality.

Zzaj: [Is it] your experience, or is it totally a feeling of influences around you that causes your music to happen?

BH: Well, just about everything I do comes outta improv...

Zzaj: O.K. Were you trained formally?

BH: Yeah, I had classical training on trombone.

Zzaj: What happened?

BH: I reached a point where I was becoming quite confident with the instrument, my sight-reading was very good, but I was getting dissatisfied with my instructor. The guy I was studying under kept telling me, "Don't do THAT," or, "You're doin' that WRONG," or, "Adhere to the techniques that I taught you," right? And what I was hearing in my head was somethin' cool that wasn't on any of these scores, that I was wishing there was some form of notation for. I used to play around with the spit-valve and get some really odd tones and gurgles out of the instrument. Anyhow, I was really young (I haven't played trombone since 1974) well, anyway, the guy that was the sousaphone player in the band suddenly went to another school and here I am with these big fuckin' lips, right?... So the band leader says, "I want you to play sousaphone." And I go, "Mr. Hale, I play trombone... I been playin' trombone for like 6 years..." And he says, "Well we need a sousaphone player, just play sousaphone for the next concert... you can learn it, I know you can, and then you can go back to trombone." And I figured, I been playin' with this guy for a while, I can do that and maybe it'll be a pretty hip instrument, who knows? It's SHAPED pretty cool, you kin sit inside it and all that shit... so he gave me this CRASH course on the sousaphone... but I didn't like it anywhere as much as the trombone... I gave it my best effort... so the concert's over, and I'm pushin' the sousaphone back into the storage room, ready to go back to trombone, and he says, "No, I need ya' to keep playing the sousaphone..." And I said, "Wait a minute, you said this..." And he says, "I said that, but I MEAN this." And I said, "Well, F-U-C-K you!" I was so pissed off at that point that I just

BAGGED playin'...

Zzaj: Did you ever do horn improv later?

BH: No... yes, as a matter of fact, I've only touched a horn once since then and it was for one single day in 1986... we were living in Maryland... a friend of mine had a saxophone and I'd been listenin' to some old Beefheart... and Beefheart—they used to just hand him an instrument and he'd just... walk away on it and it was GREAT! I figured, well, I dunno how to play sax... but I do know where the changes are in these pieces I'm composing... I'm sure I can do somethin' with the dynamics on this thing... so I plugged in a mike, started the tape rolling, and had at it... squeaking and honking away all afternoon. Then I gave the sax back to my friend and that was it... I'd like to have a sax though. In fact, a lotta times when I go to the music store out in Songton (city South of Seoul), I find myself looking at the saxophones.

Zzaj: How do you think being with YonOk, and of course being in Korea, has influenced your music?

BH: Look around... I mean, I've really tried to obtain as many native instruments as I can afford while here. I've got this Hay-gum (2-string, bowed instrument)... I've bought a bunch of native percussion instruments and gongs...

There's something to remember in Korea, the gongs, the uglier they are, the less chrome and shit... the better the sound. Then there are companies that make 'em to sell 'em to foreigners, and they know that foreigners want that shiny thing to hang on the wall, so they can say "There's that shiny gong I bought in Korea." Well, fuck that! You've gotta' buy 'em for what they sound like... got this really excellent hide drum here... called a "buk"... and this thing here is called a chuk pi—[it's a] slotted bamboo stick that Buddhists use to establish "A good eating rhythm." So there'll be one guy sittin' there, hungry, slapping the Chuk-pi against his hand, while the other guys CHEW!

Zzaj: Alright... I noticed, after we did our first collaboration, that you did a lotta written pieces on the next tapes you did... Do you think any of that has come from over here?

BH: It ALL comes from being over here, and I was inspired to do those written things by hearing your work... you're a very written-word oriented guy; just stuff that spills off the tongue... and every time I ever talked to you, I'd come away thinking, "Here's a guy that understands the whole being in the military thing, and has come away from it undamaged... and maybe I can purge some of the pressure in my head by getting it down on paper... after hearing your recent work, I decided to do some voices over my instrumentals and see how it sounded.

Zzaj: Have you been damaged by the military?

BH: No!

Zzaj: Has your music been damaged by it?

BH: Not at all... Before coming in, I wasted a lot of time partying and burning myself out. Now I spend my free time much more judiciously... if you look around, you're gonna' see all this music I've recorded, all these paintings I've done... The worst thing the military's done to me is it's BORED me for 7 years... I've never had to shoot a gun... I've never had to go to sea. I'm just a Korean linguist and it's been a pretty skate job. I've been paid pretty good for really not doing a whole hell of a lot, and in the meantime have gotten more musical

instruments than I ever could have gotten working in a diner back in 1983. I mean, when I came in the Navy, I had a amp, a guitar, and an analog delay pedal... and that was IT!!!!

Zzaj: Well, lookin' round here, I can see you've built your stock up...

BH: Well, fuckin'-A, man, if I'm gonna give Uncle Sam 40+ hours of my time a week, I'm sure as hell gonna' take the money that he gives me and go out and buy the shit we want. Besides learning a fascinating language, here's what I've gotten outta the military—the value of free time. How? Because you have so little of it. Prior to coming in, I had so much free time that I was drunk on it and just pissing it away. NO getting high allowed in the military. Now, if I've got time off, I rarely spend it watching television or horsing around... I'm an early-riser, and have always got several unfinished projects to attend to...

Zzaj: So when you're sayin' ya' can't get high, you mean you can't get high with SUBSTANCES...

BH: With DRUGS... the military, as YOU know, passively encourages people to drink... ya' know, the whole brawling, drunken sailor image... and I'll admit it, I went through a near-alcoholic binge

there for about 3 years and it was NO good! My wife pulled me out of that one!

Zzaj: The upshot is that after the binge period and the things everybody goes through... is that you begin to sense that you WANTED to do somethin' more valuable with your time...

BH: No. Actually, I came to Korea, and at the time (1984) the U.S. dollar was very strong over here. I had been used to payin' like \$20 for a small stretched and gessoed canvas, and I come to Korea, and I can buy 90 meters on a roll for about \$30! I'm goin', "WOW! I can paint my ASS off... I can make mistakes and just pile paint on right OVER them... whatever the hell I want to do... in the States,

an 8 oz. tube of Grumbacher oil paint might run you \$6; over here, a toothpaste tube-sized tube runs about \$1. I said, "Who needs BRUSHES?... I'M JUST gonna' GLOP it on the canvas and shove it around with my hands."

Zzaj: So you've done a lotta' painting?

BH: Oh, yeah... some of the better paintings I've done are part of my "Pond Series." I did about 20 of them... they're big, 1.5m X 2.5m. Each of their titles had the word pond in it and the images in the paintings all came from what I thought Korean drinking water here would look like under a microscope. I recorded a cassette full of songs that were based upon, and named after, those paintings called "Bullwinkle Pond & the 5."

Zzaj: O.K., so this relates a lot to what I was talkin' about as far as how Korea has influenced you.... I have an impression from my time over here (which has been about 10 years), not only in the economic sense, but also that Korea kind of "inspires" improv... the society, cause of Buddhism and other things like that, Confucianism, allows me to do what I wanna' do... you get that impression?

BH: Oh, yeah, Korean people... you CAN'T party in the states like you can party in Korea... do you agree? The reason for that, I think, is because Korean people work so long and so hard, that by the time the day is done, it's not enough to just go home and sleep. They want to vent the pressure of the day's work... if you only work a 60 hour week



Bret Hart in Onas Do Mar
(drummer Tony Taveres)

here, you're lucky! Shit, my father-in-law... he works 18 hours every day in his O-rak-shil (video game parlour), and he's in his 50's... and you know what? He loves it! He refuses to take even one day off. Anyhow, after a long day like that, it's time to hit the soju tents and drink, sing songs, and whoop it up!

Zzaj: So, there's a sense of "acceptance" here...

BH: Of "release," that's the word... I've got 2 hours to get today out of my system.

Zzaj: Yeah, but on the other hand, my sense over here is that you can do what you want to do....

BH: I don't agree with that... Confucianism is not so much a "philosophy," as a method of injecting balance into an unbalanced, or potentially unbalanced, society. That's why it was developed in China. By having clearly defined social strata, vertically arranged in terms of status, Koreans "know their place" (as it were) in relation to one another. It can be very limiting. Korea has a

volume live music, surrealism, and such... because it was threatening to accepted ways. There is, however, quite a bit of semi-improvisation, as regards "interpretation of the score" in some of their Shamanistic musics.

Zzaj: I can relate to that in a lot of ways... when I play MY music for Koreans... they generally come close to havin' a heart attack, so I agree that traditional forms are not to be challenged....

BH: Yeah, and they should be honored. I don't want a homogenized world... I WANT there to be disparate cultures... I want there to be all these different places to be really excited about 'cause they're different....

Zzaj: Maybe where I'm comin' from then is because I've been here 10 years, it's kinda' like livin' in a vacuum where WE kin' do what we wanna' do....

BH: WE can, because we're OUTSIDERS, and except for the workplace, we don't HAVE to interact with Americans. In the States, I've constantly got to worry about

simply exposed, but "subjected." That it forces the listener to actively make a decision about whether they CAN deal with any more of it. Definitely NOT easy-listening. I want to live in semi-seclusion so that I can work in peace, without unintentionally intruding into other's personal space.

Zzaj: O.K., you've mentioned that there are some offers for you to play with some other folks already... who are they?

BH: Not some offers, "a" possible opportunity to audition for a band called "The Zulus"... and I'm sketchily paraphrasing my future boss here who said that he played some of my music for the band's guitarist, and that he liked the mood it created. I think that guy used to play with Human Sexual Response; and, that I might be able to audition for the group.

Zzaj: Where do you wanna go with that... do you wanna play with groups, or do you wanna continue playin' on yer own?

BH: I've never had any problem being a supporting player playing another person's music, so long as I'm allowed to be myself. I've written reams of music with a view towards group performance and do feel that getting a band together is one of my priorities. The last performing band I was in was in 1988... I played guitar in a band called "Ondas Do Mar" in Monterey, CA... traditional Portuguese music. I'm itching to get out playing again.... Hopefully I can find some hot, like-minded players willing to commit themselves to the slant on live music that I'll be taking to Beantown.

Zzaj: to me, it's more than the music or the words... the whole idea of performance art, to me, is....

BH: The message....

Zzaj: Not only message, but let's be subtle enough with this message so that it's gonna reach out, not too overtly, but enough so it's gonna' get hold of 'em and say, this MEANS something....

BH: The whole thing comes down to patience, ya' know, like are you willing to gradually promulgate where yer' comin' from, or do you wanna' just walk up to someone and punch 'em in the face... me, I'm gonna take my time, o.k? Because, I fully intend to be around for at least 60 more years.

very ancient culture that, up until [a short time] ago, it changed very little over hundreds of years. Korea was called "The Hermit Kingdom" up until about 1950. The old ways die hard, and there are accepted LIMITS to what one can do. Granted, the limits are much wider, in many instances, than the horse-blinders mentality currently being promulgated as the only way to live in the States, but... if I go out into the street and just start sawin' away on this hay-gum... having a hell of a good time, a Korean neighbor is bound to come up to me, listen for a while, and then say, "You're doing that wrong." Why? Because there is a "time-proven,"

prescribed, correct way to play the instrument (this goes back to why I stopped playing trombone). In Korea, until very recently, you never saw much abstract art, high-

w/ 9-string "Bend" guitar

people calling the cops on me when I'm practicing or recording. Here, the Korean people... because they respect other people's privacy and are generally very chilled out, they don't fuck with each other, or with us....

Zzaj: Well, maybe that's where my sense of artistic freedom....

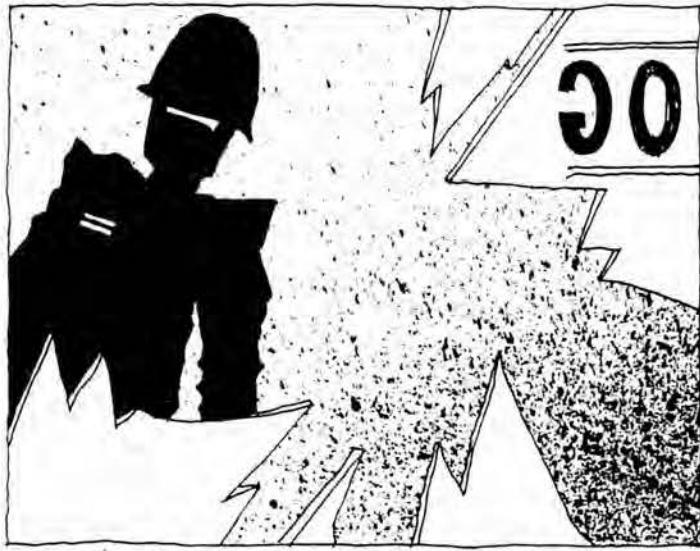
BH: there's a lot of social freedom, but when you start dealing in culture, they're very stringent and protective.

Zzaj: What's all that mean in terms of what yer' gonna' do when you go back to the States, which is shortly?

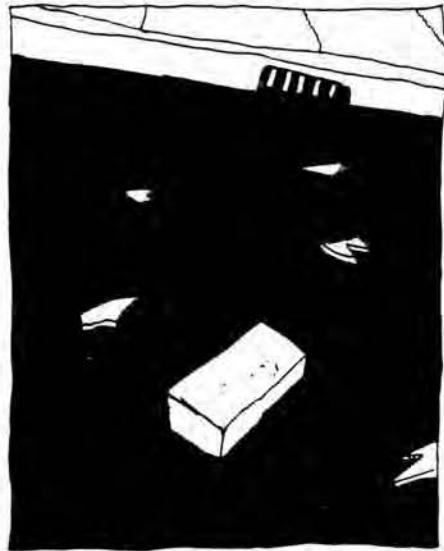
BH: I'll be getting out of the Navy in June and my wife and I will move to the Boston area where I have a job lined up working for a screen-printing business. For one thing, we're NOT going to ever live in an apartment building again, if that can be avoided. I'm spoiled on the privacy I've enjoyed here. I feel that a lot of the music I write... people are SUBJECTED to it, not

**Part Two
Appears
in the
Next Issue**

T H E R E I S N O D O G I



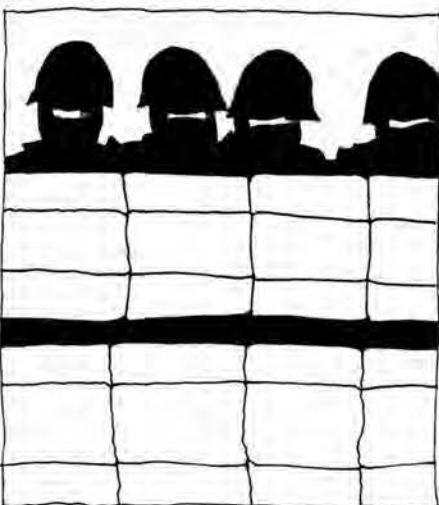
the Seargent



w a l k e d



by



the w a l l . The young man did not move.



did not move.

by John Bergin

TAPECRAFT, ART & MARKETING

by Pawnee Ribber

The art of Taepcraft is an unusual art: also a relatively new one. Taepcraft takes the established arts of speech and music and opens up vistas which alter these two established crafts drastically. Whereas, in music, at one time, a composer would have to recruit persons to assist him in the performance of his work, with the use of multi-track equipment and/or computers, a single person can achieve what it recently took an entire orchestra to perform. Where once a piece of music would have to be performed over and over again in order for it to enter the public ear, now, technically, no one needs to perform any given piece more than once—if ever! If a specific part of a song should prove worthy of alteration, this can be achieved without totally re-taking the entire effort. The entire shape of music is changing due to this wondrous technical achievement. Anyone who can extend a bit of effort, is capable of producing music. What once required hours of rehearsal, several "side-men" and a world of repetition has been condensed into what time it takes the composer to realize his idea. Through tape manipulation impossible parts on instruments are easily accommodated. Whereas a professional musician would once learn a handful of tunes, usually written by one other than him/herself, and make a lifetime career out of endless repetition of the standard repertoire, modern situations lead more and more artists to "do their own thing," and plenty of it. Whereas demos were once only for those with an acetate disc cutter or an expensive tape recorder, today's twenty dollar "cheapo" tape deck has more fidelity than expensive equipment once offered. Soon, it seems, tape itself will be obsolete—recordings will be made in some yet to be decided digital format. But Taepcraft truly has nothing to do with the format utilized, it has to do with the arrangement of sounds on whatever medium which may be available. It just so happens that cassette tapes are currently the most accessible form of audio canvas available, thus we have "Taepcraft" and "Tapism." We have been too programmed to accept the forms of entertainment that have been pre-digested, pre-approved and presented to us via licensed, standard methods. Why are we meekly falling into predetermined demographic groups? Why do we have to enjoy the same things that everybody else does? Why don't potential advertisers realize that sometimes a poorly rated venue might contain a viable group of potential consumers who won't necessarily fall in to major market media? In other words, perhaps a given Pawnee Ribber tape might only reach 50 people. If those 50 people only listen to Pawnee Ribber tapes, the only way to reach them is through those tapes. Not that I would stoop to placing CocomCola ads on my work, but just to make the point that this "common denominator thinking" is leading us down a path of creating a large, mindless society of people who are no more than carbon copies of each other. When someone orders a tape from me, I always request some form of feedback. I realize that my stuff isn't going to please everyone, and am more interested in the negative feedback than someone who gushes at me. Not so I can alter my works to fit the likes of more people, just so I can slant my marketing strategies so that I won't pique the curiosity of folks who are bound to be disappointed. (Very un-capitalistic of me, but I think one of the biggest problems in our society is that people are constantly compelled to buy things that they truly don't even need nor have the ability to enjoy). What I, as an artist, am after, is to find those people who will like my stuff. For years I've been doing varied tape-related productions with friends and associates. It is only over the last year that I got tired of hearing the inevitable, "Why don't you try to market this stuff?" The problem is that the stupid, lie-infested games one must play to mount a successful marketing scheme involves a number of stupid games which I can't bring myself to participate in. Success comes to those who can make their product seem

much more significant and desirable than it could ever truly be. For example: what the hell was so significant or desirable about Cabbage Patch dolls? What genius or incredibly innovative concept was put forth by them? It all comes down to dealing with people as if they were sheep, which I cannot bring myself to do. Pushing people's buttons to get them to involuntarily, almost thoughtlessly purchase things has become the most coveted art in our society. It has gotten to the point where I don't see any way that it's going to improve. Not to say, that this hasn't been the way of the world since time immemorial, it's just that it is, like all things, accelerating with the passage of time. What once may have been truly an underground is now, at best, a sub-culture. Everything that attracts even a negligible amount of attention is pounced upon by the purveyors of mainstream media, exploited and sucked dry of its original intent, packaged, cleaned up and presented to the public. In order to maintain one's true artistic standards, one must avoid attention. I don't know about everyone, but I can smell pandering a mile away. Especially in music. Take any music form in the realm of current popular listening. You can trace it back to someone who originally conceived of it for the sake of nothing more than their own amusement and pleasure. Taepcraft at this point in its existence remains basically pure to this idea of craft for amusement and pleasure. There are small concessions made in my works to those I know will listen, but these are merely like winking at someone you know from a stage, as opposed to doing an "all request" production. What I find odd is that even if 99% of the people despise my work — there are over 2 million potential appreciators around. Part of my inner plans are to figure out how to reach them.

That is, without compromising the silly ideas I have developed about remaining true to the material present. What I wonder is, since there are well over 200,000,000 people in the USA, why even the most successful recordings sell units corresponding to less than 8% of that number? Is it a fluke in marketing? More likely, is this just a manipulation of figures geared by mutual consent in order to hide profits? Why is it a big to-do when a recording sells a million units, but if a television show only reaches that same number of people it is a miserable failure? All I want to do is figure out a way to take a legitimate living off of my tapes. I don't need millions, but how can one do this? I guess there are tons of "starving artists" out there wondering the same thing about their varied creations. I've noted that the arts flourish more or less in the Northeast and the West Coast. At least, this is what it seems like. How real is the concept that states like Arkansas and Wisconsin are basically simple, religious, uncultured places? If I'd been raised there, would I have the skewed outlook I have from being raised near New York City? Even the "big time" in the subculture is pretty tiny. Factsheet 5 publishes 7000 copies, that is one copy for every 30,000+ people! One wonders if an interest in the small press is so limited. Taepcraft is in everyone's everyday life to one extent or another. Any song on the radio these days likely wasn't performed live, but pieced together part by part and sometimes note by note. TV and movie sound, especially dialog, is often dubbed at post-production facilities. Sort of the audio equivalent of commercial art. Do I take my abilities and rent them out to the big guys? I suppose just about everyone winds up selling out eventually. It's the essential step on the road to success. The other alternative is, of course to stick to my guns, slowly continue spreading the "good tapes" to the few daring enough to give them an honest listen. Overall, it seems more romantic to be a footnote as opposed to a bloated fabrication of marketing sensibilities. Even the folks in universities who somehow have been given power to take people's work and either validate it as art or discard it as unworthy of note. Sure, a guy can get a fat grant to immerse photos in vessels of urine, but maybe that's what we've been waiting for.

Michael J. Bowman

Interview by Alec Cumming of
BITE THE WAX GODHEAD

June 20, 1990 • New York City

AC: What was the first music you remember listening to?

MJB-90: Probably The Partridge Family or the Monkees.

AC: When you think back to the formation your musical tastes, was there an interest in a particular band?

MJB-90: I remember thinking The Beatles were really cool. My mother threw away The White Album because of the song, "Back in the U.S.S.R.," which caused a big uproar. I was only eight when The Beatles broke up, so all that stuff was my parent's and my sister's music. I didn't really have my own music until the 70's and bands like Aerosmith and Chicago. Chicago was a great band.

AC: Did you get into prog-rock because you thought of yourself as a cool musician and that represented the coolest kind of musicianship going?

MJB-90: That was part of it, but the other part was that when you were really stoned, really fucked up, it was cool to listen to. Whereas a twelve bar blues riff seemed so boring when you were wasted. I don't feel that way now though.

AC: Now I want to bring up the first song you ever wrote called "What the Fuck?!"

MJB-90: Based on a speech I heard by Joe Biden, the lying senator from Delaware!

heard that song, I thought it sounded like a prog-rock song because it had a few different sections. One section kind of British, another with weird drum breaks...

MJB-90: I didn't really know how to play guitar so I just took different bits and pieces of things I played and strung it all together.

AC: Would you say Bill Bruford was a big influence as a drummer?

MJB-90: Yeah, but he's a dick now! He's an asshole! Like that Dead Milkmen song, "Anderson, Walkman, Butthole and How." I thought that

was so funny!

AC: I wrote down some of your song titles for the interview. On *Charm*, your first cassette release, you can see from the titles what was on your mind. I mean, is "Manifesto" a manifesto or not?

MJB-90: Well, it is because it's a person saying, "I want to do this, I want to do that, this is the way I want Life to be." By the end of song though, the dude realizes he can't change the world, but he needs a manifesto just to get up every day and go at it. A battle cry or a flag to wave.



AC: I think people can pick up on the subject matter of your songs, like youth going by, or whatever....

MJB-90: "Dissolving Youth" is about drinking a large amount of alcohol and waking up the next day thinking, "Wow, I used to be able to drink so much and not feel the wear and tear!" Starting to feel your evil ways taking their toll on your bod. I think I got a couple decades of partying left in me.

AC: How about "Sleep it Off" from *Charm*?

MJB-90: "Sleep it Off" is about being out all night tripping and having a lot of strange experiences. Then you get home and you can't reach a conclusion about what happened. So you decide to go to sleep and not worry about it.

AC: Should we get more beers?

MJB-90: We're pausing here for beer consumption.

AC: "Pop is Back".... are you going to release that on cassette?

MJB-90: My new recording, "Pop is Back" is going to be released on cassette and CD, but I'm waiting to release it until the CD's are pressed up. It is "in the can," as they say. So is "Dead Braincell's Society," which is available as we speak. It's the anti- "Pop is Back" tape.

AC: There's something romantic about the notion that a guy with a guitar and a cassette recorder could

release as many tapes as he wants. Like Daniel Johnston.

MJB-90: Or Dino DiMuro.

We interrupt this interview for a beer break.

AC: Let's get a couple of cheap beers....

MJB-90: In case the readers want to know, we're wandering aimlessly through the streets of Manhattan.

AC: Let's say you got a big-budget — you got signed to a big record company, they put you in a top flight recording studio, gave you as much money as you wanted, as much time as you wanted — would the music suffer or come out better?

MJB-90: I would probably squander all the money on drugs! And since I'd be hiring you as a musician, God knows what could happen! If that ever comes to pass it will be in another life on the planet Mars!

AC: How many times did you have sex on the Hanging Gutter Garden studio floor while the tape was rolling?

MJB-90: Other than with Rosy Palmer and her five sisters?

AC: I always wondered what that ululating on the song "The Feminine Mistake" was all about!

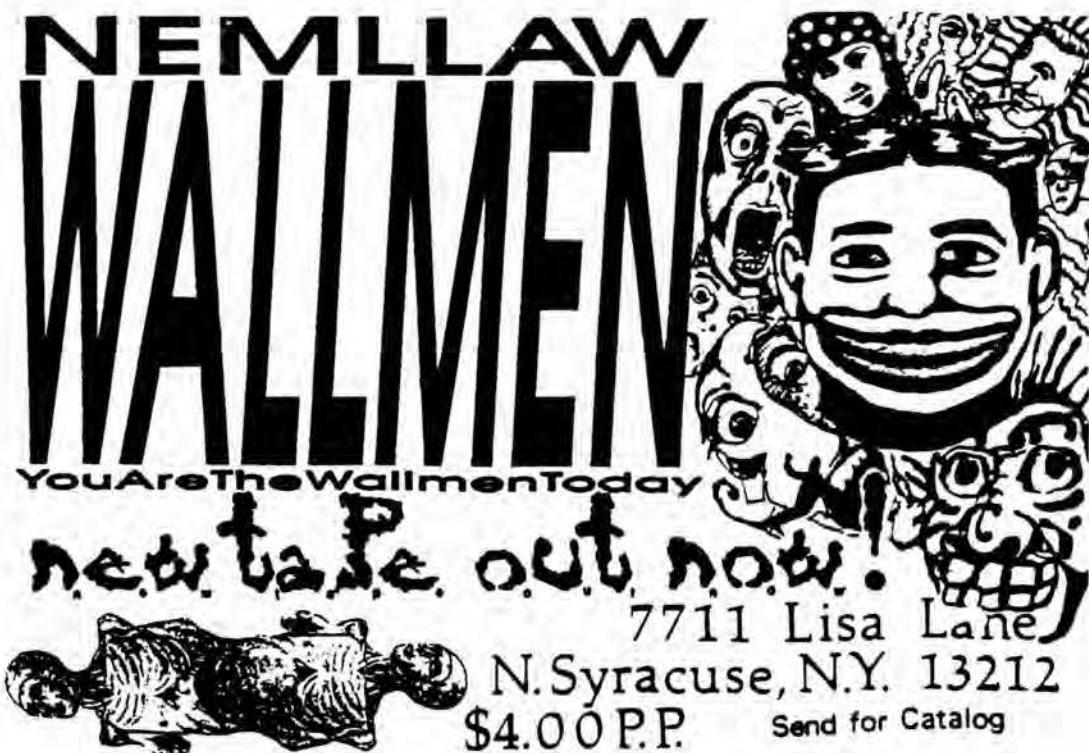
MJB-90: Well, I've answered enough questions! Let's go get drunk!

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TAPE REVIEWS

The reviews in this issue of GAJOOB are comprised of several elements. The arranged alphabetically by Artist. Under the artist or band's name is the title of the tape. Next (in italics) is some general information about the tape: stylistic descriptors are provided by the artists themselves, length and bias (if chrome) of the tape is listed when possible. Then, the price of the tape and the

contact

address. If an artist has indicated that he or she will accept trades, this is indicated also. Following this information is information about the tape written by the artists themselves. Then, finally, the review which includes a short indication of the release's sound quality, and also possibly a reference to another cassette artist doing similar work.

TOP TWENTY

#	<u>Artist</u>	<u>Title of Tape</u>
1	Love, Calvin	Mr. Joy
2	Kevyn Dymond	The Best of Kevyn Dymond
3	LMNOP	Numbles
4	Bret Hart	Bilabial Fricative
5	Various Artists	The Aerial
6	Crawling With Tarts	Voccianna
7	Disarray	The Smell of the Crowd
8	Spagyric	The Final Myth of the Jesus Underwear
9	Michael J. Bowman	Charm
10	Plate	We're Name is Plate
11	Tim Gilbride	Dirt
12	Mata Rata	Party Snappers
13	Poetry Devils	Poetry Devils
14	This Window	Jude the Obscure
15	Jaws of the Flying Carpet	Smothering Fish Drowning Birdy
16	Various Artists	Taproot 5./6
17	Tom Burris & Ken Clinger	The Story of Chester Bovine
18	Rip Saw	Trust Obey
19	Mothman and Headspace	Thing
20	Donald Rubenstein	The Witness

December Hospital

Nonoxynol-9, c/o John Six, PO Box 7792, Rego Park, NY 11374

GAJOOB: Very minimal song skeletons, for the most part, are the norm here. Rhythm guitar is the main instrument. A few pieces strike me as worthy of fleshing out. There are a few thrash pieces, but these are short. This tape has little focus, but a few ideas. SOUND: fair to poor.



555

Aquabelles

Nonoxynol-9, c/o John Six, PO Box 7792, Rego Park, NY 11374 • experimental • 1990 • 60 minutes • \$3.00

Well, this tape (like all other 555 tapes) was recorded rather crudely, under very, very limited equipment circumstances.... It was recorded in my apartment—not my "basement studio." I don't have very much money so I don't own a 4-track, or much else.... As far as instruments, I only have a cheap electric guitar, a Casio sampling keyboard, a violin and household items. As far as the actual recording goes, I record on a Sanyo stereo with a double cassette deck. This permits me to do overdubs, or I can run two tapes of the same thing, one behind the other to give me a little delay. It's crude, but it works. If I only had two sticks and a cheap tape recorder I'd still be putting out tapes.... I have a need to create, y'know?? By the way... I can't read music or write it. What I do is all self-taught.

GAJOOB: This is much better than December Hospital. More variety. Like found texts interspersed between an impressive array of pieces touching on many styles and never lingering upon one for too long. I get

the feeling that Mr. Six has a Popster begging to escape at times. He also explores some nice melodies here and there. There's a lot to be found here. I lost track of the song titles. One piece has excellent "clickety" percussion that complements the rhythm guitar to great effect. That track stood out as exceptional, but there are gems here if you except the challenge. SOUND: poor to good. SEE: Shawn Swagerty.

Fairview St. Thriftstore yellow shag carpeting" of a '63 Roadrunner trailer in the very heart of the upper/middle class American Dream: Irvine, and also recorded on the peeling linoleum featuring lots of late 40's motel room accessories. We used a lot of flea-market walkie-talkie hookups to record this stuff and also some Oakland cement stairways as large effects pedals, with amp at the bottom and mic at the top. Oil drums. You know. And the police scanner... mostly Oakland paramedics, Orange County Sheriff, and Newport Beach P.D.

"Valhalla Vacuum Vasectomy" documents the bad-drunk sound of a microcassette recorder in the pocket of a trenchcoat full of brass wingnuts on a 2:00 AM visit to Alpha Beta. What?

"Enema Time For Arthur." I locked Arthur in the trunk of a '56 Chevy (not mine) in a parking lot full of dope-dealing communist bikers on Durant St. I handcuffed Arthur's hands thru the steering wheel of another car (I believe it could have been a '62 Pontiac wagon; in any case it was remarkably easy to coathanger into). Arthur was freaked... he wanted his MAID (no shit) and I left him there... This was Summer '84, I believe, and now Arthur's some kind of MBA getting fudge-packed by shing-skinned business executives out behind the... aquarium...

This all ties in with "We Want Your Car" because in '83 Arthur ran into PHIL "The Jam" JAMESON (Phil on motorcycle, Arthur in a new Lincoln) and busted Phil's kneecaps and then sued him for the dents and bloodstains on the car. This is true. Arthur's family has some kind of Republican party connections. So I felt justified in leaving him handcuffed and screaming in some (hopefully) angry gun-owning biker/cutpurse/felon's '62 Pontiac wagon. Also, we thought about the Nimitz Freeway picture, although "The Cypress Sandwich" (our song about the Nimitz FWy squish) is on another tape.

You see, somebody in the Oakland area has the picture; some guy in drive-in goggles, clinging to the wipers on my '73 Plymouth Fury X-Water Co. car at 90 on the hood on the Cypress structure. But this was 1983. This tape was all recorded between May and October 1989. (Except "Sisterhood of the [?]chondria"—1985—and "Party at Jay's"—1988). Oh yes, Phil Jameson plays bass on "We Want Your Car."

We did all this stuff on quasi-cheap/crypto-wired equipment. We know the most important thing is **KNOW YOUR PATCH CABLES**. We've got a couple o' digital delays and plenty of cheezy early-70's effects (even, terrifyingly, the Radio Shack 1972 assemble-it-yourself "Electronic Reverb"). Also a Mu-Tron phasor, a defective overdrive and lots of borrowed stuff. All these things have the proper, exquisite HISS... Often it's the HUM... no matter; we aren't afraid of our machines— we **LIKE** machines. We don't care if the listeners can sense the presence of machines in the SOUND. Information was never made clean. Think about the ventilators at the DMV.

"Are You Ready".... just like Bob Dylan's version, sort of. This one's from his "born-again" phase. I sent a copy of this tape to my friend Elaine at the Menninger Schizophrenia Clinic in Kansas.... I thought it might help her out some... she wrote saying she listened to it **REAL LOUD** and almost fell "upside down on the head" as a result... but overall, she found it toe-tappin' enjoyable. Me too. She knows some things no one else does.

If you know anyone who wants plans for my "Ball-Peen-O-Matic Car-Parts-Dominated analog drum machine" let me know. It ought to be a sub-\$1 project (not counting car battery) and will be able to operate any number of oil drum bangers and/or car horns.

GAJOOB: This is a very interesting electronic/

Alien Planescapes

'89

Kitti Tapes, c/o Dan Fioretti, 312 N. 3rd Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904

GAJOOB: Live improvs taken from five tapes released on different labels. At times it all falls into place; and you're going, "yeah, yeah!" And it's fun listening to the searching going on in these space rock instrumentals. Douglas Walker's synth work (etc.) is the main impetus - and he carries the whole proceedings very well indeed. SOUND: good. SEE: Headspace.

Murilee Arraiac

No Grace Period

Phil Greden, 1000 Physical Science Rd., #B7, Irvine, CA 92715 • 1989 • 60 minutes • \$5.00 • trade

This tape all was recorded either on the "as-is



noise tape. Exceptionally atmospheric with sounds rising and falling in the mix. It's generally a subdued feeling permeating the space. And this occupies a space. I believe it's "Valhalla Vacuum Vasectomy" with its reed instrument wailing insistently that is my favorite piece here. Voices also filter through at various points. And, yes, no grace period is given, thank you. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Viktimized Karcass*.

Backyard Mechanics

BYMFL

Burning Press, PO Box 18817, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 • spoken word, experimental • 1988 • 20 minutes, chrome • \$2.50 • traders write first
We're a performance/poetry group with varying membership; Kristen and Luigi are the core members. We say our poems out loud 'cos that's how we can say what we mean. We build our own instruments (NO SYNTHS), and rely a lot on improvisation to make the structure of our pieces. "Vietnam..." is really from an Army instruction manual (shirt pocket size); if GI Joe could read it and then communicate...

GAJOOB: This one-sided tape is poetry against the minimal backing of flute, etc. and bass. Poetry is the focus; and although the speakers are adept and their words scanning, this tape suffers because, as often happens, it needs the physical presence of performance to make it gel. SOUND: fair. SEE: *Aida Pavletich*.

Backyard Mechanics

2 Live 4 Words

Burning Press, PO Box 18817, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 • poetry/noise • 1989 • 45 minutes, chrome • \$3.50 • traders write first
Side A is a relatively straight (for us) poetry reading; about 1/2 of the pieces we'd never played together before and so were raw improv. Side 2 was from a 2-part performance: in the afternoon, audience members were invited onstage to play various homemade tabletop percussion instruments (lots of pick-ups on small objects, amplified). In the evening, this rhythm track was the basis for an improv including Luigi, Kristen, Andrew Klimek and Scott.

GAJOOB: Actually, a very interesting idea. Improv poetry on one side and improv percussion on the other. The first side has a taste of bass in the background at a few points, but it's mostly Kristen's dynamic poetics here. "Train" is very excellent. Side 2 is a whole lot of banging and stuff and sounds very good. SOUND: very good.

Bad Boy Butch Batson

Twisted and Bent

Dutch Boy Records, PO Box 25982, Greenville, SC 29616 • 1988 • 42 minutes • \$5.98 • trade
I made this tape back in 1988 but did not release it 'til Jan of this year. I'm working on a new tape in the Studios now due out this Summer. I made this tape in my room using a five dollar K-Mart condenser mic and a tape recorder. My session men are not musicians, but artists. We created sounds on the spot. You might say this tape has the sound quality of a drive-in theater speaker. My hope for the tape is to make people laugh.

GAJOOB: Drunken antics. Minimal ensemble percussion with a lone, out-of-tune acoustic guitar. The lyrics are asinine, matching the music beautifully. However, there is a certain, off-beat charm. One song modulates the guitar to match the vocal to good effect. This is not totally without merit; but I hardly recommend it. SOUND: poor. SEE: *Kneeling on Beans*.

John Bartles

Flat Animal

PO Box 288, Springwater, NY 14560 • minimal protest / comic rock • 1986 • 30 minutes • \$6.00 • trade

This was my first album. One tune — "Callin' All Humans" was voted the #1 Rock and Roll tune of all times by CITR in Vancouver, B.C., Canada, in 1989. This was voted #1 over Led Zep, Prince, Elvis, etc. It blew my mind! — Really — This album walks a thin line between deeply serious issues and a minimal, odd, comic approach. You will probably like it, as everyone else has.

GAJOOB: John Bartles comes across as your crude uncle who has an opinion on every subject; and whatever it is it's pretty confrontational. The minimal instrumentation here let's Bartles' voice maintain its presence throughout — as if anything could ever deter his VOICE. Man, what a voice! The tuba on the first cut maintains a simplistic bass riff, but lets loose with a bit o' melody leading off the second side. "Cut My Own Head Off" is an instant classic. Prototypical Bartles with its biting humor. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Dino DiMuro*.

Jake Berry

Chants

Bad Boy Butch Batson w/ the Muana Sisters!



Experimental Audio Directions, PO Box 3112, Florence, AL 35630 • performance/instrumentals • 1990 • 60 minutes • \$4.00 • trade

All the vocal parts on this tape are performance of the longwork Brambu Drezi, excerpts from it. It was recorded over a long period — a few tracks at a time and compiled in 1990 — most of it recorded in late 1989. In the course of recording I managed to incorporate almost every form of audio I have explored to date.

GAJOOB: Berry unloads an impressive array instruments (acoustic guitar, flute, piano, various electronics and percussion) to provide an outstanding improvised backing to his text readings (which are sometimes straightforward, sometimes multi-tracked, sometimes effected). *Chants* is a good title for this tape, as Jake's ultra-dynamic wordplay seems to fuse together to become quite chanting, while his outstanding one-man instrumental improvising retains beautifully its element of chance. A wonderful diversity of presentations. Recommended. SOUND: good - very good. SEE: *Zzaj*.

Big Boys

Wreck Collection

Unseen Hand, PO Box 49767, Austin, TX 78765 • classic, late 70's early 80's punk/funk • 1988 • 46 minutes • \$7.00 U.S., \$8.00 Canada & Mexico, \$9.00 overseas

All of the material on "Wreck Collection" was previously recorded and represents a span of time from 1979 to 1983 in the band's musical history. In a nutshell, some of the cuts were from "formal" master tapes (1/4" 2-track), but many of the cuts were from cassettes. The reason for this is the fact that the ruff mixes of some songs that were never released on the "official" BIG BOYS' records only were recorded onto a cassette. In some other cases songs which had been recorded onto formal masters were unavailable on that format. They were either lost or badly deteriorated and, consequently, the only usable versions were those which were on personal cassette copies. These versions were EQ'd and otherwise doctored to improve the audio quality as much as could be. — SPOT

GAJOOB: The stylistic descriptor above really says it all. Classic sounding punkfunk. You've heard it before, but never with more energy than here. Good grooves to get into. Wild energy.

These guys were having fun here. The feeling definitely translates. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Laughing Academy, Disarray*.

Big Joey

Black Habits

Big Body Parts, PO Box 9813, Colorado Springs, CO 80932-0813 • gump rock • 1987 • 90 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • trade

The A-side, "Black Habit Suite," was recorded live at a college gig. We wore nuns' habits 'cos it was Halloween. B-side is all studio stuff with various members switching instruments. Big Joey is a basic improvisational trio (guitar, bass, drums) augmented at times by up to 10 other members/instruments. Recording quality is not important. If we feel like playing and all we have is a hand held deck to record on, that's what we use. THE MUSIC IS IMPORTANT NOT THE WAY IT'S RECORDED. Since we improvise, we do not practice as a unit. Each member practices at home, alone and brings their dis-



coveries to the band. Each gig is different. We have one other tape available, "Metahead," and an LP also called "Metahead." The tape and LP contain different material.

GAJOOB: Side A of this tape has all the improvised feel and spontaneity of any band perusing this genre in sufficiently gloomy fashion. No better, no worse. The catch-phrase drumming sputters in and out of the mix, sometimes carrying the beat and sometimes acting the tribal-war-chant-meister. The bass clings to a rubbery drone, while guitars flirt with noise, and often penetrate from amongst the shadows. Side B is several studio recordings; and more effective. The arrangements are the same, as the whole tape melds into one stylistic whole. "Bibidip" stands out in my mind. While certainly not a departure, this one must be played LOUD for full effect. Let your chair suck you into the depths of nothingness, and survival won't be a consideration. SOUND: fair • SEE: *Sponge; Choda; Gench;*

have that sort of beer-drenched atmosphere to them. Alive, and just enjoying themselves. This is a fun tape. SOUND: poor - fair. SEE: Al Perry.

Booger Safety Pill Barn

Mish Mash of Awful

Dave Schall, PO BOX 2143, STOW, OH 44224 • style: badly recorded • 1989 • 50 minutes • \$2.00 • trade

It may not sound like it, but many of these are love songs. Just listen to "Squatting to see the Sun" and see if a tear doesn't come to your eye.

GAJOOB: "Mish Mash of Awful" sounds like the product of someone who's picked up the guitar just last week. There's some melody seeking to escape now and then, especially on "Squatting to See the Sun," but it's mostly washed away by all the out-of-tune strummed and distorted stuttering. "Hey Bill Let's Talk About the Weather" is worthwhile, however. He's gonna use his stick and tell us what to think, ya know. SOUND: poor - fair.

it gets to be NO FUN. The studio is co-owned by PAUL ROSE, and he helped build it, and if it weren't for Paul, well... he should get a huge thanx!!! He's a great musician in his own write as well, just a little slower getting his product out.

I love cassettes, my Walkman being my major form of personal entertainment. I listen to it every day on my commute to NYC for work and on lunch. Getting cassettes (like DU Record's tapes from Colorado) is just so great. I also buy mainstream releases and listen to them, but I love to hear independent, and by that I mean real basement independent tapes from all over.

GAJOOB: MJB's first solo tape shows off his seemingly effortless gift of creating compelling songs. There's a charm here. Bowman combines a skewed psychedelic pop and a touch of blues. Barring a few guest appearances, this is a one man effort. And his playing really shines without the intrusion of showmanship. I liked the bass mixed up the way it is here. It drives the songs with warmth and dimension. Michael's drumming is, of course, outstanding and sweaty. A love of song crafting is obvious, and his enthusiasm is catching. Lyrics seem impressionistic, though some themes rise out. I count myself a fan. SOUND: very good. SEE: *EGG*.

Stephen Buchanan

Improvisations For Classical Guitar
Sound of Pig, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 15002, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215

GAJOOB: This is very rarely what you might expect. But then, the fact that that is the case, in cassette culture at least, may be just what you might expect. Anyway.... Buchanan manages to coax some non-classical-guitar sounds from his classical guitar. Not a lot of structure. No melody to speak of. Very little rhythm (though it does peak through). Nothing much but different sounds from a classical sound source. SOUND: very good. SEE: Ken Rubenstein.

Steve Buchanan

Hana Reitsche

Violet Glass Oracle, 5546 Harvest Ln. #B, Toledo, OH 43623 • free jazz • 1989 • 60 minutes • chrome • \$6.00 U.S./\$7.00 overseas • traders ask first

GAJOOB: I don't know what this one has to do with flying or Hana Reitsche (or anything else for that matter). It basically comes across as a jumble of collaged sounds on the first side, while side two settles into a dour hum of whining aftermaths. Buchanan allows some sources to peak through here and there, such as radio and spoken word pieces amidst the deluge. This is not one of VGO's better releases. SOUND: good. SEE: *Violence and Sacred*.

Tom Burris

self-titled

2431 Fairview St., Anderson, IN 46016 • folk rock experimental psyche jazzy • 1988 • 40 minutes • \$4.00 • trade

This was not really supposed to be a tape, at least not like this. I had initially planned a "double tape" release. I think I had visions of a White Album or something equally silly. Anyway, I watched the project crumble and decided to scrap everything and hide out for a while. Looking back on it now, I think it was the "follow-up" blues. In 1987, I had put out my two best tapes, "Boxes" and the second mail-collab. with NICK (we're BOMBARDED WITH FLOWERS), and I still think they are my two best tapes. Nick set me straight and got me to release this, and yes, I now think it's good. Probably the most personal of my tapes which might be another

CHEMICAL CAT



Totentanz.

Big Nurse self-titled

Curtis Kile, PO Box 1555, Asbury Park, NJ 07702

GAJOOB: Nothing out of the ordinary here. Rock punk, heavy on the energy quotient. And these guys are good at it. "Hey Hey" starts things off with a frantic pace that keeps pounding throughout these five cuts. The final song, "Burning Tea," almost breaks out of the mold. They know what they want, stylistically, anyway. Ken Hulse has a nice gravel voice that could stand more range. Probably more experience (certainly not more gravel) will cure that. You can tell the melody is just beneath the surface. Could go either way. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Hellcats*.

Donter Bogan

Voodoo au Googoo

Porkopolis, PO Box 3529, Cincinnati, OH 45201 • punkabilly • 1990 • 45 minutes • \$5.00

GAJOOB: Punkabilly with a definite flair. I like Bogan's knack for hooks. I'm sure he's great live. These songs

SEE: *Bad Boy Butch Batson*.

Bombarded With Flowers

self-titled

Tom Burris, 2431 Fairview St., Anderson, IN 46016 • folk/pop/experimental • 1989 • 45 minutes • \$5.00

GAJOOB: This is the work of Tom Burris and Nick. Both artists live in Indiana, yet have never physically met. *Bombarded With Flowers* is the result of their mail collaborations. Both artist possess a knack for creating good pop songs, along with a feel and a bent towards the experimental aspect of recording. Their respective styles work well together here, as they have fused them into a sort of homogenous whole. I don't know if mail collaborations should sound disjointed, or what - but this one's not. SOUND: good. SEE: *The Chimes*

Michael J. Bowman

Charm

Black Tulip, 56 Cleveland Ave., Nutley, NJ 07110 • modern pop-rock • 1989 • 48 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • trade!!!

"Charm" was my first cassette release, done on 4-track, and I realized the possibilities of the multi-track format. When I create music, the utmost importance is that I enjoy it. Having your own studio gives you the freedom to take a break when

reason I was apprehensive about its release. I finally realized I had a fully completed tape while compiling material that I definitely wanted to include. Only the most "introspective" sounding tracks made it onto the tape. They seemed to be the most fully developed and meant the most. I even wound up using tossed-off tracks instead of completed versions. Let me bore you with examples: "Yesterday Today" — The rhythm guitar and vocal were done in the bathroom just as a demo. I never got the same feel again while trying to get a better recording of basic tracks, so I just overdubbed over the demo version. "Talk, Talking" — I have four (yep, four) completely different versions of this track. This is slowed down, sloppy, recorded in the bathroom (just like "Yesterday, Today"), totally tossed-off (I did this after blowing a take of something else and decided I wouldn't get anything done that day — I actually found this on a tape months later and forgotten I'd done it!). I also blow lyrics, make up some new lyrics, and completely leave off the last verse. I later added another guitar, bass, harmonica. Oh yeah, the snippet at the very end of the tape is the last 2 lines from the last verse of "Talk, Talking" — from a different version, of course.... I could bore you for days, but I won't. You can probably figure out which tracks were tossed off (and kept over more "produced versions" 'cos they had the "right feel") and which ones are big production deals.

GAJOOB: Burns "tosses off" better tunes than many people are capable of forming. There is a certain creamy quality here, though much of this is pretty straightforward stuff. Rock influenced by country with all the styles Tom mentioned present — jazz to a lesser degree than the others. The experiments are thrown in between songs to break 'em up. Not necessary, as Burns surprises you with instrumentation that creeps in, such as piano and then harmonica.... At times, Burns' vocals sound a little too close to REM's Stipe for comfort, but I like 'em anyway. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Scatman Meredith*.

Tom Burris & Ken Clinger

The Story of Chester Bovine

Tom Burris, 2431 Fairview St., Anderson, IN 46016
• storytelling • 1989 • 40 minutes • \$4.00 • trade
This sucker was two and 1/2 years in the making. Basically, Ken wrote the story and I wrote the soundtrack. While he was working on it, Ken would drop notes to me like: "Chester & the cat are about to enter the hoop of magical light & sound." And that would be all I'd get! I really didn't know what the story was until he had finished it. Turns out it's a K.C. tour-de-force. It's also the first time he's devoted an entire tape to one story. "A cartoon soundtrack with mystical or occult leanings," says Ken.

GAJOOB: Ken Clinger manages to make his stories appear very stream-of-consciousness, while retaining an extremely imaginative story line. This is thoroughly engaging, and Tom Burris provides wonderfully, diverse instrumental backing. Clinger mostly performs in his trademark spoken voice, but launches into song as the story dictates. Chester in Wonderland. Comes with a booklet. Recommended. SOUND: fair - good.

Deborah Cairns

Living in the Moment

easy listening • 40 minutes • \$8.00 • Elation Records, 322 Berkshire Ln., Stockton, CA 95207
Akai 12-track. All songs sequenced using ESQ-1, Roland grand, Mirage, DX-21, NR-16. All Alesis effects. Amiga 500. Live sax, guitar and flute.

GAJOOB: This is one of those tapes you can tell exactly what it sounds like just by looking at the cover. A fuzzy, shimmering, glowing Summer-

dawn-lighted photo of Deborah with her hands folded just so. And the song titles do nothing to quell my agony: "I Am Who I Am," "How I Love the Lord," "Child Within," "Being Alive," "Thank You," And, of course, I'm right. I will admit that I have a tremendous personal aversion to Contemporary Christian music like this. The Lord does everything. You are nothing without the Lord. So why live, I wonder? Oh, Dennis Soares' production is top-notch, as always. All the synthesized pieces fit in all the synthesized places; and as far as this genre goes this is as good as anything. And Ms. Cairns voice has a beautiful quality to it. Nice and sterile. SOUND: very good. SEE: Nyle Frank.

Ray Carmen

Pop!

1513 Brittain Circle #8, Akron, OH 44310 • pop! 1988 • 20 minutes • \$3.00 • trade!

My first cassette release for public "consumption," as it were. I had earlier recorded a mono demo called, "What the Hell is That?!" that I gave to friends and family. Five tunes from that tape were re-recorded in stereo on a Fostex X30 4-track ("What the Hell" was done entirely on a dual cassette deck, using the overdub function in Hiss-O-Rama!), plus one new song ("News of the World"). There is definitely a Monkees feel to this tape, as Mike Nesmith was a major songwriting inspiration (as well as, believe it or not, Elvis Costello!). The other obvious influence being, of course, the Beatles. "Dream Girl" was the hardest to record, as I did 3 or 4 different versions (one using electric guitars instead of acoustic), and finally settled on the one included here. Note: the original mono acoustic version from "What the Hell" is available of Don Campau's "USA Goes Pop" tape compilation. Unfortunately, I had no mixing desk (still don't) and the X-30 has next to no EQ whatsoever. So the sound quality is not the best. Still, I do like the result. All side one is pretty much straight pop, where side two goes into hard-rock, country-rock, and ballads. —

Technical info: I borrowed a friend's digital delay to fill out the guitars and vocals when I was recording them. My "drums" were Synsonics (!) plus a snare drum I have that has Ron Reagan's autograph on it! (I'm not kidding. I once played snare drum for a bagpipe band when Ron Reagan came to the Akron-Canton airport when he was first running for office! I was all of 12 or 13 at the time, and I go this signature, as well as "Festus" from *Gunsmoke*! I would've gotten Jimmy Stewart's, but was he ill and stayed on the plane. They were all touring with him when he was first campaigning many years ago. He didn't win that election, by the way. My bass guitar is a second-hand model called "Kalamazoo." It's basically a hunk of plywood with four strings on it. My keyboard at the time was a Casio MT-100, which I not long ago sold to my uncle for \$10. The slide solo on "It Must Be Hard" was played with an X-Acto knife. The tape itself was re-mixed (as best as it could be) at Uneven Tracks, which is GGE's studio. Mike Crooker and I did the re-mixing. It was then released on the GGE label.

GAJOOB: Seems that Ray is from the "It's gotta have a HOOK" school of rocknroll. And his six

songs here all have outstanding ones. Try not to sing along — I dare ya. "I'll Get You For That" has a great, clean, electric guitar solo (again, very melodic). Just some really good songs, and not a whole lot more. And sometimes there's nothing wrong with that. Like when it's done well, and fun — like here. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Forest 4*.

Ray Carmen

Dance Party!

1513 Brittain Circle #8, Akron, OH 44310 • pop/experimental (slightly) • 1989 • 20 minutes • 3.00 • trade!

.... originally was planned as a tape to give to friends and family this past Christmas. After putting it together, I decided to make it available to anybody else who might want it. Even though, in my opinion, the material is not as good as the stuff on "Pop!" there's a little more variety. Side A contains a ballad, and a very-Beatle-ish pop tune. Side B is me trying to be like Steve Fisk. Rather poorly, I admit, but it was fun to do. Even though "Dance Party!" is not on the GGE label, it will be in the new GGE catalog. Anyway, I hope anybody who might hear it will find it at least a little bit amusing. I try to put some variety in my music, as I myself get bored listening to the same thing all the time. Sixties-ish pop will always be my main "sound," but I hope to try lots of other forms of music as well. I have a lot of fun experimenting. You know, there's nothing wrong with Top 40 music. There's a place for all forms of music. But I personally got bored with Top 40 about ten years ago. For a while I was in limbo because I didn't have much to listen to. Then I got into the Residents and other "underground" bands. But

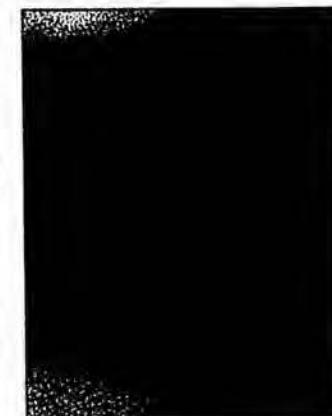
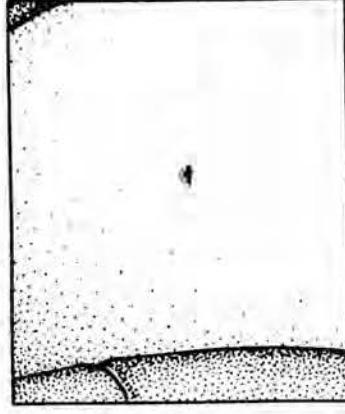
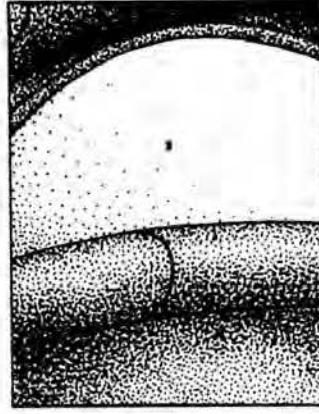
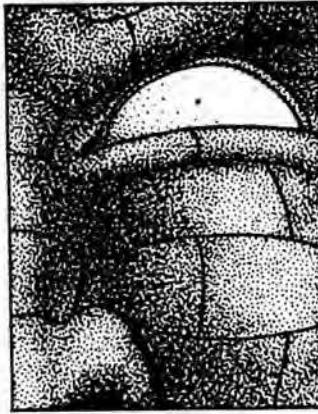
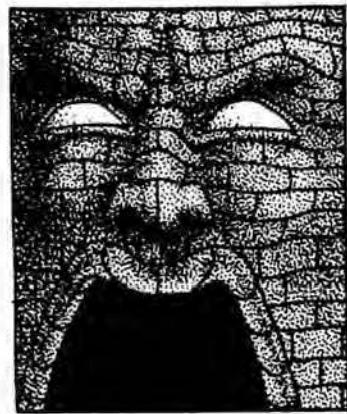


Coz the Shroom

the biggest thrill was discovering cassette culture. Other like-minded people were doing the same thing I was — recording their own music for their own satisfaction. Not to get off the subject, but the reason I brought this up is because, even though I don't like everything I've heard, underground music still has more variety, and holds my interest more than Top 40 ever could.

I hope the same goes for my tapes. I've gotten some good reviews, I've gotten some so-so reviews. That's cool. I don't expect everybody to like my stuff — and honest, constructive criticism is al-





ways welcome. So, if by chance you don't like my stuff and don't want to keep it, feel free to give it to somebody you think might like it. Anyway, the technical info for this tape is the same as "Pop!" It was done on a Fostex 4-track (I always thought it was rather amusing that the same company that makes multi-track recorders also produces zit cream!). I'm doing a new tape at Uneven Tracks' eight-track studio. At last some EQ! I suppose I'll end this by saying that the reason I do this is because I'm bored by Top 40 (all those sputtering drum machines sound like popcorn poppers), I've wanted to do this sort of thing for as long as I can remember, and also because I record the kind of stuff I'd like to hear on the radio more often. Well, that's it—sorry for going on so long. Hope I've given you some insight into this stuff. I feel my music is easy to listen to, but not "easy listening." (HaHa!) Besides, I love trading tapes with people. Some of my favorite music is on home tapes I've received.

GAJOOB: The first side is more songs in the vein of *Pop!* "A Long Way Back Again" is every bit as good as any on the aforementioned, the self-deprecating liner notes notwithstanding. Loved the melody. And the "Metal-ish" solo works very well. Side B has Ray doing more experimental works. But his pop sensibilities are still very much in evidence, as they are structured like Pop songs, sort of. Samplings of George C. Scott's Patton, Queen's "Fat Bottomed Girls" and a UFOer on Tom Snyder are the main voices in each of the three cuts on this side, respectively. Patton is given a groove. The UFOer is unconvincing, if only because he's trying so hard to be so. And the Fat Bottomed ones are turned into a nice chordal-type piece. **SOUND:** good. SEE: *Charles Laurel*.

Ray Carmen

Between You and Me/Ode to Jandek
1513 Brittain Circle #8, Akron, OH 44310
The A-side is me pretending to be Mike Nesmith. The B-side is me pretending to be four mentally-retarded blues musicians. Ha Ha! (Also, the A-side is from my forthcoming cassette LP, due out this Summer.)

GAJOOB: A very short cassette single in which Ray does one song of his carefully crafted pop and then lets loose and jams with himself on the B-side. "Between You and Me" is very good, melodic pop, driven by an excellent drum track programmed by GGE's Mike Crooker. While "Ode to Jandek" is a simple, unassuming blues rock jam, recorded at home, which works well against the craft on the former side. **SOUND:** very good - fair.

Eugene Chadbourne

Country Music From the World of Islam
707 Longview Dr., Greensboro, NC 27403

GAJOOB: This one shows off Chadbourne's guitar playing much more than the one below. A lot of simple, country-ish tunes with stereo guitar hyperactivity. These are all interspersed with various incidental snippets like a radio call-in person saying he's been disappointed in Eugene lately, and conversation and such. Really, Chadbourne's guitar work is the focus, over all. And he does some pretty amazing stuff, anchored by the songs. **SOUND:** good. SEE: *Kneeling on Beans*.

The Chadbournes

Family Association

707 Longview Dr., Greensboro, NC 27403 • rock-country-improv-experimental • 1989

GAJOOB: I screwed this one up last issue, so I'll try it again.... I'm confused. The paper that came with this tape has Eugene Chadbourne with Camper Van Beethoven, with various other info—

but scrawled in different places, it says, "No, it's really the Chadbournes." I guess it does sound like Camper backing Eugene. You've got the off-kilter violin and farfisa and the occasional no-holds-barred abandon of the band and all.... Anyway, this tape is of a live performance somewhere with Chadbourne and some other people. Some between-song banter serves to really bring you there. I liked that. Very casual, and a good time with some excellent jams and a country clunker thrown in for good measure. Liked the song, "Used Record Pile," too. And the sound quality shows each of the instruments well. A very good time.

The following five tapes can all be obtained from Jeff Jarvie of Platitude Music. The review located under fifth tape covers all five. Which is why the listings seem to be temporarily out of order....

The Cheapskaters

An Open Mind is Often an Empty Mind
Platitude Music, 750-119 North, Indiana, PA 15701

• zaprunderpunk • 1986 • 45 minutes • \$4.00
Most of the lyrics were written by my friend Mark Valenti. He also designed the cover. Mark would show up with a finished set of lyrics, and I'd put music to them. After that, I'd record the songs, using my Vesta Fire MR-10 4-track cassette deck. Since most of the lyrics are Mark's, I really have no idea what the tape's about. My favorite cuts on the tape are "Rifle of Love," "You Tell Me," and "Mind Games 101." The tape received its title from something Mark's Dad told him once.

The Eviscerators

Ennui Are the World

kafkapolka • 1987 • 46 minutes • \$4.00

"Killer Clown" is about John Wayne Gacy. "Winter Kills" is the title of one of my favorite conspiracy movies. "Devil Rat" is the title of a classic Bela Lugosi sleaze fest. The stereo chorus on the guitar gives the song a ghostly feel (what the fuck?!). For those of you who don't know, Ennui is a French word that means "boredom." "If You're Really Depressed" was written because I became very disillusioned with the "punk" scene. It's also my favorite song on this tape. "Jon Johnson Broke My Toilet Seat" came from an article I read in Fangora. The article mentioned the fact that Jon Johnson (a 300-pound ex-wrestler) broke Bela Lugosi's toilet seat. "E.T. Twat" was written because I read one too many books about UFOs.

The Eviscerators

Eviscerate Yourself

lobotomy folk • 1988 • 50 minutes • \$4.00

I have no one else to blame for this mess but myself. "A Nice Pair" is a song about Linda Blair. Well, actually, it's a song about Linda Blair's chest. "Breakneck Pacemaker" was written because I watched too many Elvis films. I was trying to sound like Elvis on this song; but I ended up sounding like Jim Backus. "She Demons" is the title of one of my favorite B-movies. Unfortunately, the song sucks. "Corsetfucker" was written because I read an article about Karen Greenlee, who just happens to be a necrophiliac. A lot of the song comes straight from the article (Bullshit!). "Rush to Judgement" is my favorite song on the tape. What's it about? Well, you tell me.

The Mystery Tramps

Panic is Counterproductive

misery bop • 1988 • 40 minutes • \$4.00

If you like John Lennon's Plastic Ono Band album, you'll just love my own descent-into-Hell cassette. Most of the songs were written after my girlfriend broke up with me. "Bobbing and Weaving" is something that Charles Grodin says in the movie, "You Can't Hurry Love." "Rejection Slip" is a song that resulted from the small minds of record companies. I created the space sounds on "Mystery Cloud" by plugging my stereo chorus into my vocal

mic, and then I'd blow a harmonica into the mic at various distances. Spooky sound, huh? "Is a Relationship the Kind That Sinks?" mentions all my friends—past, present and future. "I'm Just a Man" is a phrase that Peter Fonda says in the movie, "The Trip."

The Mystery Tramps

Nerdpoon Flak

brooke metal • 1988 • 45 minutes • \$4.00

On "Balloon Woman," I blew a balloon into my vocal mic, and created a balloon solo that would make Zamphyr blush. At the end of the song, you can hear the phone ringing: it was my friend Bob calling (Bob gave me the idea for "Balloon Woman" when he saw a picture of a large-chested girl and said, "She's a Balloon Woman.") "Mystery Tramp" features some of my best lyrics (like that's saying much). I have no idea what "ACLU-Jac" With a Digestive Tract" is about. But it might have something to do with Tiffany. "Human Wreckage" is my tribute to Indiana, Pennsylvania. The people really live in this town. In the words of Marlon Brando: "The horror.... the HORROR!"

GAJOOB: With each of these tapes, Jeff Jarvie and friends take depravity to a consistent and juvenile low. Jarvie & co. have been recording for slightly over three years now; and after releasing 27 tapes, their vision remains unchanged. From song to song, from tape to tape. It's all one big long song, if you ask me. While the characters change, and maybe even the a particular theme, the overall moronic revelling in sick, stupidity is like the soul of the Weekly World News exposed. They treat us with songs about Tiffany's twat, Linda Blair's hooters, alien sex and necrophilia with a very large dose of high school boys' locker room libido permeating the whole mess.... And after being subjected to a dozen or so of these inane releases, I'm beginning to see a certain charm, if not even a certain genius behind it. Hell, the music's even more pitiful than the lyrics: there's just gotta be a method to Jarvie's glandmusic. And don'tcha gotta love the guy who managed the unique distinction of having all of his future releases stamped "Return to Sender" by Mike "I'll Review Anything" Gunderloy of Factsheet Five? I kinda do. I bet even Mike does..... I could be wrong though. **SOUND:** poor - good. SEE: *Booger Pill Safety Barn, Sockeye*.

Chemical Cat

self-titled

385 Lee Ave., New Brunswick, NJ 08901

CHEMICAL CAT's debut recording brings together the diverse musical and personal styles of its three members. Guitarist and lead vocalist, James Godish, and bassist, Josh Davis, have been together for about seven years. Percussionist, Robert Price, joined up three years ago, and they've been going strong since.

While **CHEMICAL CAT** prefers not to label or categorize their particular blend of music, they do admit to the influences of KING CRIMSON, PETER GABRIEL and XTC. They try to give their music a lot of vocal and instrumental texture, creating twists like singing fifths on top of a funky pattern, creating what they call "monk-funk."

The recording was one year in the making, and reflects the time and energy put into it. While the band is partial to Philadelphia, where the recording was made (and that may have something to do with this), they are pleased with the results of the recording sessions. They are looking forward to reaching a wider audience.—JAMES GODISH



time and energy. And there's lots of that here. Energy, that is. It's great to hear things fall into perfect placement, and yet retain an undeniable freedom and spark that takes some surprising turns. These are all great songs. Period. James Godish's vocals are strong. Even exhilarating. "Mock-Funk," hell — these guys can groove with the best of 'em. This is so much fun that lyrics with meaning aren't necessary; but they give us that to. Especially on "Mistake" with its line, "We have one desire: to live life and be free." SOUND: flawless. SEE: Sub Davidz

The Bud Collins Trio

A Tape That We Made

Chris Duers, 50 Thompson Rd., North Franklin, CT 06254

GAJOOB: Once again, The Bud Collins Trio (all four of 'em) offer up a tantalizing display of intricate execution. Jazz, Rock and Reggae are all styles in evidence here. This time out there's not as strong of an emphasis on odd time signatures and dazzling stops and starts and changes of direction. *A Tape That We Made* seems more of an attempt at creating tight songs, first and foremost. And all the pieces here are excellent. Gabe Eaton guests on alto and soprano horns; and they let him fly on a couple cuts. The rest of the band is outstanding as always. These guys deserve a wide audience. I've listened to this tape several times already — can't seem to get enough of it. SOUND: excellent. SEE: *Jaws of the Flying Carpet*.

Darren Copeland

The Three Faces

CLAS, PO Box 86010, N. Vancouver, B.C., V7L 4J5, CANADA

GAJOOB: A rather experimental tape. Borders on cacophony at times, and works best then. It strikes me as pretty pointless when it doesn't. The synth tones are sharp, showing a deft hand, with more promise than is delivered here.

Coz the Shroom

The Tibetan Book of the Android

8000 WYKEHAM DR., AUSTIN, TX 78149 • pop-folk-rap-rock-whatever • 1990 • 90 minutes • \$2.00
This tape was recorded by a machine that got ripped off from me by some eternally damned and accursed infidel robber. I took out a loan, got a new 4-track and acquired two big, vicious dogs. My next release be chillin, chillin' my spine like! Makes this one look like total DRECK. Getting robbed, I suppose, is a great catharsis. The Foul One, that spawn of all that is abhorrent, also ripped off my MASTER TAPES! And likely recorded over them with NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK or whatever crap hoodlums listen to! The tape contains my Aunt's first recording session, an esteemed opera soloist who once gave command performances in the court of the Shah of Iran. I'm not doing any more rap, unless I wake up eight shades darker. I may not be white, but I sure as hell ain't no black rap-animal. The tape sucks. I feel that way about all my tapes when I begin work on something better. I hope I find the time to finish my new tape... it's going to be a 90 too.

GAJOOB: A flailing sort of madness pervades this tape. A madness that doesn't seem content to contain itself within the magnetic particles. Leaping off the tape against your ear drums, battering them with a point, it seems. Guitars with schizo characteristics, demented synth lines beneath it all. Choked drum patterns. And Coz's wild-eyed vocals singing, screaming, evoking a sense of feverish world-reaching climax. Notable pieces include "Mole Man From Mars"

and "Electronic Genius."

Coz the Shroom

Aphrodite's Sexy Nightie

8000 WYKEHAM DR., AUSTIN, TX 78149 • pop • 1990 • 90 minutes • \$2.00 • trade preferred
Recorded with a new 4-track, new drum machine, and new distortion pedal. I forgot to credit Theo Ezel for writing the guitar riff on "Feed This Town By Breast."

GAJOOB: Psychedelic, rap, folk-protest, punk all rapped-up in Coz's vibrant world, created here on this tape. Sounds to me like the Shroom's becoming more sure of the recording process. Aphrodite has more direction as a result. Perhaps this means the wild abandon of *Solid Mud Love God* and even *The Tibetan Book of the Android* has taken a backseat in order that the songs here become more fleshed-out and full. This is Coz's best tape. SOUND: good. SEE: *New Aged*.

Crawling With Tarts

Vocciana

ASP, 633 Cleveland St. #4, Oakland, CA 94605-1006 • 1990 • 51 minutes, chrome • \$5.00

Recorded on a ranch; partially influenced by the bestiary there. Suz says it's a nocturnal tape. Vocciana is a spirit that comes out at night, a festive spirit. He wears a rag hat, a Martha Washington. These tapes are rural tapes: ideas of basic themes of growing food; death. As in the slaughtering of farm animals, pointy farm tools, pagan. I've always had a strange idea of farm life in America: the shapes of barns, pitchforks, cows, the smell of manure, chickens, gathering eggs. It's a scary wholesomeness. It's very close living with the ground, but very different than wood life. Farm themes are clothes, tools, fences, hay; historical early American themes (i.e. Puritan witches). We lived on the Pagans' ranch; the Pagans were Spanish so there were also a lot of Spanish and American themes which was a whole other thing. They liked death a lot and ate animals they raised.

GAJOOB: This translates to a structured, ensemble feel. The percussion pieces are exceptional. Short. I rarely wish percussion pieces were longer, but I do with these. The instrumental diversity within these pieces is very nice to here. Very earthy. Good sound too. The tape is packaged in a very unique way that I could never describe. Let's call it taepcraft. SOUND: excellent. SEE: *The Miracle*.

Crawling With Tarts

Greed Tool Hand in the Lee of Icebergs

ASP, 633 Cleveland St. #4, Oakland, CA 94605-1006

The span of time between the first piece on this tape and the last is shorter than usual. Parataxis: The definition is not exactly the same as used in the science of language. Here it is used to refer to objects that are strongly connected in an illogical way. Another, less illogical, connection used creates stylistic and formal similarities between the songs bearing the date 12.28.89. It is their nearness in time and place, temporal and environmental persistence.

GAJOOB: This is much less atmospheric than Vocciana, actually a completely different piece of work from Michael Gendreau and Suzanne Dycus who are Crawling With Tarts. This tape features a more standard rock instrumental cast. It's mainly in the line of free improv. The instruments here do not necessarily mesh as one as much as they are separate entities drawn together. I also appreciate the packaging, which is, once again, very unique. Definite quality. SOUND: excellent. SEE: *Idy*.

Croiners

exchange of force

audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360 • electronic • 1986 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$5.00

Analog electronics, B-movie soundtracks, loops and off-kilter rhythms typify this tape. If you know anything about croiners, you'll be ready when this tape relocates you to giggle world.

GAJOOB: Croiners show an adept use of delay rhythms. These are short pieces that build upon one another and allow the whole tape to flow. At times, a particular theme is returned to and added upon, enabling a definite structure to become apparent in these quirky snippets. Short on melody. The rhythms are often odd because of the repeated delay holding patterns. Not many people can pull this off; but Croiners make it an asset. A sense of experimentation is also presiding here. Very intriguing; but, better yet, very enjoyable. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Dave Prescott*.

Mr. Curt

Trial By Fire

Camaraderie Music Cassettes, PO Box 403 - Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215 • modern folk-rock • 1990 • 10 minutes, chrome • \$2.50 • traders write first

Perhaps... because I'm in a field of endeavor that has been decimated by AIDS, I experience the pangs of remorse and compassion. Several musician friends and artist have died from a disease that knows no borders or restraint. The consequences have had a great effect on me as I attempt to walk through the hole in my heart. But the grief I feel is countered by the attitude of far too many people who think some moral revenge is best served by this plague. Now, this is some gross misinterpretation. We are faced with a biological situation, not an ethical dilemma.

Perhaps... because I feel the chill of mortality, I need to counter with creativity. My initial idea for "Trial By Fire" was inspired by the NAMES PROJECT. Touched by the solemnity and poignancy of the AIDS Quilt when it was displayed in Boston, I envisioned a "talking-square," with a cassette player stitched inside, continuously recycling the tune, and a pair of headphones extending from the cloth. (Impassioned, but impractical.) The song was conceived as a dialogue between resolute participants in conversation against Fear and Death and Recrimination. It advocates conscious choice, safe sex, and a desire for truth and responsibility. Fight AIDS (and discrimination), not people with AIDS.

Perhaps... because we live in an imperfect world, humans will always reap what they sow. AIDS is not somebody else's problem — it's OURS. We, as a society, must heal the wounds caused by governmental neglect in support and investment. For the past decade we have not been oblivious or immune to the pain and anguish of AIDS. In this new decade, as the plague sweeps further into Everyland, anyone can become a victim. We must find the strength to resist our own personal tragedies. Complex issues and philosophies must be answered with intelligence and conviction. Though this is painfully obvious, we will still suffer further trials by fire. This is the fate/faith of our imperfect harmony.

GAJOOB: Flawless recording, with a depth that is rare, both musically and lyrically. Curt explores both the helplessness we feel because AIDS seems almost a random killer — a sniper, if you will; but he also realizes and touches on the fact that there are ways to protect yourself. This is Pop with Jazz inflections. It's very emotional. An undercurrent of syncopated, muted guitar runs underneath an ebbing mixture of vocals, horns and electric guitars, while the steady bass pulse rides along and the drums breath a heavy life. Mr.

Curt is one of the best producers working the cassette medium. The b-side is fun and informal. "Fire, Slide and Grille" is a laid-back slice of slide guitars with tapes and effects. "Pass the Torch" sounds like a fireside sing along with good, boisterous harmonies. An intelligent tape. SOUND: flawless. SEE: Chemical Cat.

Dead Goldfish Ensemble

Eye to Eye

Violet Glass Oracle, 5546 Harvest Ln. #B, Toledo, OH 43623 • electronic • 1989 • 60 minutes • chrome • \$6.00 U.S./\$7.00 overseas • traders ask first

GAJOOB: I enjoyed this one. Its repetitive synthesizer rhythms are quite similar to Steve Reich or Phillip Glass. Though not as complex or manic as either one, it's more melodic. SOUND: excellent

Dimthingshine

The Funky Mystery Project

Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar, FL 33023 • avant garde experimental • 1989 • 90 minutes • \$4.00 • trade

This tape for the most part deals with a compilation artists who sent a piece of music based on their reaction to the 12" single "The Funky Mystery Rhythm," released back in the beginning of 1985 by (me) Dimthings... now known as DIMTHINGSHINE. All these pieces were sent between 1985 and early 1986, and a compilation tape was supposed to take place, but it never happened, or was delayed 'till 1989. Since there was extra space on a 90-minute tape, I also included duet collaborations. A few with poet, John M. Bennett and one long piece collaboration with eccentric figure, E. Kaplan. Of course, these two collaborations were done with (me) DIMTHINGSHINE. OK?

GAJOOB: Some really wild acoustic (non-synth sound sources mostly) craziness here. Kitchen sink sort of instrumentation. A little too directionless for my taste, but many people like that; and if you're one of those you'll probably dig this'un! SOUND: good.

Dimthingshine

A Message....

Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar, FL 33023 • avant garde-experimental • 1989 • 90 minutes • \$4.00 • trade

The title is based on lyrics I wrote which are recited on this tape on two tunes, "Preamble" and "A Message...." Also there are several collaboration pieces where I play the music and poet, John M. Bennett recites his poetry. There are a few collaboration pieces with Jean Chaine, Big Ed and some performances by Steve Hodges, who talks about his own outlook on a life of the Blues. Now... there are several pieces where I just play and sing all on my own. There is a drum solo piece dedicated to Max Roach. Music ranges from improvisation, electronic, humorous and an alternative outlook on Life. It is strange as a whole. Some of this material even dates back a few years. Most of it was recorded around 1988, 1989.

GAJOOB: This one has a lot of the same flavor as "Funky..." but there's a few cuts here that pull everything all together and cook in an albeit demented fashion. More lunacy and stuff, some experimentation -- the stuff of delusion ya'know. And Bennett is very good at using words in an unusual juxtaposition. Always a surprise.

Dimthingshine

Face Value II

Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar, FL 33023

GAJOOB: Breathing free improv with definite

60's progressive rock influences. The drums are loud and exploding very often. Some voice samples and such are thrown in to further confuse the proceedings. And it works! This one rarely stagnates in its tracks, but just keeps moving. Very alive. Recommended.

Dino DiMuro

She's a Climber

DiMuro Tapes, 578 N. Gower St., Los Angeles, CA 90004

GAJOOB: Not one of Dino's better tapes, but a picture of studio craftsmanship nonetheless. DiMuro's strength lies in the depth of his arrangements, pursuing a sort of musical merry-go-round amidst his fairly angst-ridden yet humorous (in a self-deprecating sort of way) songs. He'd make a good producer, I'm sure. Lyrically, he seems to be in sort of a "slice-of-my-life" mode. Some of these pieces do seem to be quite documentary. Perhaps this is DiMuro's catharsis. "Phone Sex With Home Tapers" is the obvious "hit" here, while the title cut stands out in my mind as typical DiMuro wizardry. And typical DiMuro remains exceptional in any relation.

Disarray

1979-1986 Flaws Intact: The Smell of the Crowd post-garage rock • 1979-86 • 90 minutes • \$3.00/low bias, \$5.00/high • trade • Larry Boyd, 77 Plymouth St., Middleboro, MA 02346; (508) 946-1271

Gee, what could I say to make my band stand out without making myself sound like an ass.... The tape is a 2-LP anthology of DISARRAY, not in chronological order (package inspired by the cassette of MOTORHEAD's "No Remorse"). For Volume 1 my goal was quantity and variety (2 more volumes are available). I am now 32-years-old... I left home the day after turning 18 (10/75), full of idealism, wanting to change the world with music. I thumbed cross country to join a band in Arizona. Failed miserably, though I met Dave Sayward, later of DISARRAY. Wandered around the U.S. for a couple years... When Arizona band members moved back to their home in Middleboro, MA, I eventually followed and settled here in '77. I met and was supported/influenced by the late Neil Maranville (who was a founding member of DISARRAY). Started a band in 1978 called THE LOCALS, who were pretty awful but that lead to the founding of DISARRAY, 1/1/79. I was not a solo act, but I was bandleader and main writer, 98% self-taught. The first line-up crashed after 5 months, and, for a time, DISARRAY was a shifting group of 3 to 30 people jamming for hours at regular parties at a commune (sorta) we called "The Big House." By Summer's end DISARRAY evolved into the "Classic" 4-piece line-up and had made our first studio visits.... Returned as a live band in Spring 1980.... Neil took a lot of shit from friends for being such a good musician amongst us lesser beings (

my answer to those people was "Flies in My Room," which became a local favorite w/ alleged airplay on Dr. Demento's show. We finally got so sick of it, we eventually dropped it). Maybe all bands feel this way but there was always a storm surrounding the band and inner circle of friends. lots of "Heavy Karma".... Much substance abuse, sex, rumors, lies... and Murphy's Law showed up repeatedly, throughout.

I essentially brought "Punk Rock" into this town single-handedly with the records in my back pack... no one knows who the fuck I am but I feel my story runs parallel with the origins of the movement... my goal was to play my music by my own rules, we absolutely were not followers or clones... we played with cover rock bands who openly scorned us. We played with "New Wave" bands whose fans called us "fucking hippies." I lived in a rooming house working jobs like demolition/salvage, lumber mill, dishwasher, eating beans 3 or 4 times a week. Spent what little money I had on the 79/80 recordings (8-track — the 83-84 stuff was 4-track, the 85-86 stuff was 4-track in what is now my living room, and the live stuff is boom box recording). Neil's wife left him in '81 and he was obliged to leave DSRA in order to support himself playing in a lounge band. Within 3 months he was killed in a car wreck, later a music scholarship was started in his name at the local High School.

Disarray continued with new bassist, Tom Lynde (from local band, THE UNKNOWNS) and started playing in Boston and Providence. Just as we were offered money (from a friend) to return to the studio, Tom Lynde quit the band, late Summer '82. After Sayward's solo band fell apart, Disarray



reformed again in early '83 with John Hubacheck (also an ex-UNKNOWNS) once more we started to climb, showed up on a couple comp albums. Got increasing college airplay, etc. until disaster struck once more. Dave Sayward quit in mid-1984 due to disillusionment and accumulated stage fright.

The remaining trio plus friends did some recording under the name of SONG FACTORY WORKSHOP, but reclaimed the DSRA name with the addition of Kevin Holmes (yet another ex-UNKNOWNS). This line-up played the last gigs and made the last recordings. After half a dozen line-ups and 67 total gigs, disarray ceased to exist on 4/12/86. I was unemployed,



broke, and homeless. After a 4-month trip to Arizona, I returned to Middleboro, where I remain, living quietly and as a bit of a recluse. In 1987-88, Sayward, Woodburn and I attempted to be a recording-only band called **PENNIES FROM HEAVEN**, which failed due to disappearing bassists and adult responsibilities.

In '88 I played a couple fill-in gigs on drums for the now defunct hardcore band, **SHATTERED SILENCE**, led by Al Quint, editor of the zine *Suburban Voice*, where I have maintained a column called "It's My Dime" since 1984. Last year a couple recorded bits of mine (harmonica and Yamaha keyboard) were incorporated into the album, "Afternoon Rain Without Police" by Black Cab-Age on the *Dormant Utopia* label out of Littleton, Co. Various DSRA songs appeared on comp cassettes between 85-89 and we've had assorted airplay of varying frequency, songs and locations from '81 to present. There was a miniature *Disarray* craze at one school in Vermont a couple years ago... **THE LOCALS** played a one-shot reunion gig at a party this past New Year's eve...

I barely write songs anymore. I doubt I'll ever make a serious return to playing music. I never tried to be a rock star. I just wanted to make enough to keep playing music. Now my goal is to not go crazy or kill myself as I continue to get over the end of my big dream (aww, get out the violins...) While *Disarray* existed it was the guiding force in my life. It was the place where I could give of myself. I felt I had a responsibility to not play the same old shit, and I always tried my hardest.

We were *lousy* businessmen, and my studio philosophy was to frantically rush to get done—which I now regret. The studio "After a Fashion" is a 3rd take and my headphones fell off 2/3 of the way through, so I finished without hearing the other guys. The 2nd take was great, but the engineer forgot to start the machine. See what I mean about Murphy's Law?

As for "Cassette Culture," I've been fooling around with tape machines since I was 12. My "parent company," *Violence Artifacts and Communications*, dates back to 1973.

GAJOOB: Don't be confused by the title — this is not a live tape. And, even though it is comprised of recordings made over a period of seven years and a changing cast of players, it's extremely consistent throughout, both in style and quality. This is also full of great songs, tightly arranged and free and energetic. Great rock and fun to listen to. Crank this one up and drive. SOUND: very good - excellent. SEE: *Humidifier*.

Disturbed

Holocaust/Lease to Exist

Don't Expect Any Miracles/Spontaneous Human Combustion

Earl Root, PO Box 6001, Minneapolis, MN 55406

GAJOOB: Metal meets punk... okay, you know pretty much what this sounds like already; and if this is your sort of thing, what you want to know is if they DO IT. Well, it's fast, fist-clenching, not mongering of the highest power. Excellent growling vocals prowl the musical backstreets here. Rolling drums pounding. The guitars have depth and there is thought behind the arrangements of all four of these songs (two songs per tape, one song per side). They do it. SOUND: good. SEE: *Black Ritual*.

Doll Parts

Candida Albacore Soundtrack
electronic/improvisational • 1988 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$4.50 • *audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360*

Doll Parts recorded the "Candida Albacore" section for use in a film by Stan Brakhage, whose most famous work was "Dog Star Man" (1959). Rick Cormier and I had been in touch since his days with **ARCHITECTS OFFICE** in Boulder, CO. I persuaded Rick to stretch this tape from a C-30 to a C-46 by adding bonus tracks, and the rest is history — **CARL HOWARD**

GAJOOB: Sort of a cross between space and industrial. The catches of live sounds, such as conversation, etc. tend to breath life into what very easily could have been a cold, alienating piece of work. This is fairly consistent from beginning to end. SOUND: good - very good.

Kevyn Dymond

The Best of Kevyn Dymond

1990 • 60 minutes • \$5.50 • *traders write first • Hypertonia, c/o Jan Bruun, Box 4307, N-5008 Bergen, NORWAY*

GAJOOB: The breadth of styles that Dymond not only explores but actually seems to inhabit very naturally is simply astounding. Metal, folk, pop, showtunes, punk, country, duets, etc., etc., etc. And etc. again!!! And there's so many different instruments employed in the proceedings — it's as if it was created in a music store after hours and he had everything at his disposal. Dymond's lyrics owe something to the twisted, but oh so true way of observing life that Frank Zappa approaches his. This is like a rollercoaster. It will leave you breathless, but wanting more. SEE: *Dino DiMuro*. SOUND: good - very good.

EGG

Feel Better

electric truth blues • 1987-89 • 40 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • *trade • EGG, 3 Wesley Pk. #4, Somerville, MA 02143*

This tape is a classic example of the "Wesley Pk." sound. I made most of it on a 4-track at home. Two songs, "Blank Baby" and "Water" were made in an 8-track studio. All of the songs were produced by Mr. Ballew. We've been together for 5 years in this form and 8 years in all kinds of bands. Dale (bass) and I are from Seattle, Washington (I don't know anyone at Sub-Pop, they were babies when we left Seattle) and Phil is from New York. The others on the tape are the "Dukes of Pop." They are all the people we play with in Seattle and New York when we are all in the same room. We broke up in December 89. Dale and I are going on to switch instruments in a new band. Phil started a silk screen mis-information business. I am going to continue to produce my own independent tapes under a new title (not EGG), different material also. What more can I say — let music talk.

GAJOOB: Confident songwriting, diverse arrangements. Energetic rocknroll. EGG is consistently one of my favorite cassette acts. Always throwing different things at you. The fairly ensemble feel is great to hear. Very alive. Irreverent and full of feeling. Loaded with hooks. Engaging performances. A few of these songs are fully fleshed-out versions of songs contained as more acoustically arranged on *Smell Me Fist*. Very highly recommended. SOUND: very good. SEE: *Love Calvin*.

E.Q..... Zak

Harbourclouds

CLAS, PO Box 86010, N. Vancouver, B.C., V7L 4J5, CANADA

GAJOOB: It's pretty cool if you think about it. You make a recording, and six years later it's being heard by some unknown person far away. Tapes really have a life of their own, I guess, mutating and traveling around the globe. Like a virus or something.... Anyway, this tape is full of grandeur and such. Lofty themes of alien cultures. De-

tached, yet trying ever so hard to evoke feeling from detachment. "She's Quiet in the Moonlight" is a nicely textured song that works a sort of magical mystique; but this tape mostly falls flat. The vocals need to match the scope of these works, however overdone that scope may be. Much ado instrumentally, but alas... Comes with a lyric sheet. SOUND: good.

Ron Ellis and the Chamber Rock Ensemble

Open My Eyes

Ron Ellis, English Dept., UW-Whitewater, Whitewater, WI 53190

GAJOOB: Ellis and company are doing something experimental here, and having fun with it. This is a fun tape. The use of a harmonizer is, of course, reminiscent of Laurie Anderson; but Ellis' songs have a real life of their own. Horns and flutes help out the arrangements a lot, giving this a real ensemble and loose feel. Those of you into experimental wordplay should get hold of this one. Comes with a colorful, bound booklet of info about the tape. SOUND: excellent. SEE: *Taproot*.

Dan Floretti

Songs 'n Salads — The Best of Recent DF Toonz! Kittie Tapes, c/o Dan Floretti, 312 N. 3rd Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904

GAJOOB: These aren't "toonz" actually. Mostly cut-ups. You know how it goes. Radio call-in jerks cut-up with tiny samplers and made to sound like even bigger jerks. Redundancy as an art form! Yet, Floretti is good at this. One of the best really. And this tape has some moments on it that show excellent flair. I especially liked "Corporate Supervised Population of Zombies," with its eerie piano-type arpeggios surrounding the phrase it is named by. And "Count the Jelly Beans" is hilarious. Could even be called somewhat of a classic. Many of these pieces go on way too long for their own good, however. But cut-up aficionados should like this one a lot. Dan also hand-colors his covers. Neat-o! SOUND: poor - good.

Todd Fletcher

Unison Discordia

1989 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • *trade • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Place, Rockville, MD 20854*

This tape is real bi-furcated. Originally I wanted to do a whole tape called, "The New Moon," that would be like side 1, but I didn't have enough material. I stopped wanting to do that. I was just getting into mid-eastern music then, and that shows up in the scales I used. The music also starts to abandon the thick drone chords I used before, and it's becoming more open and clear. A new tape that'll be out shortly picks up and improves a lot on this condition, but there is still more here, and I think I'll do more of this stuff. Side 2 is kind of a mish-mash of stuff I had lying around. I think the second song, "Futures II," is the best here. SOUND: excellent.

Todd Fletcher

A Whispering Voice

*ambient/new age • 1989 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • *trade • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Place, Rockville, MD 20854**

I wasn't really planning on doing a tape like this, but I just had a bunch of these spacey-type songs, so I slapped it together. I think this is a sort-of uneven tape. Some of it I think is too derivative, while a few songs I think are real original. Anyways, I've gotten the most favorable responses to this one. That's sort of disappointing, because I think side one of *Unison Discordia* is more original. This tape really appeals to the new age set — not surprisingly!

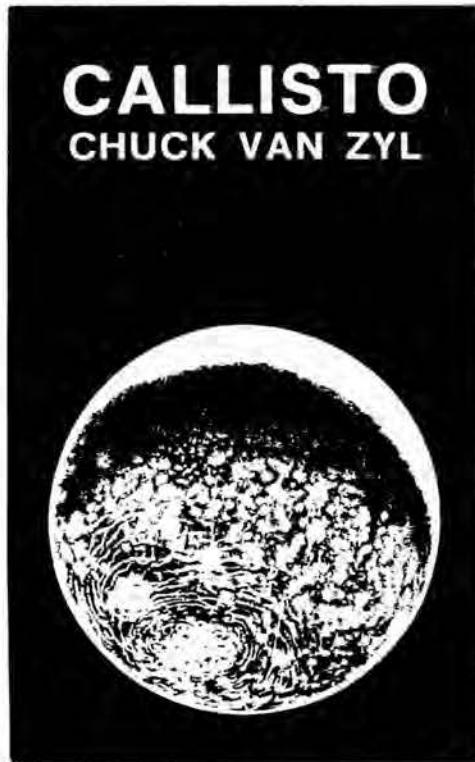
GAJOOB: This one is now a regular in my head-

SYNKRONOS MUSIC

ELECTRONIC MUSIC OF THE SPACE AGE

World Headquarters
Peter D. Gulch
1493 Greenwood Avenue
Camden, NJ 08103 USA

Distribution Networking
Chuck van Zyl
P.O. Box 22
Upper Darby, PA 19082 USA



Artwork © 1989 Jon Alderfer

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board tape player. It makes good night music. Steady, meandering mood setting. Evocative synth textures. SOUND: excellent

Todd Fletcher

Songs From 3 Phases

new age / electronic • 1988 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • trade • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Place, Rockville, MD 20854

It may not be clear, but the title represents three different styles I was messing with then. They're arranged sequentially. First three songs are #1. These are short and have a certain sound that's the result of the synth I used. The rest of side one is #2. These have sort of jazzy rhythms and sparse solos, I like this side the best. This tape was the first I put together because at this point I really gained confidence in what I was doing. I've since released earlier music, though.

GAJOOB: Fletcher's drum programming really shines on this one. While the Eastern modes are executed quite well, melodic synth lines are the main focus. SOUND: excellent.

Forest 4

Childhood

Individual Pop, c/o Claus Korn, Alteburgstrasse 7, D-8830 Treuchtlingen, W GERMANY

GAJOOB: Very melodic acoustic guitars are the main instrumental focus throughout this tape of decent pop songs. The female vocalist has a voice that is sort of homespun and endearing; although not very strong, wandering in and out of key. Forest 4 occasionally employ harmonies to good effect; and I definitely would have liked more of that. The acoustic guitars are up front in the mix, and very exceptional. SOUND: good. SEE: *the Silly Pillows*.

Formula 409

Cleanses Your Palette

1989 • 60 minutes • \$5.00 • Channel House Productions, PO Box 170277, San Francisco, CA 94117

This was recorded from 1986 - 1989 in my home studio. It's my first tape. While I worked on it, some of what I was listening to heavily: Foetus, Pink Floyd, Mike Oldfield, Blackhouse, Current 93, Legendary Pink Dots. Most of the complex stuff is sequenced by a computer and drum machine. I'm really quite a lousy guitar player. I used to write serious lyrics, but now I don't really like to—they sound too pretentious, so I like to keep it light. "Here's Looking at You" is a good example of my more recent stuff, and where F409 is heading. I'm trying to inject some humor while riding that fine line between pop music and industrial (!!). I think "93 Hostess 93" is a great coup—who would be silly enough to cover Current 93, let alone, do a parody? Nevertheless, I think it had to be done. They're just so, so serious. Two interesting recording techniques: on "Your Lease is Up" I dropped a tiny mic down my throat and made the eerie voice sounds; and on "Bhopal" the harsh guitar-type sound is actually a voice run through all the effects I own. P.S. The tape contains backwards-masked messages about the Broncos and John Elway. Not suitable for kids.....

GAJOOB: Assuming the lyrical credit to Dan Quayle is a joke, this one-man effort has Craig sounding like he's having the time of his life in his studio. Sound quality suffers, but this is more than

made up by the sheer creating going on here. Gleason is foundlessly toying with different techniques. Backwards stuff, harsh synth tones, white noise, distorted vocals panning, spoken word. This tape works be-

cause of this. Most of the pieces maintain a structure throughout, so this doesn't come off as mere exploration—although exploration is apparent here. Given a bit more expertise at the console (i.e., taking the time to make it leap out and enthrall you with sound), Gleason could be quite excellent. As it is, the promise of this tape holds enough to have me looking forward to more. SEE: 555.

Fox/Treyfild

KNOTS

electronic soundtrack • 1989 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Place, Rockville, MD 20854

This music was composed for the performance "KNOTS," organized by David Aub. The performance used slides, dance, and elaborate set design. As it was shown, the story was based on T. Coles' "Voyage of Life" paintings, and performed at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C.

GAJOOB: Thematically, judging from the two pieces with words, this seems to be about life and its circular progressions. Musically, the soundtrack relies on single synth lines for the most part and electronic percussion. Straightforward execution, performed well enough, yet lacking something to make it sonically interesting. Perhaps this is because of its live nature. SOUND: good.

Richard Franeckl

Theme From a Non-Existing Film

electronic • 1989 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360

Richie completed this for me in January 1989, during a particularly fertile period for his solo work. Only two ARP 2600's and a digital delay were employed here. Richie's sense of control over his instruments marks him as a true composer. Not simply someone who twists whatever knob or slider to see if it sounds good. I thought Richie deserved a special full-color cover for this tape, so I designed one (really, two)—CARL HOWARD.

GAJOOB: Thoughtful, highly percussive pieces. Pulsating, at times. There is a huge amount of space here, and it's wonderful the way Franeckl manipulates it. Sound: excellent.

Margaret King (Songs by Nyle Frank)

Nyle Frank: Greatest Hits Vol. 2
folk-country • 1985 • 43 minutes • bias: females • \$8.00 • trade • Centipede Productions, PO Box 121832, Nashville, TN 37212

I suppose what makes this tape different from my others is my attempt to set stories and poetry to music (selections from "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Leaves of Grass," a poem by a friend named Don Riggs, and the text from a song by Schubert). I feel the Schubert-inspired piece (renamed "Song For Chris".... for a friend who died of lung cancer) is one of my best (and that Margaret King does a good job singing it). Unfortunately, there are also songs on this tape which are quite weak.

(I just realized I didn't answer the question, but since I mailed in all these songs to a demo studio in Nashville — while I was living in N.C. — I guess all my experiences were at the Post Office!)

GAJOOB: Margaret King certainly has a beautiful voice. And John Adrian accompanies her nicely on piano. The best thing about this tape, however, is Clark Williams' subtle acoustic guitar and bass playing. This guy is good! Nyle Frank's songs tend to over-dramatize simple themes in these Country (with just a hint of Rag, perhaps) songs. And while he's capable of some lovely turns of a phrase or two, too often they are lost in the warm glow. SOUND: excellent. SEE: Deborah Caims.

George Travall

Mr. A Only Has A

1989 • 90 minutes • \$5.00 • trade • Bangaway Productions, 1460 Cornell Rd., Atlanta, GA 30306

A little about GT: We are Justin Hughes and Zak Sitter. We are located in Atlanta (as is Bangaway). We hope to have a 4-track soon, although this tape was all normal tape recording. This is our 5th tape. All our stuff is available on Bangaway. We also have tracks on "Immunity By Inoculation" (Bangaway), "Bring the Noise" (Low Life) and "Low Life Free Tape." Zak is also in DQE, and both of us are in (were in) NATURE PROTEIN BISCUIT.

GAJOOB: Real crazy stuff, this. Quite a bit of this tape is experimental guitar. Sometimes there are real songs. These are good. A couple were even noteworthy. But this is really a couple guys having fun recording. That's all. Flirts with cacophony and noise quite often, when things seem to get out of hand. Part of the fun, I'm sure. SOUND: Good. SEE ALSO: Coz the Shroom.

Tim Gilbride

Dirt

Tim Gilbride, 2183 Professor Ave. #1, Cleveland, OH 44113

GAJOOB: Now this is good. Gilbride plays a guitar loaded with character. And several personalities. Sometimes country slides into a little raucous flinging. The tape is somewhat schizo, as the styles bump into each other; while each song is rather homogenous in itself. Not a lot of melody — mostly moody stuff. But there's some meat here. There's some real playing. Some sweaty, get down stuff. Some lazy blues. If you like guitar instrumental music, you'll like this one. Great sound for 4-track too. Real depth. SEE ALSO: Jon Diaz & Douglas Baldwin.

Bret Hart

Rather Than

beefheart emulation • 1989 • 60 minutes • \$5.00 • trade • Bret Hart, 112 Quart St., Mansfield, MA 02048

"Rather Than" is [?], and hopefully an improvement upon the type of works I did previously on "With a Tongue." I was dissatisfied with the voice recording on the earlier cassette, and felt that I could go further out with the song-form I developed on the first tape. These songs began with digital percussion I composed on my computer, which were augmented with wood, metal and glass percussion while being ambiently recorded using a PZM mic. Then the basses and guitars, xylophone, recorders and wood flute and stuff were improvised over the percussive foundation. The "lyrics" were piled on top last. I am very happy with this collection, especially "Dey Made Me Eat the Metal Cake" and "Arach-Ned."

GAJOOB: This tape continues the style Bret's been perfecting. And he succeeds, really bringing it all together. Instrumentation seems more complex, yet the whole seems more focused and self-assured than "With a Tongue." Bret's strange guitar tunings, weaving around my brain have made me a fan. Bret is also quite an earthy lyricist who conjures vivid, real images. SOUND: very good.

Bret Hart

Bilabial Fricative

weird • 1989 • 60 minutes • \$5.00 • trade • Bret Hart, 112 Quart St., Mansfield, MA 02048

(Except for the 2 improvs) all of these "songs" are fleshed-out versions of song-skeletons I've been re-working for about two years with a view toward forming a band after departing Korea and moving to the Boston area. They are designed to appeal to both the rowdy draft beer gulping rock fan, as



well as for people who are looking for some craziness and complexity in their entertainment. Where the majority of my stuff over the years has been improvisation (stacked improv), this cassette represents what happens when I compile things I discover during improv into a linear, formatted sequence. My best instrumental tape yet (in my opinion).—

GAJOOB: On this tape, Bret takes his wonderful guitar style and makes it sing songs. Especially on the first side, this tape has structure. This tape also has beauty. It's all guitar; and you definitely don't miss anything. Hart favors a non-delayed, pedal-processed sound. Off-kilter tunings that work to perfection. Leaves me with a warm feeling. You could stick this one on a play list with any of the best instrumental guitar albums you might like. It's that good. SOUND: excellent.

Bret Hart

Dickless: Bret Hart's "Korean Chaos," Vol. IV vomit pop • 1989 • \$5.00 • trade • Bret Hart, 112 Quart St., Mansfield, MA 02048

Side A: is a collection of tunes recorded between April-June '89, which I sent to Greg Ginn's Cruz Records as a demo-tape. Never heard shit back from him. Oh well. I like the tunes, and worked diligently to give them some semblance of (recognizable) "structure." (His loss.) Side B: consists of my half of what eventually became ZZAJ-ART Vol. 1. The thing is, my 4-track runs double the speed of DICK METCALF's (he did the mixdown). Thus, on Zzaj-Art, all of my stuff is half as fast as his (on his side), and all of his stuff is twice as fast on my side. I liked these sparse tunes enough to release them "naked." But then, I'm a whore when it comes to "putting out" my recordings.

GAJOOB: Perhaps a bit more improv sounding than *Fricative* but quite similar in nature. This is really a joy to listen to. The guitars are constantly tangling with each other. Howling playfully. Twisting and jumping and thinking how wonderful it is to twist and jump. The altered tunings sound fresh and natural all at once. Side B has less friction in the interplay. It's lean and incomplete. SOUND: very good.

Bret Hart

Dented Red Bicycle

Bret Hart, 112 Quart St., Mansfield, MA 02048

GAJOOB: Okay. So we can quickly dispense with the fact that Bret Hart is a guitar god genius. The tape documents some of the stuff Bret's been conjuring up in Korea the past six or seven years. Culled from hundreds of tape hours (and God only knows how many Man hours!). There are moments of extreme experimentation, to be sure. A couple things seemed like filler to my ears — but I'm sure they have their place here in Bret's mind. New techniques, or a question answered, or something. But, you see, that's the thing.... he's doing something here, and it's obvious. A man with a purpose; and you can come along for the ride. And when Hart pulls out the stops.... man, some of these pieces are purely symphonic (and it's almost all totally electric guitar, mind you). Bret's really got something here. SOUND: very good.

The Rex Havoc Army

self-titled

1989 • 4 songs • \$5.50 • trade possible • Daniel Cartier, 14 Gray Ln., Exeter, NH 03833; (603) 772-5182

"The Bash"— This is about tripping at a party w/ a friend and the friend becoming really sick and I begin to think how fucked the world is. True story 8 billion times over.... Ho Hum. "Car Crash"— somebody was drinking and driving all over my

heart, and I got really sad and wrote really corny lyrics and I dedicated the whole mess to that person. "Hate" — is about hating someone. Real enlightening, huh? "Witch Burning" — dedicated to all who are bleeding from the stones we all throw sooner or later. Blacks in South Africa, the homeless in Boston, New York, everywhere. Those dependent on a substance other than their inner being. Those shunned and spat on for being different. Those brought into public viewing as a result of scandal. Gays. Straights. Black, white, red, yellow. Vaguely compared to Salem, Mass. 1692.

GAJOOB: Slapping, rumbling drums and percussion surround cutting guitars above which Rex Havoc cries and shouts plaintive vocals. The four songs on this tape all have a homogenous sound; but it's unique and driving and there. Almost hypnotic like The Waterboys or Public Image Ltd. can be at times. But this is different too. SOUND: very good.

Headspace

Face the Space

Robert Bunce, PO Box 13792, Rochester, NY 14613 • instrumental • 1990 • 60 minutes

GAJOOB: I first heard Robert Bunce's guitar work on John Bartles' "Orange Album." It stood out from a lot of great instrumental moments on that album. "Face the Space" may be somewhat of a departure, in that it is more spacey and very atmospheric. Very good nighttime music. Soulful, aching guitar work on several pieces (especially the final cut) is my favorite aspect of this work. Bunce's synth work sounds analog, and serves as a picturesque backdrop. This is not so much a guitar tape or a synth tape, as much as it is a sonic landscape with these instruments used as the tools in its construction. Full of feeling. Subtle and somewhat subdued at once. SOUND: excellent. SEE: Tim Gilbride.

Richard Hell & the Voidoids

Fun Hunt

ROIR, 611 Broadway #411, NY, NY 10012

GAJOOB: This live tape is very energetic and raw. Well-suited presentation for Richard Hell's brand of punk rock. SOUND: good to very good.

Hermanos Guzmanos

Ducks and Covers

weird rock • 1989 • 32 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • always trade • Guzbro Tapes, 721 Fairfax Rd., Bakersfield, CA 93306

A lot of the cover songs on this tape were started as original songs for H.G., but we couldn't think of any lyrics (or couldn't agree on any) so we used some of our favorite songs (?) instead. "The Hook" is an undiscovered classic by the Candy Johnson Band. Mission of Burma's "Ballad of Johnny Burma" and the Elvis covers were worked on for maybe a couple hours total (if we spend too much time on anything, they might sound too slick— Guzmanos Law). If any of the songwriters recognize their work, we'll deny any knowledge of ever doing it. So there— Nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah. The family was sitting around the table and someone asked about the boatpeople in Fresno.... "Say, what's a H-Mong?" And someone replied: "I don't know, but it's more powerful than an A-Mong!" Ha Ha.

GAJOOB: HG has a penchant for lively rocknblues tunes with a large element of fun. The humor is obvious right from the cover. From there, nothing is safe. The bubbling guitars are always just on the verge of chaos. On the edge. SOUND: fair to very good.

Hermanos Guzmanos

The Rejects

Guzbro Tapes, 721 Fairfax Rd., Bakersfield, CA 93306

GAJOOB: Hermanos Guzmanos is one of those bands that maintain characteristic and highly identifiable sound of their own. A psychedelic wah mixed with a relaxed, sometimes lazy punk attitude. Not so concerned with quality recording as simply having fun making their music. This is fun, above all else. SOUND: fair.

John Hudak

halls

sound-environment documents • 1986 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • audiophile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360.

I don't really know too much except than John recorded these while he was still in LaJolla. Natural-sound recordings is one of the things he is into — that's why he respects CHRIS WATSON (ex-HAFLER TRIO) so much. I hope to have a C-60 of live jams done with John by year's end, now that he's back in Philadelphia.

GAJOOB: The explanation on the J-card reads: "sound derived from water rushing thru pipes and things outside." And that's exactly what you get. The things outside are very, very faint when they happen.

Humidifier

Sinus

Lubricated, c/o John King, 1086 Tulsa St., Uniondale, NY 11553 • underground guitar stuff • 1989 • 25 minutes • Bias: depends on what's laying around • \$3.00 • trade

Hmm... it was almost a year ago that we recorded this, but I'll try my best to personalize it. Up to this point, we didn't own a bass, so we recorded our first two demos using only two guitars, playing "bass" on the low E-string of one of them. This technique resulted in a very zippy-dippy sound — not much bottom. For this tape, Jim bought a bass and became the official bass player. We dug the new sound. Joe, now the official guitarist, told us he was leaving to join the Jesuit Volunteer Corp in Seattle, WA, as was leaving the band. The song, "Frosty," is about that. The decision to record "Fascination" and "Boys o' Summer" was based on the fact that Joe was leaving and I was to take over guitar. I can't solo that well, so the end of "Boys...." sort of let out our need for solos for a while. "When Trouble Comes" is about this dog, Trouble, who was very affectionate. "Santa Claus' Daughter" is not about Santa Claus or Christmas. It's about a girl who's dad always played Santa Claus for town functions. It turns out he was into molesting children. Um... that's about it, I guess.

GAJOOB: This one's alive with energy. Good songs. Catchy melodies. The vocalist is excellent and the band is exhilarating. Heartfelt rocknroll with an edge. SOUND: excellent.

Jack Hurwitz

A Thin Drone Silence

ambient • 1988 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • maybe trade • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Place, Rockville, MD 20854

Pieces created with a slow-moving feel. The intentional lack of rhythm and melody were intended to draw on a timeless, solitary feeling.

GAJOOB: A lovely, moody, soft, atmospheric release. Meandering synth textures call. Consistent throughout, never leaving its own track. Acceptance, perhaps. But not resignation. SOUND: very good.

Jack Hurwitz

Music From Distant Days
synth rock • 1985-87 • 46



minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • trade • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Place, Rockville, MD 20854.

These were pieces created before I became involved in the underground scene, and were later reviewed and remixed for release. Mostly because of the naivete and freshness as well as to document the beginnings of my work as a composer.

GAJOOB: This certainly doesn't sound like the first feeble attempts from Jack's able taping. Very thoroughly fleshed-out synth excursions, probably in the digital domain, complemented by a programmed drum machine that offsets the music to excellent effect. Hurwitz allows the forms of the melody lines to be the focus, pushing them up front, while the arrangements add space and texture. These pieces move well, if you know what I mean. SOUND: very good.

ITN

Erotic Autopsy

1989 • 45 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • trade • Ecto Tapes, 5912 NW 62nd Terr., Oklahoma City, OK 73122

This tape is from Jeff Central (ITN). He calls it a multi-collaborative work. One of the collaborations is with Ecto. It's called "Take Five" remix. The "Take Five" project will soon be released by Ecto.

GAJOOB: This surprised me. I must admit I expected something more along the barrage-of-sound, noise type thing. Instead, "Erotic Autopsy" begins pretty unimposing. Decent synth instrumentals. Nothing extraordinary. But things get twisted. Especially on side two, as noise starts filtering in, threatening to take over. But this didn't really strike me as needlessly schizophrenic. No. Whatever you want to call ITN's style, it works. SOUND: very good

Idy

Richard A. Gilling

The Furnace Room, 10556 Lincoln SE, East Canton, OH 44730

GAJOOB: Neither bad or good. Lots of influences. Sound manipulation, electronic synth excursions, percussion pieces, melody. Short pieces for the most part. More structured than most experimental stuff I get — and more varied also. The makings are here, and my interest didn't flag; but they could have let loose more than they did here. SOUND: good.

Chris Block's Illusion of Safety

Finance and Ideology

experimental • 1989 • 47 minutes, chrome • \$6.00 • Complacency, PO Box 1452, Palatine, IL 60078

Calling it Chris Block's Illusion of Safety is a joke. He only provided a few samples. I did both sides of this tape on the fly in one take (each side) using previously completed 2-track and 4-track pieces and live Mirage samples and taped dialogue. This tape was recorded for release by SJ Organization in France, and is our tenth cassette release.

GAJOOB: Well-done found-sound manipulation that has somewhat of a musical feel to it in its revolving interplay. Many tape artists are doing stuff just like this, and it rarely holds my attention for a whole tape. Neither did this, but it did often enough to make it interesting quite often. And the sound is very clear, unlike many releases that get into mud and never crawl out. This keeps moving. SOUND: excellent.

2707, North Canton, OH 44720

inch eggs developed over a period of several months last summer. It was unbearably hot here and the studio I was working in was even worse. So in an effort to cool myself off I decided to try to produce the coldest landscapes on tape. No kidding. It really didn't work too well.... after a week of solid sound torture I became ill and finished the project later that month. I hear very mixed things about this particular tape. Most hate it.... one review states "that if there were a p.a. system in hell this would be playing on it" — Ray Carmen, Pseudozine, Kent, Ohio. Ray is even a friend of mine! While Randy Grief at Swing Axe says it's the best thing I've done! It is featured in his catalog with all the others. So I have absolutely no true opinion on this release.... although bits and pieces of it haunt my memory from time to time, it is difficult to access... I feel as if this tape is best illustrated like this: it's the strange child everyone dislikes, but they miss him when he's gone.

GAJOOB: Unlike Michael Gonzales' work as Bill Jones Show, this is not eclectic in the least — preferring a strict dedication to whatever it is you want to call this. A revolving sort of pensiveness, if you will. Synthetic-based sounds kept simple. Nothing jumps out; but nothing stalls either. SOUND: fair - good.

Jaws of the Flying Carpet

Smothering Fish Drowning Birdy

A Whale of a Tale

David Bohatyretz, 6397 Glen Knolls Dr., Orleans, Ontario, K1C-2W9, CANADA

GAJOOB: Oh, wow! Basic rock instrumentation; but there is so much character to the proceedings here. Just loaded!! This band plays with a great degree of an ensemble feel, answering each other with the music. The drums leap out into your ears; but are very warm and real at the same time. Perfect. And there's an easiness to the playing, nothing really showy, but often surprising and unexpected and even daring too. Mostly instrumental, there's vocals here too — here and there.... sort of Dadaist surrealism, I guess. The music, though... shit! Get this one! SOUND: excellent.



Illusion of Safety

Jesus & Adolf

Soul Communions

1990 • 90 minutes • \$5.00 • traders write first • Dick Metcalf, HHC 19TH SUPCOM, PO Box 2879, APO SF, CA 96218

First solo stuff (keyboards only) on tape in about 5 years. Great time doing it, but I wasn't as "comfortable" on the boards as I am now. I'm interested in any reactions readers have.

GAJOOB: Low-end synth improvising implementing an homogenous tone palette. Sounds like Dick is just sitting back and having fun. Metcalf flirts with atonality often, yet this retains a certain structure at the same time. Multi-tracking provides a bouncy rhythm and playfulness. SOUND: fair - good.

inch eggs • \$5.00 • trade • Michael Gonzales, PO Box 2707, North Canton, OH 44720

Daniel Johnston

Don't Be Scared

Stress Records, 4716 Depew, Austin, TX 78751

GAJOOB: Daniel writes in his song, "Lullaby".... "She said I was a loser / But at least I was real / But being real is just a losing game." Johnston is real. You get his mother yelling at him because he's a loser, and that's all he's ever gonna be, 'cos he likes it that way and it's out of spite, etc. "Evening Stars" is simply a lovely song with a lovely melody. These are definitely raw recordings. About as raw as they get. The real pleasure is in a few songs here and there that make you remember what it is you love music for anyway. SOUND: poor to fair.

the bill jones show

sing along with the bill jones show

avant goofy • 1989 • 20 minutes, chrome • 75¢ • trade • Michael Gonzales, PO Box 2707, North Canton, OH 44720

Well, where do I start.... for beginners I make my living as a member of a travelling comedy team, on the road (it's been 6 years — yikes!) I write odd little songs and verse. Then as soon as I get home, I use a considerable bit of time and expendable cash to flesh them out. Obviously, the result is very self-indulgent. That is why I only charge the price of postage for my tapes...

GAJOOB: see review below

the bill jones show

where's ghoulardi?

lighthearted/lightheaded • 1990 • 20 minutes, chrome • 75¢ (cheap) • trade • Michael Gonzales, PO Box 2707, North Canton, OH 44720

The latest Bill Jones Show is my delve into midi. Somehow the mixture of stupid human/smart machine fits all too well. A lot of these pieces were written by the sole use of drum patterns transformed into melodies. From there I added the appropriate words. Although the album (oops!) cassette begins primitive/friendly... the rest is more than user-friendly!

GAJOOB: Michael Gonzales has the sort of familiarity you might expect of someone who's had performance experience. That comes into play here. A comic's eye for humorous insight pops up on "There's Nothing to Eat at My Parent's House," obviously, and elsewhere not so obviously. A lot of vocal manipulation via speed and modulation, but never overdone. You get a sense of different characters coming out to play. And these tapes are quite varied. Some instrumental pieces, a touch of melody surfaces. Some experimentation; and a lot of fun. I liked this. SOUND: good.

The Junk Monkeys

Soul Cakes

Metal Blade Records, 18653 Ventura Blvd. #311, Tarzana, CA 91356

GAJOOB: The guitar bites into your ears right off the bat. This is very good hard rock'n'roll done up with quite a bit of feeling. No, nothing much out of the ordinary; but it's played with much feeling. Nothing serious, just that. And that's all you really want from this kind of music. Well done. SOUND: excellent.

Keeler

Outward Signs

progressive electronic • 1988 • 47 minutes • chrome • \$8.00 • Great Orm Productions, 496A Hudson St. #D-35, NY, NY 10014

Though released in 1988, "Outward Signs" was composed and recorded July 1985 - February 1986 in my new studio, Serenity. Most of the synth work was Prophet-5, along with the monophonic Yamaha CS01, Casio MT-70, Suzuki Omnichord, and "voicemeets": vocal samples & processed voice. Two of the pieces ("Transformer" and "High

Inch Eggs

Inch Eggs

cold, isolated electronics & tapes • 1989 • 30 minutes, chrome • 75¢ • trade • Michael Gonzales, PO Box



and Dry (in the Urban Jungle)" are autobiographical, confronting loneliness and alcoholism. The first is something we all face, ultimately; the second is a demon I was able to exorcise, though many are not so lucky. "Circuitry Suite" was composed for a dance troupe and goes through a barrage of changes in its 12 1/2 minute setting. "Joy Ride" features synth wizard, Don Slepian, on acoustic 12-string, and is the only occasion to date in which I used a guest artist on any of my eight solo albums. "One For All" is what I refer to as an ensemble piece, whereby I try to sound like a band rather than an individual multi-tracking. This is a conscious and deliberate exercise I enjoy employing every now and then. "Outward Signs" was my first solo 8-track production and one of six solo albums I have recorded to date in Serenity.

GAJOOB: On listening to this, my first thought was that it's pretty cool that someone is using older synths with obvious passion. The drum programming sounds up-to-date, although it sometimes tends to intrude on my ears. Keeler plays with melodic flair and to good effect. SOUND: very good.

Colm Keenan

So You Want To Be a Big Man

1989 • 50 minutes • \$5.00 • trade • Colm Keenan, 2713 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818.

Non-technical live recording. We went into Paradise Studios (Sacramento) one day last November. The engineer was Kirk, and we recorded eleven tunes in 3-4 hours. We rehearsed twice beforehand though. JESSICA WILLIAMS was exposed for the first time in the studio to some of the tunes. I wrote all the lyrics and had melody help from ERIK KLEVEN (bass) on "I Feel Good" and Jessica on "Grey Day." This is my third published collection of songs —

GAJOOB: It definitely does not sound like stuff that was dashed-off in 3-4 hours. Keenan is an excellent songwriter. Stylistically, this is Country music; but there's an edge to the recordings that only the best Country possesses. And there's other influences to. Some rockabilly, perhaps. Lots of rocknroll tumble. And a touch of jazz, particularly on one cut that features an outstanding, breathy wood flute solo (could be keyboard-based, but it's outstanding nonetheless). Colm's vocals not only complement the material, but take it to a higher plane, pushing it. Good range, and very expressive very often. I guess the first thing I noticed about this tape was the deft guitar playing (very good slide) and the spare use of drums. This one surprised me. Professional sound quality. No cover except the handwriting telling me who it's from. SOUND: flawless.

Kneeling on Beans

self-titled

1990 • 28 minutes • \$4.00 • trade • Shattered Wig Productions, 523 E. 38th St., Baltimore, MD 21218. The KNEELING ON BEANS tape was recorded in one 12-hour session in Mike Roccos's basement employing a Teac 4-track and 7-11 Coffee and Milwaukee's Best. Pope, the keyboardist and vocalist on "Kill, Kill, Kill" played the entire session with bandaged hands from warding off the knife thrusts of a drunken priest the night before who kept calling Pop "the ghost messenger of Joe." The session ended when a policeman with a whiny, high cartoon voice banged on the basement windows and told us that he was "the music critic" and that we had to stop. We had just gotten done taping "Kill, Kill, Kill," a cover song from a Get Smart TV episode.

GAJOOB: What I like best about Kneeling on Beans (and their previous incarnation, Groovy Like a Pig) is their definite ensemble feel. The loose, doin'-it-for-the-fun-o'-it attitude remains. This

new one is more punk-ish. The saxophones are gone — replaced by Anna Oldfield's cool farfisa-ish organ. Vocal duties are shared by several people adding to the fun. This tape has the same informal attitude as their Shattered Wig Review zine. Cool. SOUND: good.

people have it. Most don't. You can just tell. This tape, above all, is a pure joy to listen to. I should know — I've listened to it enough over the past few months! The melodies here are constantly surprising and evolving throughout each song. And the production is great. Guitars bite and drums crack. This tape will definitely remain one of my

Colm Keenan
(Photo by Bob Ciucci)



LMNOP

Numbles

pop/rock • 1990 • 45 minutes, chrome • \$7.00 • possible trade • Baby Sue, PO Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031

"Numbles" is the latest in a continuing series of LMNOP cassettes. I've been making cassette compilations of my work for the last 20 years... completing a total of around 50 tapes in that time. I record, first and foremost, to entertain myself. If others who happen to hear the music are entertained, that's fine, but I'm not doing this to be signed to a label, to tour with a band, or try to sell my music to radio stations or to become famous. I feel that the traditional trappings of rock music are ridiculous.

All of the songs on "Numbles" were written within the last year, with the exception of "Inside All Right" and "Into A Wall" which were written a few years back but were never recorded. "I Don't Understand" was recorded as it was written in one take. Because I am a horrible drummer, I play drums one at a time and mix them together to come up with what sounds something like a live drummer. I do not program drum parts — everything is played by hand.

Most of my songs take about 5 minutes to an hour to write. Unlike many songwriters, I don't feel songwriting has to be a gut-wrenching, difficult and time-consuming experience. I purposely make everything I do as simple as possible so I can actually play what I write. I have no ambitions to be a "technical musician." I don't aspire to be the best vocalist, guitarist, or whatever in the world. — DON W. SEVEN

P.S. — Commercial music is SHIT. (And shit is BAD. And bad is....)

GAJOOB: To make shimmering and well-crafted pop songs while maintaining a consistent element of light-hearted energy and spirit is a gift. Some

favorites. SOUND: flawless.

LMNOP

Pony

Baby Sue, PO Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031

GAJOOB: God! This is tight. This is fun. This is catchy. This is great! It's guitar Pop the way it should be, I think. There's a vibrancy to the proceedings here, yet many of the lyrics are ultimately cynical. I would say this guy simply has his eyes open. "Suggestion For Rock Culture in the 90's" would be insightful if it wasn't so much a given that Rock Culture is dead and stinking. "The time is passed for us to imitate," he sings. A great song among many on this tape. SOUND: excellent. SEE: The Action Figures.

Labrat

Voiceprint

noise • 1990 • 46 minutes • \$4.00 • Mosh Pit Records, 1922 N. Prospect St., Colorado Springs, CO 80907; (719) 633-5752

This tape is a mix of two different recording techniques — the first side (or most of it) is 4-track stuff; the second side is all home-mixed by playing different sounds thru separate sources simultaneously and recording it on two shitty, handheld. I like the 4-track stuff better. But some of the crude stuff, namely "Gardenia" and "Hone" are pretty cool. It takes a lot more effort to listen to them tho.

GAJOOB: Explorations in static. Some voice struggles through at a few points, only to be obliterated in very short order. Personally, I didn't notice too much (if any) difference between the two sides. Both sound very good, as far as this goes. And the channel separation serves to hold your interest because it maintains a constant



change, even though this is an almost constant flux of white noise (probably from acoustic sources, processed through various effects). SOUND: fair - very good. SEE: *Roadkill*, *Moving Mantelpiece*, *Kim Kauffman*

Charles Laurel

Normal Music

folksy-art-rock • 1989 • 45 mins • chrome • \$4.00
• trades considered • Charles Laurel, 948 15th Ave., REDwood City, CA 94063

I've been home taping for 10 years now and have done a lot of experimenting. Consequently, many of my previous tapes were stretching my abilities a little too thin and trying maybe to do too many things at once, which is very valuable from an educational standpoint, but sometimes hard to listen to - so I felt like I wanted to get back to more comfortable ground and make a really competent, solid, listenable tape... hence: *Normal Music*. Of course there's still a lot of experimenting on this

tape, but it's experimenting on details such as how to record my voice more effectively and how to get my computer sequencing to sound more "human," and using interesting chord structures in a song-type format. I'd say my primary emphasis this time was on melody. I used a Fostex 8-track recorder, and IBM clone with sequencer plus software (Voyetra), Alesis and Emu drum samples, and various guitars, basses and synths.

About the songs: "Windy Hill" is a real place near Palo Alto, California. "Angel Pennies" was written for my friends who believe or hope that there are aliens in orbit ready to rescue us when we blow it here on Earth. "Sting Ray Shuffle" was the first song I ever wrote, 'bout 13 years ago, it seemed normal enough. "Only So Long" - I got hold of Eric Muhs' Alesis drum machine for a week, and WOW! "Machine" was lifted from Mata Rata's rock opera, "The King of Panama," which was about the Iran-Contra conspiracy. "Julio is Gone" - thinking about 3rd world conflict on a more personal level.

"Rice" - lots of friends and relatives getting married and I wonder why? Creatures of habit and convention are we? "Fairy Dance" - I found this melody in a book of Irish folklore and tapped it into the computer to see what it sounded like, and then made a round out of it. "Red Tail" - Margaret had a dream about me diving in to swim with the whales, one of which had a red tail. So I made the dream into song.

Margaret sings on several of the songs, and is a superbly gentle critic. Tells me when I'm off key and when things are getting too complicated.

GAJOOB: Charles Laurel combines a sort of homey approach with musical know-how. He reminds me a lot of Adrian Belew, more especially in Mata Rata than on this tape. I like the sound he gets on his strummed acoustic guitar. Interesting melodies in a rock context. This tape is enjoyable, and you don't feel guilty about it because there's some meat to the enjoyment. Somewhat too far-reaching thematically at times; but an enjoyable release nonetheless. SOUND: excellent.

Rob Lippert

Worth of it All

free-form, slightly different kinda simple rock • 1989 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • *Poison Plant*, 7 Woodsand Place, Rockville, MD 20854

This is bits and edited parts of my work through the years of 1984-86. It was compiled, arranged and tweaked by the silly Mr. Jack Hurwitz. It does not reflect my current interests or sound quality. The comedy stuff was recorded with a cassette 4-track, and all the voices and other crap was all performed by me me me me. The music was recorded in many different ways, all of which I don't really like. The performer on the music hangs on each track, suffice it to say that I did most of the track, including vocals, with maybe one other guy or gal in on string synths or something. Most of the tracks are "B" versions or out-takes that silly Jack Hurwitz (not Jewish) thought were interesting enough to use. I don't necessarily agree with anything from anybody. The photo on the cover is of my 8-track system and that's what I'm using now, but none of the poo-poo on this tape ever saw eight tracks. All in all, I don't currently like this tape, but it works as a drink coaster.

GAJOOB: As a matter of fact, it does work well as a drink coaster. While this tape is dripping with self-indulgence, it's also quite varied and contains some very good electronic music. Lippert likes to use the modulator knob on his synth solos, and there are a couple instances of hot leads here. Where this tape suffers is on Lippert's ranting vocals, and the first side is ultimately pedestrian noodling in a song format that doesn't work. A sense of humor is apparent here though. A good document of early recordings, perhaps; and you definitely get a sense of Lippert exploring several avenues of expression; maybe feeling his way around here and there. But the tape's compilation is so haphazard as to render the verdict unsure at any stopping point, but tweaks an interest in his electronic work. SOUND: fair to very good.

Lord Litter

Space Age

offbeat and space rock • 1989 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • *audiofile Tapes*, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360

I had been trading steadily with our Lord of Litter for several months, primarily because his catalogue, out of the blue, lists many of the cassettes by DAS FREIRE ORCHESTER that I needed. We both like HAWKWIND, and I had been sending him cassettes on my label by CONTEMPORARY BRITISKI SPACE ROCKERS, which he loved. He decided to record "Space Age" as a kind of tribute

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to these musics. It's unlike any of his other tapes.—CARL HOWARD.

GAJOOB: Thomas Tit plays drums, while everything else is performed and recorded by Lord Litter on this outstanding tape. Excellent guitar work, ranging from spacey, echo-laden meandering to searing and soaring leads. Mostly instrumental with a couple cuts with vocals — these being great, great songs. This is much more focused than a previous tape I heard by Litter. Perhaps the task of writing with a theme helped to make this tape so cohesive. This is progressive space rock with skill, depth and every emotion. Loved it!!!

SOUND: good - very good.

Love, Calvin

Mr. Joy

LIME, 4653rd SE, Hum, SD 57350

GAJOOB: Love, Calvin's Mr. Joy is alive with ideas. A restless creativity seems to permeate this tape, while it remains consistently well-crafted song-wise. And the twisted sense of observation makes the lyrics quite surreal and full of imagery. And it's fun. "Jeff's Legs" is musical Monty Python. "Death is a Reality" is driving, building into a feverish sort of pitch. A great tape! **SOUND:** excellent.

Lycia

Wake

\$4.00 • Orphanage, PO Box 315, Phoenix, AZ 85015

GAJOOB: Sorta a cross between electronic and gothic perhaps. I also hear some Industrial influences present. Electric guitar is the focus; and it's very well-focused at that. These guys definitely have defined a sound of their own, while occupying a musical territory that has its base in other genre's. I really don't feel like I'm doing this tape justice. It's excellent. **SOUND:** very good.

MaLLife

#18 • Winter 1989

Mike Miskowski, PO Box 17686, Phoenix, AZ 85011

GAJOOB: An excellent sampling of experimental cassette arts. Voice manipulation, poetics, electronics, percussion, noise. Miskowski's doing some important work here. **SOUND:** good.

Malok

5 North

Bangaway Productions, 1460 Cornell Rd., Atlanta, GA 30306

GAJOOB: Musique Concrete that, while done fairly well as far as this goes, just doesn't take it anywhere I haven't seen it taken before. Very plodding. The sounds do not live again in this presentation. **SOUND:** poor to fair.

Malok & Steve Maas

Panama

Malok, PO Box 41, Waukau, WI 54980

Very quick and timely — the morning of our liberation of same. Just got my stuff (primitive and simple) out and commemorated our glorious endeavor to enforce demoKracY, eh, eh. Basically was going to Madison that day, so just one track me screeching, verbal; and one track of Steve Maas doubled and mixed. Only have two regular

dual cassettes. My basic intent, I guess blah blah is to create soundscapes to drive you nuts, eh? Taping culture is an ancillary activity for me. But, onward — burn this planet.

GAJOOB: This one is also a veritable jumble of noise and found sounds tumbling around and into one another. Pretty dreadful, but not uncommon.

SOUND: fair.

Michall Mantra

Bell Born

Tranquil Technology Music, PO Box 20463, Oakland, CA 94620

GAJOOB: A digitally recorded, one-pass record-



ing of Mantra's fascination with bell-type sounds. Extremely subtle. Even atmospheric most often. Mantra's technique is admirable in that he allows space to capture the sounds while the sounds breath life into the space surrounding them. **SOUND:** excellent.

Mata Rata

Party Snappers

quirky-melodic-rocky • 1990 • 60 mins • chrome • \$5.00 • trade considered • Specific Ocean Music, c/o Charles Laurel, 948 15th Ave., Redwood City, CA 94063

Mata Rata is Eric Muhs, R. Michael Torrey, Charles Laurel and David Townley. Eric and Mike and Charlie had been working on recording projects for a year or two together and decided to make Mata Rata into a "real band." We were fortunate to find drummer David, and started doing gigs in the Santa Cruz area. These songs were recorded on Fostex 8-track at Mike's place with Eric and

Charlie producing and engineering. Mata Rata is great fun to work with. I think that because we all have our own solo projects to put our egos into and we are able to put them aside for the band and just have fun, it's a very give-and-take, easy going project; and lots of ideas get thrown around. The songs on *Party Snappers* are very arranged and thought-out, which sets this tape apart from the other, more improvised Mata Rata tapes.

GAJOOB: Some well-known tape artists come together here to form a top-notch band. The addition of a drummer really fleshes out Mata Rata's brand of rock. It's fun to witness the arrangements unfold. A lot of depth, Muhs' guitar work is exceptional and alive.

My favorite cuts are the one's putting music to Dr. Seuss' lyrical stories. **SOUND:** excellent. SEE: *The Bud Collins Trio*.

Mata Rata

Comet Kansas

Invisible Music Co., 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003

GAJOOB: While this is every bit as good as *Party Snappers* musically the whole just didn't come together for me as well. Lots of interesting approaches and ideas are in great evidence though in this conceptual tape. A definite plus is the feeling that they are exploring and testing themselves. **SOUND:** very good.

Mea Culpa

Worm Dance

electronic improvisation • 1989 • 90 minutes • \$4.00 • trade • Walter Wright, 911 Main St., Indianapolis, IN 46220-1714

Billy and David started playing together 15 years ago. Billy dropped out of Catholic High School. He got married. He moved to NJ. David and I started playing together several years later. Then in 1989 we re-grouped in Indianapolis. David set up a studio at his house just off Interstate 65, next to the Hoosier Pride Truckstop. We record there once, sometimes twice a week.

Mea Culpa is Billy's band because it's Billy's angst that comes thru. All our recording sessions are improvisations, performances in the studio. This particular evening, Billy's guitar went to confession. It's not my fault, I wasn't there, I wasn't alive, etc. Actually, the tape is sort of a dance, as we were leaving the studio thru the garage, we noticed that hundreds of worms had wriggled under the garage door and were making their way towards the studio — thus the name, "Worm Dance."

Bill likes this tape but I think it's a little monotonous (side 2 less so, it's the better side, listen to it first). I prefer the second Mea Culpa release, "Kneel and Buzz," dedicated to hallucinogens and astronauts.

DAVID COOK, casios; BILLY ROMANOWSKI, guitar; WALTER WRIGHT, Mi-



rage.—WW.

GAJOOB: This is sorta monotonous, but I think "subdued" is a better word. Mostly keyboard-oriented with rather homogenous tonal quality; yet this nevertheless contains nice improvisational interplay, however downplayed that may be. SOUND: good.

Mea Culpa

Kneel and Buzz

Walter Wright, 911 Main St., Indianapolis, IN 46220-1714

As noted, I like this second release, it's much darker and oppressive. More of Billy's angst coming thru. At the moment, the dubbing is all reel time to Type I cassettes with Dolby C NR. Art is a gift to share!—WW.

GAJOOB: Much more symphonic (although still retaining their improvisational approach) than *Worm Dance*. This works best when guitarist Billy Romanowski works his instrument into a feverish, breathing wall of feedback that envelops the music. Humming underpinnings are employed very well at times. This is never stagnant, and often very intense. Sometimes they lay back, building your anticipation, then whip into something different and equally charged with tension. Highly recommended. SOUND: very good.

Scatman Meredith

Way of Life

Scatman Meredith, PO Box 444, Rockland, DE 19732

This is an eight-song demo of my folk songs recorded at a local studio here in Delaware. It was recorded during a period of limbo when I was unsure about whether my band THE ACTION FIGURES would fold. Since the tape was recorded, I have set out to form a new band more reflecting my folk style of songwriting. My influences are the Beatles, Dylan, Roy Harper, Bruce Cockburn and Bob Mould among others.

GAJOOB: Meredith wields his influences in a consistently appealing manner. His lyrics are heartfelt, full of conviction and hope for a better world, and somewhat spiritual in a profoundly personal way. He also has a knack for hooks and melody. There's some power here, mixed with much subtlety. And wonderful arrangements that give these songs a lot of life. His "See the World Thru My Eyes" has received a lot of praise from people who have commented on the Gajoobilation tape. Recommended. SOUND: excellent.

Doug Michael & the Outer Darkness self-titled

power jazz-rock • 1989 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360.

although the recording quality of these tracks is a little raw, the band (just a power trio, no vox) burns. I didn't solicit Doug first — his demo hit me, and I put it on and the inner VU meters rocked to YES!! Now, due to the efforts of myself and CHRIS PHINNEY of Harsh Reality, Doug's work is much more known around the network. New from his is the c-60 by his band OUTLET, with guitar, keyboards, drums and saxes.—CARL HOWARD.

GAJOOB: Kirk Familaro's liquid bass lines sweep and bubble out with the crackle-pop of Tom Weneel's drums clearing a path for Michael's soulful and edgy lead guitar. The playing is

together and apart at the same time. Equals wonder. Equals worn-out rewind and play buttons. This whole tape's a shimmering, near-flawless blend of three people and good music.

Jazz. Three-piece. Suit up just to dress down and get good and sweaty. SOUND: very good - excellent.

The Miracle

Dingsters at the Break of Doing

free improvisation • 1989 • 60 minutes • \$4.00 • trade • Little Fyodor, PO Box 973, Boulder, CO 80306

The Miracle was born in an abandoned schoolhouse in the Summer of '85. Leo and Jeanne were granted free space for their live-in trailer in exchange for being "caretakers" of the schoolhouse, which amounted to little other than keeping bums from sleeping there. Their friend George needed a place in a pinch, so he set up a tent and lived out of that until he got his own trailer, and the three of them were living on the grounds of this abandoned schoolhouse. George set up his piano in the schoolhouse, and Leo dragged in his assortment of unusual instruments — talking drum, Indian drums, whistles, wooden marimba, golf ball in jar, oil cans, saxophone, etc. — on which he'd been jamming passionately for years. They invited over friends and went WILD!! I recorded over 20 hours of wild, totally free improvisation that Summer, and of COURSE I missed the very best stuff! Oh, yeah, I used a ghetto blaster with an external mic — there was no electricity so that was the only way. And the music was all acoustic, too! One friend said it sounded like new age EINSTURZNE NEUBAUTEN!! I think that's cause all the banging and crashing hadda evoke the image of "industrial music," but the feel was very different, which isn't surprising since very few of the participants ever listened to real industrial stuff, but rather to jazz, blues and rock, for the most part. Not even to new age! Though from the likes of John Coltrane they may have been influenced by some of the same influences as new age. (It's healthier to get your influences closer to the source, methinks....) anyway, four C90's were released from schoolhouse sessions on the Walls of Genius label. Then the schoolhouse got demolished for a highway, Leo and Jeanne moved to Massachusetts, and Walls of Genius discontinued operations, all by the Spring of '86. But when Leo and Jeanne moved back to Colorado in Spring of '88, I suggested to them that we reincarnate the Miracle, but this time in a professional studio, where if we all paid 10 dollars, we could jam for 1/2 as many hours as people and get primo sound quality from having a super good time. I also suggested that we keep it all acoustic, just like it was at the schoolhouse. The time we did the Miracle elsewhere with electricity, it just never seemed quite the same to me, even though I play electric guitar and even synthesizer in my own music, so it's not like I'm all against electric instruments (although I do admit a soft spot for "purity" and "basics"). Ed had a pick-up on his acoustic guitar going through his amplifier, but otherwise all the sound sources were all acoustic — no electricity until the sound reached the microphones! We also requested that the louder horns lay off at the start to give the quieter sounds (the forte of The Miracle in my opinion) a chance to be heard before mayhem squeezed them out. Ten people participated, even George, who had since married a woman who hates Leo and Jeanne (artistic bohemians to the max, without "trying" to be). George hasn't made any subsequent studio sessions as he's been preoccupied fixing up his house and taking care of his kid. And of course his wife's sentiments don't help! Another of the participants was MILES WHITE, an accomplished jazz trumpeter, who moved out of town shortly afterward. He was blasting on his horn and everyone was jamming out before the tape started rolling; I kinda shut it all down to try to get the quiet beginning I was hoping

for. One review likened this music to the clashing of "two jungles, one vegetative and one concrete," which I like cause the spontaneity and freedom lends the music an organic-ness (at the risk of sounding corny) that mirrors the teeming of life itself. And it's the life on Times Square as well as in an Amazonian thunderstorm thanks to the lack of the kinds of ideological confines that erect such a wall between the new age and industrial genres. The Miracle bangs not out of anger or hate, but in celebration and exuberance! While all the players have rich musical backgrounds, none but Miles and Ed were playing instruments they were schooled in or accomplished on, allowing a child-like naivete to shine through. The beginning of this tape was the very beginning of the entire session (after the tape started rolling). Listen carefully and you can hear people talking. The Miracle is so un-serious that it hardly differs from a party — but with such heart and soul and passion! Many improvisers I hear are so careful and lacking in energy that I think they're just improvising cause they're too lazy to write it down and arrange it. Other improvisers put all but the hardest listeners' hairs on end! The Miracle's thorough lack of rules makes it weird to most, but still very listenable to those with open minds — and ears!!! —LITTLE FYODOR.

The Miracle

Jammus Interruptus

Little Fyodor, PO Box 973, Boulder, CO 80306

The second Miracle studio session didn't have such a good turnout. Only five of us showed up. A sixth person joined part way into the session. That was PETER TONKS, who puts out underground tapes as COWTOWN. I invited him cause I knew Evan wouldn't be there, and the two don't get along. He came originally just to watch, but couldn't resist joining in, a very common reaction, so much so that unwanted guests invariably make a nuisance of themselves at public Miracle performances, sometimes even breaking some of the more delicate, homemade instruments in the infectious frenzy. Another problem the Miracle encounters even for studio sessions as a result of the mind blowing fun that The Miracle creates is difficulty in keeping the number of participants down. This is also a result of the Miracle's greatest assets also being its greatest shortcoming: freedom and lack of discipline. How do you say no to a friend who wants to join in all the fun? Anyway, this is a rare example of a small Miracle session. The result is greater clarity for the individual instruments rather than the massive combination of sounds on "Dingsters." Another result is quiet moments that alternate with the mania for a degree of drama that is difficult to attain with larger numbers of musicians, especially crazed Miracleites! Ed brought his electric guitar this time, displaying his traditional psychedelic background as well as his ability at adventurous exploration. The studio's piano has a stronger voice on this side of music as well. And Leo's poetry, too. I think the long piece has the feeling of crashing down in a cosmic waterfall, only to be reborn as...? In fact, I think the whole side has a very watery feel, kinda corny at times, but the casual air of impromptu fun and the glimmering, pristine gleam make it worthwhile indeed.

Leo and Jeanne currently live in a mountain town called Nederland (up at 7800 feet!) where they spend most of their free time doing art of one sort or another. Leo has done over 100 journals filled with prose and drawings done with pencil, pen or magic marker. Each copy of the Dingsters/Jammus tape comes with a hand-penned sample of Leo's "non-objective" style on the cassette label. Jeanne's specialty is weaving, and several of the Miracle jammers wear the colorful clothing she makes on her loom. Another of the usuals, JOE

KETOLA, lives even further into the mountains in a town called Eldora, at the foot of trails leading up to 12 thousand foot peaks—LITTLE FYODOR. GAJOOB: Any further comments I would add would truly be superfluous, as Fyodor states the case well in his comments above. I would stress, however, that this tape really sounds excellent. And however cacophonous the instrumental action becomes at times, this clarity remains to capture each instrument very well. A must for lovers of improvised percussion — which is really the focus of these two pieces (both of which were on the same tape I received so they may actually comprise one tape). Little Fyodor also oversees two radio shows you may wish to indulge with your tapes. SOUND: excellent. SEE: Clocks.

Mike Miskowski

360° Bulbnoy Strainer

1990 • 45 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • Spiral Cassette, PO Box 17686, Phoenix, AZ 85011
19 noise collages digitized on a Mac+ and mastered and dubbed in real time on cheap home studio recording equipment with the anti-dolby® noise enhancement system.

GAJOOB: Yet another artistic entry of voice/phrase manipulation. Speed manipulation, loops blended together. This works better than most because the loops are not endless quasi-dirges, but are altered in subtle ways throughout. SOUND: very good.

Mother Tongue

self-titled

Mother Tongue, 684 Corben Ave., San Francisco, CA 94114

GAJOOB: Mother Tongue splits time between a few differing styles on this self-titled tape. First, you have the rather minimalist synth lines of several of the cuts on the first side, broken up by the wild abandon of "Plate Stock," with its searing guitar stroking, cutting deep and sharp. Excellent cut. "Hurricane Clip," explores this as well, although not as effectively, while "Fast Forward Fugue" changes the pace with an outstanding bass and drum groove around and under which some spacey synth chords float and meander. "Shining in Rincon," I think, brings the best this band offers to the fore with its effective guitar riff and soaring leads. Very good. "House of Caulk" explores more melody and intersperses a fist-clenching power chord anthem "chorus" at various points. My favorite. SOUND: good - very good.

Mothman & Headspace

Thing

Robert Bunce, PO Box 13792, Rochester, NY 14613 • rock/improv

GAJOOB: Mothman is John Bartles. Headspace is Robert Bunce. Bartles' improvisation vocal style works very well with Bunce's instrumentation. On this tape, Bartles uses voice characterizations to good effect. His omnipresent cumudgeon is here, along with a Russian-type, a nerd-type and what sounds like his natural voice. The variety helps to break things up. But Bunce's instrumentation is nothing to nod off on either. Employing synths and guitar, the latter of which is exceptional. Almost spacey. Great use of multiple tracking and tasteful lead lines. The pieces which feature guitar prominently are my favorites. An alternate version of "Big Orange Nightmare," adds improvisation vocals at the end. Bartles once again shows he's a master at humor and insight. SOUND: very good.

Moving Mantelpiece

The Burning Electronics/Drink From the Fountain — In Honor of Ayn Rand

new age savage! • 1988-90 • 90 minutes • \$6.00 • Moving Mantelpiece Productions, c/o Kyle Murray, 3307 Hampton, Austin, TX 78705

"The Burning Electronics" is a spontaneous, unrehearsed 45 minute live, in my studio, set with two people. Everything went straight into the P.A. board and then through a mixer, straight into the cassette. The lyrics are from my poetry, or just off the top of my and Darel's brain, or extracted from books lying around my house. I play the synthesizers and sing lead. Darel—the falsetto King—Jones plays the wicked guitar, and sings the siren backups. "In Honor of Ayn Rand—Drink From the Fountain" is also a live, spontaneously produced tape. The narrative is the courtroom speech from the Ayn Rand novel "The Fountainhead" where the main character, architect, Howard Roark, speaks in his own defense without council, and is acquitted for blowing up his own building, after it had been altered without his permission. I did this piece two years ago, before I had more equipment. It was recorded left and right, straight into a tape deck. The space music at the end is from my tape, "Moving Mantelpiece Plays Dead on Halloween '88."

GAJOOB: This tape employs an impressive array of interesting sonic experimentation from voice alteration and synth electronics. At times harsh and at times subdued. On "Drink From the Fountain" text from *The Fountainhead* is read and digitally manipulated on one channel, while simple synth tones are improvised on the other. Many people write the late Ms. Rand's philosophy off as too dogmatic. I believe the majestic tone of her writing requires it, to a large extent; but this recording conveys none of her emotional content. The first line in *The Fountainhead* reads, "Howard Roark laughed." The side of this tape dedicated to Ayn Rand rarely even cracks a smile. SOUND: poor to fair.

Eric Muhs

The Salad Days

rock/improv • 1989 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • Invisible Music Co., 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003

A collection of unreleased recordings from Seattle days, featuring the bands, AUDIO LETTER (Sharon Gannor, Sue Anne Harkey), STUDENT NURSE, VXT, FLAVOR PEOPLE. Lots of variety in recording methods, styles.

GAJOOB: What we got here are various band incarnations (incantations?) that Eric Muhs has been involved with over the past decade. Mighty impressive breadth of styles, ranging from fairly straightforward rock to experimental and noise. VXT's "Six Foot Hole" is very good. This is definitely not an excuse to ego trip. A lot of worthwhile music and interesting work is being done here. SOUND: good - excellent.

Eric Muhs

Swooploop

electronic • 1987 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • Invisible Music, c/o Eric Muhs, 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003

Second in a series of tapes documenting the development of my 4-track tape-loop system. Most of the tape was recorded "live" to 2-track, either in performance or in my studio. All numbers are improvised. Other tapes include: "Ring of Tape" (1st) and "Electric Zebra" (3rd).

GAJOOB: Parts of this work for me, and parts don't. I figure if you're going to present a tape that's documenting a new apparatus, then the apparatus should give my ears something it hasn't heard via other apparatus. Muhs' tape loop system is interesting, but as simply a listening experience, it's nothing different. Eric employs nice blending

of various sound sources at times. I think the guitar works well in this medium. SOUND: good.

Eric Muhs & Friends

NorthbyNorthwest

acoustic/improv • 1986 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • Invisible Music, c/o Eric Muhs, 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003

This was mostly recorded in Robert Hinrich's living room in Seattle during a one-week trip. Another tape, "Flavor People Go There," emerged from the same sessions. More of a documentation than an actual album, really.

GAJOOB: About half of this is made up of acoustic guitar/vocal songs. One sung in Spanish. Robert Hinrich (?) is the focus point on these pieces. His guitar playing is nice and tasteful, while his voice is decent enough, but rather plain. The other half of the tape (these two "styles" are interspersed well throughout the tape, incidentally) is tonal mood music, sort of in Muhs' tape-loop vein, touching on atmospheric wooshes, percussion and harmonic delay lines. Among other things. This tape is a documentation of friends recording together, but is dedicated to a man who was murdered by the Contras. The mood of this tape is similarly unfocused. Good moments though. SOUND: fair to good.

New Aged

The Voice Throughout the World

C.O.N. Artists, c/o Phil Franklin, 33A Bow St. #1, Somerville, MA 02143

GAJOOB: This is mainly the work of Phil Franklin, formerly of EGG, and some of their style peaks through now and then in Phil's short acoustic guitar-backed and somewhat warped songs. There's all sorts of stuff here. Experimental pieces and simple songs. I get the sense that Phil is having fun here; and, at the same time, there's a lot of creativity to be heard around every new comer this tape takes you into. The tape cover is a work of art unto itself: hand-painted; and my copy was recorded on what was a Christian Science Shortwave Radio Sampler tape. SOUND: fair - very good.

M. Nomized

Sample 3

IRRE Tapes, Barendellstrasse 35, 6795 Kindsbach, W GERMANY

GAJOOB: M. Nomized plays synthesizers, loops, rhythms, tapes and voice on this curious tape. While you may have certainly heard something similar to of this before, such as one piece which contains the cries of a woman in sexual ecstasy, there is a personality here which rises above it. Some interesting uses of voice are utilized. The synthesizers have a toy-ish quality mostly that, nevertheless, is done very well. Quite musical even while exploring concrete sound constructions. SOUND: good.

ordure

Ass Pumping Fury/Redeye

send blank or whatever cash you can afford • trade • Ordure, PO Box 801, Kingston, NH 03848

Redeye was conceived w/o instrumentation and recorded in less than 10 minutes in 2 takes at a 16-track studio w/ a redneck engineer who had never recorded anything but country. Band members currently reincarnated as: Fresh A: vocals, minister of defenestration, Tabouli: music?, mindmixmaster. Formerly Fresh A & Danaretic of THE REX HAVOC ARMY and Adrian Moron & Danaretic of CANDYSTRIPER DEATH



ORGY. Our music? Is both experimental and accidental. Are into: intellectual growth/advancement through mechanical/electronic means, suburban terrorism, 69¢ tacos, harassing private school students, erection therapy and enlightenment through deforestation. Please send Taco Bell certificates, money, stamps, blank tapes, cathartic confessions (on audio tape). We are willing to trade complete collection of New Kids on the Block home addresses to anyone who really hates them.

GAJOOB: Interesting quasi-improvisational, quasi-song-oriented pieces. Two of them, I think. Sort of a gurgling, warming-up broken up by something that approaches song-structure. Hard to explain. Short and informal. Came with no cover. SOUND: good - very good.

Other People's Children

That Sound

\$6 • Ermine Music, 61-A Franklin St., Ermine, NY 11518

GAJOOB: Great ensemble energy makes this tape come alive. An interesting aspect of OPC is their use of African-type percussion in tandem with acoustic guitars and mandolin. An excellent combination, I might add. The group vocals work to give you the impression of people playing together and really getting into it. The best parts of this tape are when the guitars work up a sweat and bounce off the percussion. SOUND: good to excellent.

Pantaloons Cinema

Devastating Dream Soundtrack

noise/music • 1990 • 60 minutes • \$4.00 • trade • Experimental Audio Directions, PO Box 3112, Florence, AL 35630

I suggested to a friend, Barry Powell, that he come up with something for my tape label, something experimental. He sent me 30-45 minutes of guitar noise and other sounds—that's side one. Side two—I used some samples taken from side one and some other free jams I'd recorded—interspersed this with bits of conversation recorded over the years at parties—including monologue by the "Kingsnake" of his trip to the hospital after he began to vomit blood.—JAKE BERRY

GAJOOB: Engaging electronic experimentation. Humming feedback, atonal guitar, percussion, various other sound sources and documents. A nice mixture. SOUND: good.

Alda Pavletich & Norma Tanega

Ways Away

1990 • chrome • \$10.00 • Addictive Audio, c/o Norma Tanega, 4111 Mt. Baldy Rd., Claremont, CA 91711

"Photographs of You"—did you ever notice how people keep pictures around their desks, or in their truck cab or wherever they happen to work—maybe it sticks in my mind because I make part of my living by taking pictures—but whenever I see somebody's snapshots I have a look at them; good pictures, fuzzy ones, some you can barely make out what's happening; but they have a terrific meaning to the person that's put them there. This is a statement about their lives; they do this for a living, but what they really have in their hearts is what is on those pictures. So I conjured up these people who work their day jobs—that warm blush

feeling you get when you're performing your daily tasks, and you remember being somewhere with someone you love. You taste it all again, you see the colors and hear the sounds. Your

feel the breeze. Norma's music was beautiful and evocative here. You can see the grass waving. "The Big One"—I wrote this long before the October San Francisco quake of '89. In California, you're always talking about earthquakes; what you were doing during the last one, when's the next one going to happen. I remember the one where powerlines were snapping together, making dark blue electric arcs in the dawn sky, and all the birds flew up from the trees at once. But what made me write "The Big One" was a woman who said she was afraid that when it happened, the Hispanic people would break into her house to take her food. I told her, "I'm an Hispanic person! And... what cha got in the fridge?"

"Prison" is about the jails we all keep ourselves in. "Last Request"—quit smoking yet? When they would execute people they would usually offer them a blindfold and a cigarette. Nice custom—like the last supper. I had in mind that Goya painting—this crowd of people being shot, and one man throwing up his arms in terror. I sometimes think that if my family had stayed in Argentina, one of us could very well be in some mass dump of dead bodies in a hole somewhere out in the pampas.

"Fur Elise" is about loving someone who's unavailable—no love there for you, sorry—you picked someone whose heart is already taken by someone or something else; or who perhaps is incapable of the feeling towards you that you would wish. People beyond your call; and it's also about attempting, or considering, suicide. Here's Elise, and Peter. He's a successful lawyer with nothing that he cares about. Back when he was a young soldier stationed at the Berlin Wall, Elise was in love with him, and he told her he loved her—not true, but enough to keep her going. Now he's thinking of offing himself. We didn't use the Beethoven "Fur Elise" here, but a lovely "Elise" theme that Norma wrote.

"Los Angeles"—it's where I live. I like it. Norma's music here is lush, gorgeous stuff.

"Extra Extra"—Here's a tribute to the people who maintain the First Amendment. Really, you have no choice but to fight for the truth; what else do you have? Also, there's a special relationship between an editor and a writer, a love form.

"Diva"—I heard that people waited on line to get tickets to see Maria Callas for four days, sacked out in front of the Metropolitan Opera. Are you listening, Diamanda Galas? Well, Callas was not one of my favorite singers, because she had this pulsation in her voice that drove me nuts, but I saw a film clip of her doing Tosca. The scene where Scarpia is about to go through with his evil deal to screw her in exchange for setting her lover free. He's prepared a lovely candlelit dinner—then Tosca sees the knife on the table—La Divina does this incredible take on that knife, as if her eyes were magnets; then turns around and stabs him in the heart... you can hear the audience going "Brav! Brav!" I mention Lucia di Lammermoor, but we put a snip of Puccini's "Un bel di" at the beginning.

"Ways Away" is the title song because everything in the entire recording is built around the theme of getting away from where you are, be it in physical place, in time, or getting away from yourself. Even the one about the earthquake is about getting away, because nothing works to jog you out of your daily rut more effectively than a disaster—then you get what Freud called "Schadenfreude"; that joy you feel when everything goes to hell—under force majeure situations you are free, and that makes you happy in spite of certain losses. People like this one because there's a lovely Yugoslav song on the second track weaving through the recitation. My mother taught it to me. "TV"—I was given an obsidian ring as a gift, and

I wanted to find a rhyme for "obsidian." A TV makes a great night light.

"Highway"—Sometimes in Los Angeles you get stuck in traffic—there's something to look at, and everybody's slowing down to rubberneck; the traffic radio people call it "spectator slowing" you'd like to floor it and get the hell out of there.

"Captain's Log"—They found the Bismarck at the bottom of the ocean; it sank in World War II with thousands of sailors aboard, of whom nothing is left but their boots on the decks, on the ocean floor. Marine creatures have eaten everything else. So here's for the hands aboard, and those on the Titanic, for Sir Patrick Spens, brave sailors a' down in Davy Jones' Locker. We put short-wave type color changes in the Morse code—like trying to tune in the BBC in Europe, and get ni ni ni, nuh nuh, nah nah.

"First Line of a Mystery"—Tribute to the hardboiled genre—for this one you picture the narrator in a borsalino and raincoat. This is a film noir type story with a bow to Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett. Since I'm an American writer, I cleave to the romantic, rather than the British logical style for this genre, invented by Edgar Allan Poe. Gimme some lonely footsteps on the wet sidewalk, Norma. Can you see the sparkles in the concrete—do they have them where you live? I judge a city by the look of the sidewalks.

"Picasso"—Did you ever go home with somebody and when you got there you were washed over with a realization that you and this person have very little to say to each other—as soon as you see what their home is like. Like the day I interviewed an Olympic swimmer—what a different life this person has had than mine, I thought. There was a Picasso on the wall. Not my favorite artist.

"Testaments"—Jews n' Catholics: here's where the twain meet. Check out the melody Norma wrote for this one. I'm not sure anybody's written about how Catholics love Jews.

"Blue" is a keen for having lost people I've loved. I can't accept their death, because they're a part of my life. Their presence is imbued in the places I go. A lot of people have been losing family, lovers and friends lately, it seems; maybe this long wail may help someone else weep. If that's a comfort.

GAJOOB: Pavletich covers a lot of ground here. Ways Away reveals an artist whose eyes are open. And she manages to open your eyes in the process. Details come alive under her deft hand. She also seems to be warming up to the recording medium, as this release seems more natural than Saturday Dancer. Norma Tanega's synthesizer arrangements rarely step outside of providing a good backdrop for Pavletich's poetic performances—which is as it should be, in this case. SOUND: excellent.

Blair Petrie

Requested Music

CLAS, PO Box 86010, N. Vancouver, B.C., V7L 4J5, CANADA

GAJOOB: Petrie's branching out a little on this one. But his forte, in my opinion, is song-based, so the instrumentals that comprise the majority of this tape come across half-complete. They're not bad, but that translates, ultimately, as pretty boring. No strong melodies and nothing much to drench your ears in, sonically. Petrie's synth textures here (as well as on his more song-based releases) are decidedly narrow in their range. SOUND: good.

Blair Petrie

The Meaning of Love

CLAS, PO Box 86010, N. Vancouver, B.C., V7L 4J5, CANADA

GAJOOB: Blair Petrie can let loose some emo-

tional stuff when he wants too. And we wants to, here. "The Meaning of Love" serves as a sort of cycle around the various states of such. Searching and longing. Even quite powerful at times. And moving. The use of acoustic guitars is especially effective on one cut, as it serves to break up the arrangements (standard synth fare) a bit, which tend toward monotony, although Petrie is very good at carrying the focus of the proceedings with his plaintive, emotional voice. SOUND: very good.

Plastic Eye Miracle

Euphoric Voyeurs

Ed Wood's Living Room

techno-beatnik • 1988-89 • 30 minutes, chrome • 75¢ • trade • Michael Gonzales, PO Box 2707, North Canton, OH 44720

plastic eye miracle are myself (michael gonzales), doug wofsey and several guests. this is the music in which i channel my more serious efforts into (the bill jones idea came about due to the fact that some of the stuff i've written is just too weird/silly). the basis of not only taking all breeds of musics and playing with them, but also desiring the effect of unignorability without repelling... what i call "subversive normalcy."

GAJOOB: Plastic Eye Miracle is one of my newly favorite tape artists. I particularly like Wofsey and Gonzales' eclecticism, which they employ in order to make the songs more lively, entertaining, experimental, etc. *Euphoric Voyeurs* is the better of these two tapes. One thing that gives PEM added dimension is their use of vocal processing. The effects are obvious, yet, not heavy-handed. And the selections on both tapes are quite diverse in their numerous approaches and instrumentation. Mostly synth-oriented, but guitars and sax are employed very effectively at times. Very appealing, and challenging too. I like that. Highly recommended. SOUND: good - very good.

Plastic Eye Miracle/the bill jones show

Tunnel o' Spirits/Where's Ghoulardi?

techno-beatnick/avant-goofy • 1990 • 60 minutes, chrome • Violet Glass Oracle, 5546 Harvest Ln. #B, Toledo, OH 43623

After sending out loads of my tapes to anyone who could be remotely interested, Greg at VGO gave me a pat on the back and asked me to put together a release for him. I had just finished work on "Where's Ghoulardi," and used that tape (which this one replaces) as a springboard. I found odd little unfinished pieces and spent a highly productive week adding in extra minutes (which I think is the best) to complete the bill jones side. The Plastic Eye side came about 3 ways: 1) putting new songs together with Doug; 2) having leftovers "too serious" for bill jones show and 3) finding some odd live stuff from our only live gig. This tape was a sheer delight to produce. Greg seems to like it.

GAJOOB: PEM has a distinctive sound. They're fun to listen to because they take chances, yet remain consistently musical. That is appealing to me. This tape would be an excellent place to start collecting their tapes. While stepping over pre-conceived boundaries they seem to be challenging themselves. SOUND: good - very good.

PLATE

We're Name is Plate

g slop opera • 1989 • 35 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • trade • Damian Samuel, 239-S Lauren St, Richmond, VA 23220

The "We're Name is..." cassette was recorded mostly on a 16-track to 1/4 inch, except the two tracks, "Imagine This Guy" and "Leverage of Nolan," which were both done on a 4-track then mixed on 1/4 inch. When it came to additional sounds we

experimented with a few things. A can of shaving cream through a Midiverb was as satisfying as watching the old Gillette girl in those 70's football shaving commercials. We used many fun, small objects, penny whistles, kazooos, etc... On "Island" some of the backup vocals were sung through one end of a detached vacuum hose, while the other end whisked in circles around the mic. I think we were trying to make somebody dizzy. Another neat effect for a guitar sound was on one track miking the amp, then on another track (same time) we put a microphone inside a baby grand piano that was on the other side of the studio, then we blended the two tracks for that sound. The title of the tape was unconsciously blurted out by our singer LUNCH in alive show in D.C. which we discovered later!

GAJOOB: This tape works on numerous levels. There's a seemingly high attention paid here to recording details. The energy level is sweeping, with very broad strokes. Plate can jump into a frenzied pace at a drop of the proverbial hat — and often do. There's a certain relaxed confidence that's revealed by that. They also employ different musical genre's (from R&B to punk) more as effect and to play against each other. And this tape is very playful, while being a bit obnoxious in an exciting way. Highly recommended. SOUND: flawless.

Poetry Devils

self-titled

high-low art rock poetry grunge • 1989 • 45 minutes, chrome • \$6.00 • trade • Robert Winson, 626 Kathryn Ave., Santa Fe, NM 87501

I met Brian through the *Village Voice*. Robert Christgau reviewed a 12" single by Roky Erickson and the label's address was a PO box in Santa Fe. I wrote, explaining that I was freelancing for the local paper, and received this huge package, with LP's, singles, hand-colored cassettes, buttons, smudgy photos of gigs, and a long letter written in magic marker

on legal paper. We played records and smoked dope the first time around; I had to interview him twice.

After the article came out, Brian suggested that Miriam and I come do some poems to music — he had an 8-track Fostex reel deck, a tiny studio, and pieces on tape where he'd written most of the parts, occasionally inviting someone to add some violin, sax, keys, or guitar. He thought the way I read was kind of boring, "like a poet." I thought the music was going by too fast, he wasn't giving me a chance to get used to it, and, like a poet, I wasn't sure what to do with the microphone.

Brian suggested that I, "think Beefheart. Think David Thomas. Try it again a little louder. Louder." He plied me with wine and dope. I bellowed. It sounded OK.

First time we played live was at a wedding. Miriam and I were bopping around on the fringes of the crowd; Brian's band 27 DEVILS JOKING were playing, and they gestured me up. I closed my eyes and chanted the lyrics hard, as if it were a Zen service, yelling on one long breath. I opened my

eyes and people were dancing. I closed my eyes. During Christmas dinner Brian disappeared with everybody's children. We found them in the livingroom organized into a band: Brian played drums, the kids were playing ukulele, plastic saxes, toy piano, and wailing together in an Arabic sort of way. It sounded good.

We did very small gigs every few months for the next four years. The band did a limp-across-Texas tour and went with to scream some poems. We played at the library, galleries, cafes, at a poetry festival; Miriam's and my turf, where some of the audience had never heard feedback before. Brian played with his shades on, facing the wall. I joined 27 Devils at the college, in bars, in rehearsal. Traded the use of my jeep for some studio time, and recorded some more, with the full band. A guy came up to me in the studio and quoted a lyric of mine. I didn't recognize it, I thought he was crazy.

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CHARNEL HOUSE PRODUCTIONS

P.O. Box 170277

San Francisco, CA 94117-0277

Some of the pieces we'd recorded on the Fostex we took to a professional studio and remixed; they don't sound too bad, and it's much cheaper that way.

Poetry Devils played live on the radio last week, without rehearsal, and stomped all over the place. I think if we continue to do one or two things a year 'til we're ancient geezers we'll really have something.

GAJOOB: A perfect meeting of hard edged rock with a very strong backbeat (great performances by Brian S. Curley here) and the poetry of Robert Winson and Miriam Sagan. This takes a lot of chances with youthful rebellion intact. This is really a melding of the two forms of expression, rather than each existing separately — music providing a mere backdrop for the poetry to wander over. The two are one here, and that's exactly why it works. Emotions ranging from growling



rants to reminiscent introspection are all done exceptionally well. Highly recommended. SOUND: excellent.

RRR - AMK

Montage

RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852

Side 1 is a document of the AMK-Montage anti-flexi released by RRRecords. Each track on this side is 1 full anti-flexi played by itself on my home stereo. Side 2 are the flexi's being played on the RRRecords by Due Process, and used as the building block for improvisation and collage.

GAJOOB: This one's hard to describe. Sounds like very short snippets of sound, that when put together, flow and gel like a song, sort of. There is still a very certain off-kilter vibe here; and this wore on me. But it was interesting, nonetheless. SOUND: very good.

Rattus Rexx

Hysterics

underground pop music • 1989 • 20 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 U.S. • *Weed Music*, c/o Winifried, Breitenbend 34, 5160 Duren 16, W GERMANY

Recorded on a Yamaha MT1X 4-track recorder in my living room, together with my wife, Gaby, and a friend who plays bass on some tracks. Used instruments: Fender Telecaster, Fender Precision Bass, Casio SK1, Yamaha RX 21 Drumcomputer. Music and lyrics by RATTUS REXX; Winnie Pickart—vocals, guitar, bass, casio, drum computer programs; Gaby (Tiger) Pickart—vocals; Günter Gonder—bass.

GAJOOB: Winnie and Gaby's voices mesh well in an X-ish sort of way.

Gaby's voice breaks through the mix unadorned. Certainly, Rattus Rexx plumbs the pop mode, stylistically, yet there's a certain freshness here that makes these tunes alive. Electric guitar is arranged nicely with the low end synths. SOUND: very good

Christy Rosten

Child Again

easy listening • 1988-90

• 40 minutes • \$8.00 •

Elation Records, 322 Berkshire Lane, Stockton, CA 95207

8-track Fostex — 12-string, 6-string, all guitar tracks recorded first and rest of orchestration build around that. ESQ-1, Mirage, DX-21, RX-21, drummer.

GAJOOB: There is,

what appears from my perspective, quite a burgeoning AO Contemporary quasi-Christian tape scene happening in this country. And there's no denying its place in Cassette Culture. I think most of it is pretty mindless dust-fodder. But while *Child Again* certainly fits into this genre, it succeeds impressively where most others fail miserably. While most of the crap out there feels sterile and impersonal, Rosten's songs are personal and real. And while most of the crap out there sounds prefabricated, Rosten's is definitely not. "All Cats" is full of surprises, with its Jazz groove and insight. Christy has a good voice and is capable of much diversity. I think what it all boils down to is that I believe her. She's telling me what SHE thinks. And that's very important. SOUND: excellent.

SEE: Norma Tangens & Aida Pavletich.

Donald Rubenstein

The Witness

\$8.99 • *Donald Rubenstein, Route 2 Box 285, Santa Fe, NM 87505*

I am not a born again Christian, though the general spiritual intent is purposeful. "I'd Rather Be a Wanderer" was recorded live during a thunderstorm, and on camera for George A. Romero's 1981 feature, "Knight Riders." I also wrote the orchestral score. I am planning another release which will probably include songs and piano improvisations. My background is eclectic and I have worked for years to allow the different music which flows through to speak collectively.

GAJOOB: Rubenstein's voice reminds me of the Waterboys. The songs that make up the first side all have a searching, almost ecstatic quality — all carried by that wonderful, emotive voice of his. Four of the songs were composed in 1984; a fifth in 1974. The sound on this recording is flawless. Side two is orchestral. Some straightforward ensemble and also some more modern-sounding pieces. The instruments all sound very clear in the mix. SOUND: flawless.

Miriam Sagan

Spilling Marmalade

reading / interview • 1987 • \$9.95 • trade • Robert Winson, 626 Kathryn Ave., Santa Fe, NM 87501 Spilling Marmalade was made because I met Debora Bluestone when she interviewed me and had me read my poetry on KLSK in Santa Fe. I met her early in the morning — my hair was still wet and

She and my husband, Robert, were the birth coaches; and she is Isabel's godmother. Debora was great to work with, except for her oversensitivity to noise — she could hear things on the tape I just couldn't hear, and I'd tell her, "that noise is something only you and dogs can hear." Perhaps it was her training as a professional violinist. She wears earplugs to sleep, particularly when she is babysitting Isabel, aged 14 months.

GAJOOB: For me, poetry reading always suffers on tape because reading poetry (or rather *hearing* it read) is such a physical experience that presence is necessary. But on *Spilling Marmalade* this is overcome. Miriam Sagan's poetry is so full of imagery anyway that your experience is almost completely internal; but the interview by Deborah Bluestone that comments upon and introduces each of the pieces is so friendly (while being very insightful at the same time) that Sagan becomes real; and her words and your thoughts, tangible. Her poems are alive with LIFE and living and eating and sex and moving in daylight and feeling your breath escape and become a part of this world that surrounds without and resides within us. SOUND: very good.

Lawrence Salvatore

2 Balls Have I

style: quiet • 1989 • 60 minutes • \$3.00 • *Lawrence Salvatore, 211 So. Hebbard St., Joliet, IL 60433* Tell you a little about the recording of this tape, you say.... hmmmm.... I'll have to search through the oatmeal of my mind for this one! This is an "oldie" for me, you see.... Let's see, if I remember correctly, I was under the spell of Brian Wilson at

the time of doing this. I wanted to be Brian Wilson II (still do, in fact).

You want anecdotes? Well, a goodly portion of these songs were written under the influence of Janis-brew (read: southern Comfort). I think I was holding a torch for hard liquor at the time. Not all the songs were done under such a "fever" (I consider the first 15 minutes of the Bee-side to be a totally different animal — I like the poorly executed "blend" of intents though).

I like the idea of bracing a tape, and this tape has both brackets and parentheses (such serves the functions of the "Problems of Communication" bits, as well as other reasons for

I was wearing a flannel jumpsuit. She asked if I was still in my pajamas. Later she said we would not have become friends if I hadn't looked so sleepy. About a year after the interview she heard me read at St. John's College, and got interested in the idea of getting me on tape. So she hired a sound engineer out in a suburban neighborhood, fed me cookies, and "Spilling Marmalade" was taped in two long sessions. It did us some good professionally — reviews, a feature article — but what really happened was that we became friends. People often ask me questions about things I said on the tape — but I said these things in a kind of dream that Debora created with her sexy intelligence. Now one of my closest friends, Debora, was there when my daughter Isabel was born.

their existence(s)). I was trying to think in terms of balance and symmetry with "2 Balls" as a whole. Principles of Da Vinci come to mind, as opposed to those of Mondrian, which is a little too anti-human for me.

Above all, I want my music to be relatable to the HUMAN condition — it's meant to reflect human emotions (albeit in a somewhat "skewed" fashion!).

Let's see... the title song was my attempt at writing a Naturalist anthem. It's meant to celebrate the natural life. The next song, "Sea Hunt," takes this theme further and introduces more human interaction (with a dash of eros!) to the proceedings. "Save Some Sausage For Me" is also about this respect for life. This song is based on a true story (ya say ya want anecdotes!). It's about how when

the delicious Miss Cream and myself would dine out, I'd give her any and all meat that would appear on my plate—I'd always give her the meat I refuse to eat. She was pretty indiscerning meat eater!

Miss Cream is no longer with us, but she's still with us, if you know what I mean. She's since been replaced by Miss Chew Nipples.

Anyway, the rest of the tape goes in and out of various degrees of psychosis. This is my one tape I'm not entirely satisfied with—I should have been more economical with it. You know, "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!!" stuff....

"OK Cowboy," "Candy Calling," and "Happy Zen Feeling" I really like. They reflect a side of my writing that others rarely comment on (I've been told that my "personal" expressions are a bit too embarrassing for most. Hmm... that tells you more about their insecurities than mine!).

Side Bee culminates with "Elvis Presley, Wrestling With His Own Libido," a return to hypergolia. This song's about an arrestment in sexual development—it seems to strike a chord with the dark side of human psychology....

Let's see... this tape was created as I create all my tapes. I wrote it over the previous Summer, and recorded it over the Autumn. With the exception of Miss Cream on "Sausage," NO ONE else was involved in the creation of this tape—it was borne out of solitude.

To keep my massive artistic ego in check, I try to humble myself with a quote from Samuel Beckett: "The poem that the reader reads may be better than the one the poet wrote."

GAJOOB: One thing about most of the tapes I hear is that they are made for an alienated audience. Direct, personal contact sorts of things. One-to-one. Little Lawrence seems to be different. He belongs on a vaudeville stage or something. Oh, I'm sure he's tackling some deeper themes and stuff; but, hell, he sounds like he's having too much fun for his own good. Piano, ballroom, throw up some streamers. His neighbors probably think he's crazy. SOUND: fair - good. SEE: *Tom Furgas*.

Lawrence Salvatore

Love in the Pursuit of the Whole

nitrous emissions from Mars • 1990 • \$3.00 • Lawrence Salvatore, 211 So. Hebbard St., Joliet, IL 60433

This is my "humble" offering for 1990. Being a seasonal beast, this one also adheres to the typical Salvatore method of production: written over the Summer of 1989, recorded in the Autumn of 1989 (such are the exploits of a seasonal beast).

I wanted something brash and "in-your-face" — did I succeed? I was unfettered and more "free" here than I was for the previous "2 Balls Have I." I hear a more positive vibe.

Some very negative, unhealthy habits were dropped by the time I started to work on this one — I think the music reflects this new-found "brightness." I was more in control of my faculties this time around....

Any hoo, let's see... uh....

"Valvoline" is perhaps about "cosmic" bachelorhood, and exists as a rousing "statement-of-intent" on my part. This song (as does others) involves my top-secret, super-duper, interstellar ray gun DISTORTION device. Only the Pentagon and myself knows what constitutes this wondrous time-release drug. I consider DISTORTION to be an integral part of the palette I utilize to put emphasis on certain parts of the overall "dementia."

Moving on... uh... I consider "Barely Man Enough (Barry Manilow?)" to have a social consciousness, and is a most political song. It's about bullying. "I Can Crush Nuts With My Thighs" features the

delicious talents of Miss Chew Nipples — her "thighs enrapturement" bit is my fave part of the tape! She did a great job! Thanx, Chew!

Some toons are almost too personal to talk about. "I Want to Luv My N-M-E's" is about a situation in my personal life too fantastic, too galvanizing, I can't relay the details. Believe me, I was plucked! "All Men Are Pigs" is a credo I dearly believe in. Mankind is doomed — my song is a journalistic report of the degenerations inherent in having to deal with "men" on a day-to-day basis. Bleech! "Each Morning I Wake Up, and Before I Put On My Make-Up..." is just impressionism through music. Wouldn't you like each morning to be as antiseptic and squeaky-clean as my song?

In an expulsion of pride and dignity, I have to sing, "I'm the Real Thing."

That horrible feeling of doubt and insecurity, both on a personal and global level, is what "Ignorance Is Bliss, Bob Bliss" tries to convey.

"Blown Bayou" sounds very clenched-fist to me. Whoever I was when I wrote and recorded the sound was very angry at the time.

I think I was angry at the villain in "The Coke Bottle Syndrome." The protagonist (Miss Chew Nipples) is put upon — I will not allow this. I point out in the song why Chew is not worthy of such treatment. I mean, it's all in the chorus: "she's the queen of the Western free world, and I think she's the salt-of-the-earth, Gonna erect a shrine around her, and show mankind just what she's worth." I speak my mind on the chorus, Miss Chew Nipples speaks hers on the verses. A love song.

People lacking patience is what "Little Mice" is all about.

My piano playing technique(s) drive from a motley collection of sources. One I'll own-up to is "hammer-fisting." I think I hammer-fist pretty good on "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box." I like music with a lot of "humpe-humpe." This song is an example of music as therapy, 'cos otherwise the "naughty" organs atrophy

when held in captivity. This song was a good exercise for the "magic-muscle"....

What else can I tell you?... Let's see.... I had fun making the cover (it does contain a sly, obtuse reference to Brian Wilson!). Berlin Ta Ta took the picture — I look sufficiently well—"schtucked" in it... As to where this all leads.... perhaps I'll just sit in a tree and play the flute.

GAJOOB: So Salvatore's distortion is actually a purposeful technique, huh? I'll tell you, it gives his tapes a certain out-of-control-ness. And the pace is never altered, except for one short instrumental synth piece that is rather lilting and nice. Lawrence lays it all out and sounds like he's giving you all he's got. I find myself wishing for more diversity.... but, hell, it's fun, so why bother? SOUND: fair - good.

Sanchez

#1 Dub

ROI/R, 611 Broadway #411, NY, NY 10012

GAJOOB: Dub peels off the flesh of a reggae song. A sort of skeleton dance. Sanchez's music is warm and vibrant; and that certainly remains here. SOUND: excellent.

The Dan Schaaf Ensemble

The Tempest

Dan Schaaf, 319 Derby, M.C., IN 46360

GAJOOB: The two sides of this tape are stylistically different from one another. On side one Schaaf explores jazz with a skillful avant garde flair. These pieces definitely sound as if they were composed with computer sequencing software, and while this approach certainly forces out the human element, at the same time it embraces an attitude of its own. One aspect of Schaaf's instrumental arrangements here is the intelligent use of diverse sound sources in his sampling synth. Schaaf uses a lot of horn samples on side one, and it works generally pretty well. Side two is much more symphonic, and even steps into more of a chamber orchestrated feel at times. This side



Dan Schaaf

seems less classically modern than side one, but it is still not formally classical. All in all, *The Tempest* is an intelligent work that is both challenging and enjoyable. SOUND: excellent.

The Arielle Project

Songs Only Her Uncle Could Love

rock • 1989 • 45 minutes • \$2.00 • trade • K.D. Schmitz, R.D. 4 Box 217, Pleasant Valley, NY 12569

Last Summer, my niece, Arielle, discovered my guitar amp and insisted on plugging a microphone in and screaming into it. Eventually, this began to get on my nerves so I plugged my guitar in and tried to get her to sing along. I recorded about one hour worth of stuff, most of which is Arielle going "Hoo-Hoo" or banging the mic on her head. The first three songs on this tape are one 10-minute period of time in which everything geiled and she ad libbed what I think are outstanding lyrics for a 5-year-old. The rest of the tape is material that I've recorded over the last six years on a Fostex X-15.

GAJOOB: This one is interesting to me because exactly the same circumstances occurred to me also. And what is interesting in both instances (in Arielle's improvised lyrics and my 5-year-old niece's) is that instead of singing about the happy thoughts you might expect from a 5-year-old.



they're actually quite depressing. Arielle sings about death in one of these songs! For the rest of the tape K.D. Schmitz offers some fairly raw, structured rock songs. Simple, with good hooks. It's a lot of what is enjoyable about home recording. SOUND: good.

Sitar Power

Bombay Boogie

Batish Records, 1310 Mission St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060

GAJOOB: There's no question that Ashwan Batish can pick the hell out of his sitar. He plays it in an always-melodic style. So melodic that it's often sappy. Predictable too. What is good about this is that Batish is an unabashedly happy player. The drum programming is often ridiculously hyperactive, and the backing instruments are.... well, it's fortunate they remain simply backing. Sometimes Batish's playing sounds so perfect that it comes across as mechanical — it loses its native wonder, forced to serve what are basic rock instrumental bashes. A great player, no doubt; but this tape lacks real depth. SOUND: excellent.

Sin Drome/Factor 42

Sandy Kane, PO Box 85, Landenberg, PA 19350

GAJOOB: Very good Industrial Dance music here from two bands that sound very similar, approaching the genre with the same attitude. Blending danceable industrionics with the proper foreboding, imposing atmosphere. Put enough reverb on just about anything, I guess, and it seems foreboding. More anger than resignation is the general feeling I get. There are some excellent cuts here with a heart pounding pulse that can't help but effect you. SOUND: excellent.

Sockeye

A Year in the Live

shitty stupid rock • 1990 • \$3.50 • trade • David Schall, PO Box 2143, Stow, OH 44224

Some of this tape was recorded in the best circumstances (directly off a soundboard or in a radio studio) and some in the worst (off boomboxes, etc.). I think this gives the tape an excellent variety, spice and flavor. The true medium for Sockeye is raw and unproduced. That's why this live Sockeye tape clearly outshines our past "studio" efforts.

GAJOOB: Yeah, Sockeye has a seriously caustic image to uphold. And they do it well. But as far as this brand of raunchy punk goes (and when they do play it), this is really pretty good. This is very informal, very loose. Sloppiness is a given, of course. A jumbled, instruments-at-war mix is the general rule; so it's definitely not an easy listen. And there are 39 songs here. SOUND: good - poor.

Spagyrac

The Final Myth of the Jesus Underwear

electro-acoustic, experimental • 1988 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$7.00 • traders

enquire first • Spagyrac 19241 Kenya St., Northridge, CA 91326

"Final Myth of the Jesus Underwear" is the sixth release by AGOG and was recorded from March to Dec. 1988, the longest period of time I have spent recording a single cassette.

During this time I was growing increasingly frustrated with networking and trading cassettes. While I have received some really quite exceptional works (see my "Top Tapes List" in issue #5) most of the cassettes I listened to were not very good, they seemed to lack care and effort in their creating. I felt people were leaning far too heavily on new music technology to create a music that lacked passion and personality. Too much drum machines, keyboard synthesizers, endless delays, etc. I felt I also was relying too much on a digital sampler to come up with interesting sounds. So in a way "Final Myth" was recorded in sort of a

With previous AGOG cassettes I think I was more self-conscious, I worried that my eccentricities would displease some listeners, but with "Final Myth" I said, "Fuck it, I'll make whatever sounds and noises I damn well please!" In the end I must say I was happy with this cassette.

Two new works, "Hebdomos" (95% instrumental improvising, violin, homemade instrument, autoharp, etc.) and "Woehstable Arnudocile" (odds n ends) will be released this year, much different than F.M.O.T.J.U. (Title came to me in between that state of dream/sleep and waking consciousness).

GAJOOB: This tape is a sound explorer's dream. Too often, to my ears, experimental tapes are either too self-conscious or just plain unconscious to be appealing in any respect. But "Final Myth" jumps out at you with its freshness and daring. Something is being changed here, and it's not long before you realize that it's your own perception of sound that is being changed — and you like it. SOUND: excellent.

Milovan Srdanovic

Colour These Bears

CLAS, PO Box 86010, N. Vancouver, B.C., V7L 4J5, CANADA

GAJOOB: A schizophrenic experience. Much experimentation with voice, guitar, electronic.... Mostly simple, yet there's a complexity here that moves from piece to piece, which run from short experiments to sweaty, drawling songs. I'd like to hear more. SOUND: very good.

Russ Stedman

Hi Honey.... Drop Dead

style is a disease • 1989 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$3.00 • trade • Russ Stedman, 311 1/2 N. Main #301, Mitchell, SD 57301

The song, "Burn Victims Suck," is a song dedicated to a man by the name of Jeff Ashby from Huron, SD, who is, in fact, a burn victim. Jeff had egged on local tapers like myself and LOVE, CALVIN [see review elsewhere in this issue—b] to write a song for him called "Burn Victims Suck." So we did. The LOVE, CALVIN version can be heard on the tape, "Portrait of Flesh."

The song, "Love With a Toaster," is dedicated to AEROSMITH, a band I really can't stand, but a lot of people seem to like them. Oh, well.

The lyrics to the song, "Elvis Presley Poem," (which also appears on the PORKOPOLIS comp called "Imagine the Possibilities") were written by a retarded child from Pierre, SD.

By night, I'm a D.J. at a bad top-40 radio station (Yuk!)! The song, "Tom," is about the womanizing, asshole,

sports announcer at the station. His former girlfriend called one night to ask questions about him, I taped the conversation and made a song out of it.

The stuff in between songs is stuff people left on my answering machine during the period of time the tape was being made.

Amen.

GAJOOB: Loaded with humor that is rather misogynist at times. Mostly rock with a hard edge, interspersed with things like phone messages that helps break up the pace. Stedman's obviously having a lot of fun, and his enthusiasm is infectious. "Burn Victims Suck" is my favorite, with its cool



chorus vocals. SOUND: very good.

Sub Humanz

Live Export Tour (Interview)

Porkopolis, PO Box 3529, Cincinnati, OH 45201

GAJOOB: Boring interview with the band before a show during their U.S. tour in 1984. Of general interest to fans only. SOUND: fair.

SUEDOE

Soundlab '89

Videospeak Productions, PO Box 751912, Memphis, TN 38125

GAJOOB: Suedoe manages to do what few outfits are able to do... combine melody and skewed sequencer-based rhythms (linking synth and percussion in a consistently engaging manner. This has a drive propelling it onward, yet is also almost subtle in its arrangements. The tape is a complete go from beginning to end with no delineation by way of song titles; but there are many definite stops along the way where new pieces apparently begin all of sudden. Each side ends suddenly; and this is effective because this technique is used throughout the tape. There's also a lot of emotion put into the playing, although I would probably call this a dark or foreboding feeling, hinting at some sort of alienation. There is structure to the arrangements, yet the pieces retain a certain imbalance. Rhythm and anti-rhythm all at once. SOUND: excellent. SEE. Triptic of a Pastel Fern.

tENTATIVELY a cONVENIENCE & John Berndt

112187 to 041689 As Edited By tac
112187 to 041689 As Edited By John Berndt
trade • Widemouth Tapes, PO Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203

GAJOOB: These two tapes are, basically, improvisation without form. The idea behind these was to take the same master and have the two persons involved edit it separately. Hence, the two tapes. Berndt has a stronger sense of building the mix up from something less, i.e. flow. He also gets the mix humming into a sort of frenzy at times that I didn't get from tentatively's mix. It's guitar based instruments and drums playing just for the sake of playing (and not together), performing a veritable mish-mash of convulsing phrases. No cohesion. There is really no apparent purpose here. SOUND: fair.

This Window

Jude the Obscure

1989 • 30 minutes • £3.00 ppd. • M4TR Productions, 63 Crabtree Lane, Bronsgrove, Worcs, B61 8NY, U.K.

"Jude the Obscure" was released in May 1989 and is the second solo release by T/W on M4TR and is seen as a natural progression from the first tape, "Hope," which was released twelve months before. The songs on Jude are more inventive and the recording style more experimental e.g. the use of different speeds, machines, tape types with and without noise reduction, the use of microphones (different types in various different rooms)... at one point the whole house became the studio, the bathroom the live room, the bedroom the dead room, etc. The most important thing about JTO is that these diverse factors combine together to create a whole product in which traditional songs of melody and musical structure combine with experimentation to compliment each other... and the bitch is raw in places... The use of instruments on JTO creates a bizarre effect, one minute a crazy AXEMAN guitar will disappear into a didgendoon drone underneath a flute and eastern drum and the next a floating female vocal will be echoed by a telephone answer machine. The

whole experience was a great adventure.

The most important thing for me is: JUDE THE OBSCURE opened a lot of new doors for us and maybe even a couple of windows for us to jump through and create even bigger smashes.

GAJOOB: What makes this tape exceptional is This Window's effective use of the tape recorder as an instrument in itself; as part of the means towards the end result that is *Jude the Obscure*. Using things that are not normally musical and teaming them with normally musical things. I hear the construction of something tangible here, rather than throwing different things together and letting them lie to form their own construction in the listener's ears out of confusion. On *Jude the Obscure* singular sounds have a beauty you might not expect. A slashing distorted guitar and a bustling bar, both separate events, brought together, comment on each other. It is that sort of interplay that reveals the wonder in this tape. SOUND: excellent.

This Window

Extraction

1989 • 40 minutes, chrome • M4TR Productions, 63 Crabtree Lane, Bronsgrove, Worcs, B61 8NY, U.K.

EXTRACTION... now this is a really fine kettle of fish. Q. What do four people do in a bathroom with copious quantities of fine French champagne?

A. They get very drunk, take all their clothes off and get into the over-filled bath, drink more shampoo and record a cassette for EE Tapes of Belgium.

That above statement is true for the tracks, "The Works of William Shakespeare," "There's Not Enough Champagne," and "Salle de Bain." The rest of the C40 is This Window at its most serious and radical. Brutalism is the word that comes to mind when thinking of how we abused our tape machines... no slick editing here (it is really hard to get a butchered edited feel without sounding as though the person in control is a DORK... the raw edges of Extraction took a lot of work.)

The main difference between this tape and the previous tapes is that we forgot most of our rock/folk/punk roots and got on with the problem of recording a new cassette.

Q. What do the four people involved in the decadent wet event do with the photographs?

A. Pretend it never really happened and that it was all a dream, but the negatives are for sale... interested?

GAJOOB: Unlike *Jude the Obscure*, which mixes "songs" with its concrete music imagery, *Extraction* is total imagery. It doesn't work nearly as well. There are titles for different pieces; but wherever these separate pieces might end and another one begin is unrecognizable. This is ultimately an outstanding sound collage tape, executed with artistry; but the interplay I loved so much on *Jude the Obscure* is not present here. SOUND: good to excellent.

This Window with The Finnish Story

en face

M4TR Productions, 63 Crabtree Lane, Bronsgrove,

Worcs, B61 8NY, U.K.

This tape is a good introduction to the works of T/W and FTS and has validity within our scheme of things.

GAJOOB: This tape is more song-oriented than This Window's other tapes. It really makes it a different beast altogether. Modern rock with an element of "cool" infused deep in its veins. A suave female lead vocalist steals the show on several of these cuts. SOUND: very good.

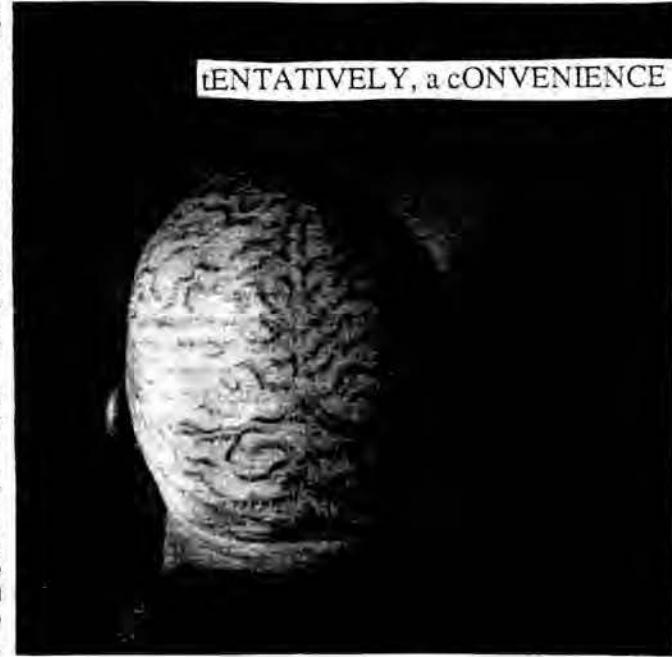
Torn Memory

The Immigration in Time

electronic/gothic rock • 1987 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$4.50 • audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360

quake survivors Torn Mammary used to call themselves TAO MAO. Now they are this two-piece based in Frisco. These tracks were recorded in 1987 on eight-tracks. I first heard it in 1988 and negotiated to pick up the license, 'coz I dug it so much! Latest I know is that they've been a gigging and working on an LP in a 16-track CD/LP. After the earthquake I heard nothing from them for a

tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE



month, despite several entreaties. I'd feared the worst. But they're fine.—CARL HOWARD.

GAJOOB: The monotone, unemotional vocals of Craig Kester burn into the figurative grooves of this, while David Lex's expert drum programming propels it like the train on the cover. Lex really breathes life into his drum machine. Warm rhythms to which the airy keyboards can cling. Lex also plays a sort of dancing bass; but it's not enough to stop these songs from being the brooding, alienated stuff they are — thankfully. SOUND: very good.

Trance

Purity

noise • 1990 • 60 minutes • \$6.00 • Charnel House Productions, PO Box 170277, San Francisco, CA 94117

I decided to record this one because I really like the old, true "Industrial" noise sound, and nobody much does it any more. So, I figured I'd do it myself. Each piece follows the same format: 3 tracks recorded per—first, a sampler track; second, a guitar track; last, a radio track. I just ran a radio live into the 4-track, using



what I happened to find. All tracks are through distortion and other effects. I tried to give each piece a personality and a rhythm—not simply "noise," which can get boring. I like the noise to have some motion to it, not get bogged down, and I kept each piece (there are 11) fairly short, again to keep them from getting boring. I'm pretty happy with the results, so I might even do another one. If I can think of another unifying sort of notion. Also, I felt there was some humor to it, due to the use of the radio, on some tracks you can hear bits of popular songs, preachers, news reports, and other items distorted and tossed in to the mix. That also helps to make the pieces individuals, rather than all becoming indistinguishable. Hope you enjoy it. It's gotten a little radio play, surprisingly.—MA-SON JONES

GAJOOB: A veritable wall o' noise, built up with guitar distortion and feedback. This becomes almost orchestral at times. Arpeggiated notes can be deciphered within the mix at times, but this is mainly noise that never lets up. SOUND: good.

Triptic of a Pastel Fern

Despite Transience

industrial soundtrack • 1989 • 40 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • trade • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Place, Rockville, MD 20854

Much of this music was originally made for "Prelude to Sports Death," an art video done for Eternal Equinox Productions. The music, which is monotonous and droney at times, was composed to contrast with the crisp, bright imagery of the video. **GAJOOB:** Tropic of a Pastel Fern delve into a searing mirage of heated, misanthropic colonies, brooding upon the dealt blows that collide somewhere in the space between consciousness and un. The haunting undercurrent of vocal chants rise up to meet the native warbling of percussive, spouting, ebbing and flowing keyboards. Side two is more of a template for further expansion, while side one fully translates an unquestionable atmosphere, pondering and elusive. SOUND: excellent • SEE: *Undercurrent*

Trust Obey

Rip Saw

industrial • 1989-90 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • John Bergin, 4503 Washington St., Kansas City, MO 64111

Sure, the announcer sounds very upset. He can't speak. His voice breaks up... I feel bad for him.... having to say this stuff. Then, he closes with "Erei Rosenberg met her maker, and she'll have a lot of explaining to do." If there is, indeed, "a maker" how frightening to think He has a justice system just like the one on earth — where the bad guys pay for being bad and the good guys get paid for being good. If there is a maker, who will have all the explaining to do? The traitor? Or the executioner? Treason is relevant. Treason is DEBATABLE. Death is death. Eisenhower executed the Rosenbergs because of the imaginary war in the future they made possible. But did they actually wipe out two Japanese cities? Who has a lot of EXPLAINING to do?

GAJOOB: "Traitors" starts the tape off with a cacophonous rumbling and distant ranting. Just when you feel it will never let up (and not even sure you want it to) in cuts a single, descriptive voice talking about stethoscopes and death. Then it starts again. This is well-done apocalyptic confusion. You hear the screaming shouting "Fight Back!" over and over. "Rip Saw" preludes a sort of flamenco theme on distorted/echoed guitar, then launches into hyper distortion mode, with

a whispered, unintelligible vocal line. The start and stop on this one is effective and frustrating. "Mona Lisa" offers more structure and a hell of a syncopated bass end. Side two becomes more improvisational in nature. Various percussion instruments of a household nature are utilized. "Oil" is a wild, complex whirl of kaleidoscope dementia. The tape cover has a small color photo of a knot of wood, epoxyed (or something) onto it. SOUND: excellent.

Undercurrent

Functionally Illegitimate

Bill Jaeger, 506 W. Johnson Dr., Payson, AZ 85541

GAJOOB: Undercurrent's tapes are always aptly named, if nothing else. On *Functionally Illegitimate*, machinery and industry seem to form the teaming flux underneath. Searing and barren. We become mutations — not evolutions. And something within us dies because of this change. The machinery destroys and creates in the same lumbering movement, and the whining drone of electrical pulse hums its leering approval. SOUND: very good.

Jason Underground

Under an Extra Tent

The Furnace Room, 10556 Lincoln SE, East Canton, OH 44730.

GAJOOB: The love of Jesus, environment, etc., etc.... However, this doesn't entirely lack personality. But it's still boring, 'cos you've heard it all before. Long time ago. Of course, that doesn't invalidate it. The themes are still current, which says something about the current state of things.

Unstability

self-titled

psycho-core • 1989 • \$4.00 • Jorge Chinique, 4 Henry St., Lakewood, NJ 08701

I [Jorge Chinique] did all the music on this, and Scott Williams wrote the lyrics and sings on it. The whole tape was recorded on a Fostex X-154-track machine. That's what I use for the bulk of my recording. For drums and effects I use a Roland S-550 sample. I also used a real electric guitar for some of the songs and a bass on all the songs. On the last song, "Mind Drol," I used a very unconventional method of recording the vocals. I had Scott sing through a big, long cardboard tube and stuck the microphone at the other end. I got the effect of a real echo chamber. Then, when I mixed down, I added a reverse reverb effect to give a sort of demonic sound.

GAJOOB: "Psycho-Core" describes this tape very well. I would also insert an industrial influence. This is loud and jarring. High-end treble that gravitates to noise levels quite often. A certain construction is taking place, but it pounds at you while the guitars slash and tear, and everything breaks free. Like I said, this is loud. SOUND: good.

Uvegraf

Optical Lisp

CLAS, PO Box 86010, N. Vancouver, B.C., V7L 4J5, CANADA

GAJOOB: Uneventful (for the most part) arpeggiated electronic drones. Sometimes flirting with harshness — but mostly this could best be described as harsh synthetic sounds used in a droning morass of dull, throbbing sensation. SOUND: good.

Various Artists

31 Selections From 26 Tapes

trade • Widemouth Tapes, PO Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203

GAJOOB: This tape strikes me more as a sort of

documentation of twisted word and sound structuring than any kind of project per se. First off, you'll notice the packaging is created in such a way as to transport it to your bookcase and not your tape collection. It comes with a booklet that is made up of pages of various info and presentations for each artist, delving into the sound and speech experimentation on the tape. This is truly something you must spend some time with. Several listens are definitely required; and the first one will produce the want in you for more. I wouldn't say this is for those of you considering simply getting into this stuff; but more for those who are seriously intrigued by it. SOUND: good.

Various Artists

F.F.F.F.F.

1986 - re-release: 1990 • 90 minutes • \$6.00 • Hypertonia, c/o Jan Bruun, Box 4307, N-5008 Bergen, NORWAY

various Norwegian artists

GAJOOB: This comp tape is very uneven, but it serves to expose you to a broad palette of artists delving into a lot of different genres. Not too much that is exceptional. Areknuteknyterne starts the tape off with a pretty good rock/blues instrumental. There are also quite a few excellent synth-based instrumentals. There are some experimental pieces, along with more Pop-oriented, straightforward stuff. SOUND: fair - very good.

Various Artists

The Aerial

experimental (music/sound/text) • 1990 • \$8.00 • 74 minutes, chrome • Nonsequitur, c/o Steve Peters, PO Box 15118, Santa Fe, NM 87506; (505) 986-0004

"The Aerial" is an ongoing "journal in sound," a series of compilations of various kinds of recorded activity leaning towards the experimental. Some of our goals are to present a healthy mix of established and newly emerging or lesser known artists, and to encourage contributions by female and minority artists (issue #1 admittedly did not do too well in this latter area, but future issues will be better).

GAJOOB: Roster: David Moss, Terry Setter, Christine Baczevska, Richard Kostelanetz, Rich Jensen, Loren Mazzacapo & Suzanne Longille, Lost Souls, Malcom Goldstein, Floating Concrete Octopus, Jerry Hunt, Stuart Sherman and Bern Porter. This tape should appeal to anyone who has interest in delving into the medium of recording. *The Aerial* is really the best that experimental recording is producing right now. This tape really sounds fresh, and it's extremely alive with IDEAS. Truly an inspiration for any recording artist. Comes with a glossy booklet of useful information about the artists represented here. SOUND: excellent.

Various Artists

Audio Collage No. 10

1989 • 46 minutes • \$4.00 • traders inquire first • Retrofuturism, PO Box 162, Oakdale, IA 52319

The works were collected over a period of six months and compiled creatively by editor, Lloyd Dunn, in June 1989. The intent was to create a more-or-less "seamless" listening experience with the end result being a collective artifact, rather than a collection or series of individualized snippets. I prefer to think of it as a collaboration more than as a compilation. See also "A Brief History of PhotoStatic" from Electronic Cottage #3.

GAJOOB: Roster: Bary Edgar Pilcher, The Haters, Son of Spasm, Paragaté, Bill Shores, X.Y.Zedd, John Kennedy, mechanical Sterility, The Tapebeatles, Mystery Tape Laboratory, José Vanden Brouke, L'Abbé Martine Arbiste, Chris Winkler, Found, Floating Concrete Orchestra, The



Post-Void Radio Theater, Bill McMahon, 4Digit Zip, Ensemble Vide and Jake Berry.... This tape is really as much the work of Lloyd Dunn, the compiler, as it is the work of the individual artists appearing here. In my opinion, that's why it works so well. It's quite interesting that artists who themselves use sound are so well used themselves. And the J-card is also a booklet which has more to say about the tape. It's a great package. Highly recommended. SOUND: very good.

Various Artists

Bad Newz Cassette #1: Hardcore Slime Wars
various • 1989 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • Bob Z., c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd St. #300, NY, NY 10010

I.M.I. is one of the original Subgenius Church prodigal priestly creators — he still manages a Bob Dobbs Dude Ranch in the heart of Oklahoma scrub country. Most of his subgenially-induced tape-effect madness springs up between each cut like a twisted, gnarly signpost on the way to an aural twilight zone. Only He-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha some good NYC Demento scum from I.C.U., BLOOD SUCKERS FORM OUTER SPACE, EXISTENCE?, NAUSEA, others. Very good sound quality, especially for a comp. Best and most contemporary of Bad Newz NYC Hardcore-Scum compilations.

GAJOOB: The sound quality is pretty good here. Not the best. But easily good enough to allow the power and extreme energy that quite a few of these more hardcore-ish tunes possess to slam home. Excellent piece by Professor Louie who is described in the exceptional liner notes as "a rap poet of the streets, graduate from the School of Hard Knocks, with a degree in all of the above." His "Stealing" is about how life steals from you. It really caught me up in it.

Various Artists

Bad Newz Cassette #9: Fuck the Poster Police
various punk, spoken word, rock • 1990 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • Bob Z., c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd St. #300, NY, NY 10010

Most of this was recorded off the sound board at the show to raise \$ for a legal fund for convicted poster artists. It was a killer show, and most of this tape, fortunately, retains the excitement (good sound quality) present at the event, particularly Rat At Rat R. This cut, Victor Poison-?, their lead singer, assures me will never be repeated, as nearly all of it was improvised on the spot. Pretty incredible performer who is well known, but not nearly as much as sister bands, SONIC YOUTH and LIVE SKULL, who appeared in NYC all at the same time in the early 80s. The "No-Wave" crowd of the RAT-AT-RAT-R never got the popular acclaim they deserved, tho all 3 were deserving — but I digress — A fun compilation to put together, particularly considering the cause and the anti-authoritarian spirit in which all these songs were written and performed.

GAJOOB: Probably the most politically-oriented release I've heard from Bob, although most of his tapes have that element surrounding them. "Wake up and smell the shit" sort of polito-conscience rants. Side one is mostly Reverb Motherfuckers and Rat At Rat R jamming with ranting over top, ending with, "thanks for letting us waste some of your lives." Side two has part of Tuli Kupferberg's great "Justice." I'd suggest finding the longer version on one of Bob's other releases. Then there's Spongehead Experience, John Bartles ("Standard Dog" and "The President's Head"), Bob Z (with yet another version of "Shopping Mall Fiends of Suburbia") and finally, Other People's Children with their exciting acoustic kinetics (this

song is chopped off, unfortunately). Overall, this is uneven, but loaded with attitude. SOUND: fair.

Various Artists

Due Process

RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852
Document of the Due Process RRRadio Project. This one various excerpts from RRRadio 26 - RRRadio 30. Entirely improvised, spontaneous record and tape collages with live musical accompaniment. Many of the tapes used are donated to Due Process specifically for RRRadio. Only raw sounds are accepted. We will not play your songs or any finished compositions.

GAJOOB: "Raw Sounds" is right. Apparently no real purpose other than the music of sound. Sound as music. And a lot of it. SOUND: fair - good.

Various Artists

Music Electronic

various electronic music • 1989 • 63 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • maybe trade • Poison Plant, 7 Woodsand Place, Rockville, MD 20854

Intended to expose some of the undercurrents of E.M. happenings in and around the Washington, D.C. area. As a result of this project, many of the artists became involved with Poison Plant and were to release their works on the PP label. All on the tape are PP artists except for Dan Joseph. Trax were solicited through the local city paper, asking for local artists to participate in a compilation project. It was not our intention to do an Electronic Music Compilation. It was just what came to be after all the submissions were received that we were to an E.M. comp.

GAJOOB: In my opinion, Poison Plant consistently offers some of the best electronic music from the cassette underground. This tape serves as a sampler to their brand of the genre; from Triptic of a Pastel Fern, Todd Fletcher, Rob Lippert, George Fox, Jack Hurwitz and Dan Joseph. This tape is a homogenous mixture — not as eclectic as the compilation means might imply — serving to place it firmly in its chosen territory, while avoiding any haphazardness. The tape comes with a sort of picture booklet insert, which is nice, but adds nothing to the contents of this outstanding release. SOUND: very good - excellent.

Various Artists

HyperTonia Sampler

1989 • 60 minutes • \$5.50 • Jan Bruun, Box 4307, N-5008 Bergen, NORWAY

various artists from HWE label.

GAJOOB: A wonderfully varied sampling of music from: Areknuteknytterne, Le Lu / Lu's & Yo-Yo, Njurmännen, Stray Trolleys, Cleaners From Venus, Martin Newell, Brotherhood of Lizards, Lord Litter, Kronstadt, X Ray Pop, Political Asylum, Das Freie Orchester and Toshiyuki Hiraoka. Everything from modern pop to industrial and text manipulations. Obviously eclectic, and very well done. SOUND: fair to very good.

Various Artists

Imps of the Perverse

Ugly American, c/o Greg Chapman, PO box 8433, Red Bank, NJ 07701

GAJOOB: Mostly pedestrian pieces which pay lip service to sexual themes in the form of held/repeated samples. This tape is sort of dichotomous acutely, as a few of the cuts are instrumental — as opposed to concrete noise collages. These are minimal sound pieces, structurally. "Atomic Goblin" and "Narcotic Hearse" rise above the rest because they employ some unique guitar/noise. Fleshed-out a little more and these two pieces could really become gems. As it is, this tape offers little, if anything, to make it worthwhile. SOUND:

fair to poor.

Various Artists

Lemon Cassette #3

Lemon, c/o Louise Dickenson, 1678 Grove St. #3, San Francisco, CA 94117

GAJOOB: I don't really know if this one's still available; but it's certainly worth your trouble to obtain 'cos it's a hell of a good tape! What, with VANILLA CHAINSAWS, PEYOTE, RATCAT, THE BRADY BUNCH LAWNMOWER MASSACRE, SKOLARS, SEVEN, PRANKSTERS and KILLJOYS — all connected in some way to what sounds like a fairly thriving MUSIC scene in Melbourne. There's good variety here too. "Change Things" starts the tape off right with an outstanding hook: "...You always change things...." and probably for the worse, judging from the singers troubled voice. RocknRoll with meat. Killjoys' "Don't Let Me Down" with its wonderful vibraphone and excellent female vocalist hits me in all the right places. Recommended — along with Lemon Magazine. Good spirit all around. SOUND: very good - excellent.

Various Artists

Noise From Nowhere II

industrial noise • 1989 • 90 minutes • chrome • \$5.00/\$6.00 chrome • traders write first • New Flesh Tapes, 2837 NW 66th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73116

Volume two in an ongoing compilation. Theme is noise only. International line-up. It artists 18 tracks. The theme has been stretched by a few — nothing drastic though. A really good, varied, noisy tape!

GAJOOB: Roster: A.B. Marmalade Blue Research & Associates, Kapotte Muziek, Tinitus, Headmaster, P.C.R., Misogyny, Jeff Central, Helltown, Cephalic Index, Kopfschmerztablette, Bunker Club Project, Eel O., Die Rache, Mechanical Sterility, John Hudak, Mortuary Attendant and Murray Reams. Although this covers a lot of noise-oriented territory (from crashing percussion slapdashery to twisted, gutteral text manipulation, to synthesizer tweaking, to delay-looped madness, to electronic sputtering/droning/whining), I've been this route before. The text manipulation works best, as there's some interesting work in that respect being done here; but somehow I think that recordings on the cutting edge should be daring — and I didn't get that from this tape. If you haven't been exposed to noise recording you could do much worse than *Noise From Nowhere II*, but you could also do better. SOUND: poor to excellent.

Various Artists

Northwest Passages

electronic instrumental • 1986 • EEMC, PO Box 3219, Eugene, OR 97403

GAJOOB: A good sampling of stuff here. Xaliman, Jeff Greinke, K. Leimer, Kvem & Kvem, Sean Hart, Michael Chocholak, Allan Louks, Michael Charles, Darryl Parsons, Nathan Griffith, Carl Juarezand, Phillip Vernacular and Peter Thomas are the featured Pacific Northwest electronic artists featured here. Mostly, this is synth excursion material. Some straightforward, some not. Greinke's percussion pieces standout, in particular. The Eugene Electronic Music Collective is still doing stuff like this. Get in contact if you're into electronic music. SOUND: very good.

Various Artists

Pitch For the International Microtonalist, Vol. 2 No. 1

PITCH, c/o Johnny Reinhard, 318 E. 70 St. #5FW, NY, NY



10021: (212)

GAJOOB: So often, it seems, that tapes put together under the direction of some musical cause become much too intellectualized and cold. But this tape is quite enjoyable while giving you a sense of fresh musical approaches. A new musical territory to consider even. Director, Johnny Rheinhard is deserving of applause for making this enjoyable first and foremost. Many different sound sources, homemade instruments, chimes, mouth organ, 36-tone acoustic guitar, to name but a few. Very interesting. Moody at times. And playful. SOUND: excellent.

Various Artists

Porkopolis Compilation #2

Porkopolis, PO Box 3529, Cincinnati, OH 45201

GAJOOB: Side 1 is mostly decent synth pop rock from Neil Smith, Love Calvin and James Fell, along with some funky rock from Zen Bovine. Side 2 is punk-based toonz from Zima, Ritalin, Peppermint Subway, Bluck and Dunter Bogan. This serves strictly as introduction to these bands, most of which, judging from their representation here, deserve further notice. SOUND: poor - good.

Various Artists

Porkopolis Compilation #6

Porkopolis, PO Box 3529, Cincinnati, OH 45201

GAJOOB: The Real Americans, The Trikes, Rex Havoc Army, Jerry Benz, Bryan Baker (yeah, that's me), The Miracle, Russ Stedman, The Gomers, The Fury, Lyndon Jones all have cuts on this compilation of mostly rock-oriented songs. Lots of good stuff here. Liked The Trikes' energy. Rex Havoc's "Witchburning" has some very manic chanting/ranting. Lyndon Jones & the Modern Elements offer up three memorable songs. Some of these songs (my two, for instance) are out of place on what is a very good, raw rockn'punk tape. SOUND: poor to good.

Various Artists

Raw Milk II — Double Indemnity

Turn of the Century Records, PO Box 65, New Britain, CT 06050

RM3:DI is a benefit compilation for WRTC, a college radio station in Hartford, CT. Ten bands from the greater Hartford area have contributed to this disc to support an organization that has always shown support for new local music. It's sort of returning the favor—DOUGLAS R. TUREK

GAJOOB: A whole lot of music on this tape. Mostly outstanding cuts from these bands: Del Crandalls, Starkweather, Los Euclids, 6 Feet Under, ZY-Wacks, Thick as Thieves, Leigh Gregory, Bimbo Shrineheads, Big Mistake and Pinheads Who Vote. This is very melodic (mostly) modern rock music; but diverse also. Very professional all around. SOUND: excellent.

Various Artists

Sexual Immortality

industrial/noise • 1989 • 90 minutes

\$5.00/\$6.00 chrome • traders write first • *New Flesh Tapes, 2837 NW 66th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73116*

This tape was New Flesh's first compilation. The theme is bizarre or "immoral" sexual practices. The title came from Travis B.'s excellent opener. Most people at first misunderstood it, as if it was to

mean something they actually practiced!!! It was meant to be maybe something that fascinated, repulsed, annoyed, etc. Use your own judgement. After some delay though, it came together

well. No heavy message, just strangeness. There is also a second volume C-60—that's it tho'. A learning experience for me. It's distributed in France by "Sounds For Consciousness Rape." **GAJOOB:** Side A of this tape is diverse. It's interesting the way in which these tape artists present a particular theme. Much of it is quite jarring, and uses sexual props (such as X-rated movie tracks) in fairly obvious ways. Where this tape fails for me is that many of the pieces just go on for way too long. I don't know why it is that people need to beat something to death. Oh, I suppose there's some value in eliciting a general feeling of nausea; but it's ultimately tedious and boring. Some of the pieces are also quite out of place. Side A is recommended. SOUND: good to excellent.

Various Artists

Something For All the Family

Aspirin Zine, c/o Woksa, PO Box 111133, Omaha, NE 11360

GAJOOB: Infest, Impetigo, Dehumanizers, Screeching Weasel, Raped Teenagers, Hate X9, Ripping Corpse, Revenant, Geneticide, O.L.D., Deranged. Intense, from the gut stuff. Suffers a bit from what seems to be standard Hardcore compilation recording, in terms of dynamic range. The intensity of these songs begs for more headroom. Just about all the bands follow the gravel death throat school. Some put interesting twists to it. One song uses altered speed to good effect. Recommended to Hardcorists. Generally outstanding songs. SOUND: poor to fair.

Various Artists

Songs I Like to Sing

RRRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852

Yet another compilation. This one dedicated to cover versions. Each song selected by the artists themselves.

GAJOOB: The bands/artists being: Shut Up, John E, Elvis Dust, Blitzoids, Randy Grief, Architects Office, Brian Ladd, Psyclones, Wigglepig, Armor Fati, Culturecide, Doc Wor Miran and Smersh. Covering songs from "Locomotive Breath" to "I Called the Witchdoctor"—yes, that one. Very self-indulgent. If you like that, you'll like this. And most of the artists severely twist the hell out of these songs. SOUND: fair - good.

Various Artists

Sound of Kittie Sampler 89/90

Kittie Tapes, c/o Dan Fioretti, 312 N. 3rd Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904

GAJOOB: Okay. Here's a list of who's on this one. There's a lot of various combinations of various people..... Beeg Srakha, O.C. Last, Ken Clinger, Grandbrother, Sasha, Michelle Lemay, Belinda Subraman, CBC III, Miz Ellen & KC, Lawrence Salvatore, Bored Young Men, Kenandall, These I.S., Zidbovinesik, John M. Bennett, Alien Planescapes, ZansDiMurotones, KC & Catfish, The New Bovine Minstrels, Poinexter Holloway, Minoy & Zannoy, Grandbrother, DiMuro & Furgas, EllenMizEllen, KC and the Lucky Baby Band, Zidslick. Dan Fioretti's Sound of Kittie tape labels seems to specialize, to large extent, in a brand of home tapes that skirt the edge of acceptability. Much of this will certainly challenge most listener's patience; but there are several gems also. Ken Clinger's several appearances with several people are mostly typically intriguing. Sasha's "Shadow Poem" contains excellent improvised meandering around a poem. I also liked Belinda Subraman's poetry, especially with Zidbovinesik. John M. Bennett is wonderful, as usual. Words take on new meaning with his deft juxtapositioning. SOUND: poor - good.

Various Artists

Soundviews: Sources

experimental • 1990 • \$8.00 • 90 minutes, chrome
• *Nonsequitur, c/o Steve Peters, PO Box 15118, Santa Fe, NM 87506; (505) 986-0004*

A cassette-only anthology of 39 audio artists who work outside of the bounds of "music" per se — people who do installations, build instruments, work with environmental sound, etc.

GAJOOB: The introductory notes inside the excellent booklet that accompanies this tape package reads: "SoundViews has been a research index of an orbit of artists and explorers who variously work with sound and new contexts of musical expression... sound sculpture / constructions, audio environments / installations, natural sounds and audio ecology." This tape opens up a whole teeming, vibrant world of sound exploration. It's really fascinating to hear and learn about all the various ways people are experimenting with the sounds the environment makes; along with unique ways of constructing sound environments. It leaves you with a new understanding of sound as a medium. Artists featured are: Annea Lockwood, Mary & Bill Buchen, Stephan Von Huene, Karen McPherson, Julius, Hildegard Westerkamp, Andrej Zdravcic, Bill Fontana, Richard Lerman, Harry Bertoia, Jim Pomeroy, Doug Hollis, Dr. Frederick Scarf, David Behrman & George Lewis, Gordon Monahan, Charlamagne Palestine, Bernard Baschet, Michel Deneuve, Alain Dumant, paul Panhuysen & Johan Goedhart, Liz Phillips, Leif Brush, Ron Konzak, Bart Hopkins, Susan Stone, Jeffrey Bartone, Ellen Fullman, Pauline Oliveros, Linda Montana, Tom Jaremka, Carl Stone, John Cage, Robert Rutman, Ellen Zweig, Peter Richards, Paul DeMarinis & David Dehrman, Alvin Curran and Tony Schwartz. Highly Recommended. SOUND: excellent.

Various Artists

Specific Ocean Music Sampler 1990

Specific Ocean Music, c/o Charles Laurel, 9485 15th Ave., Redwood City, CA 94063

Hi, I'm Charlie. Specific Ocean Music is my attempt to turn people on to some good music that wouldn't otherwise get heard in the cassette culture arena. Artists like Crispy Modica and Tony Stenger are content to just make music and send it to their friends at Christmas, but their stuff is too good for that! Carol Hunner spends 9 months out of the year on tour and doesn't have the time for cassette promotion. And then there's my own music and the projects I've done with others. The S.O.M. Sampler is also sort of a musical family tree. With most of the individual artists having worked with each other at some point over the past 10 years. The root of the tree being *The Buzzers* in 1980. Karl Franzen, Carol Hunner, Tony Stenger and others working together—they met THE MIND PROBES which were Charlie and Crispy Modica, they did a couple mind bending performances together at Mahowish International University (Fairfield, Iowa) in 1980. Karl and Crispy later worked together on the "Maynard House" project, while Charlie and Tony worked on "Man From Mars." Carol Hunner recorded her "4 Songs" tape in Charlie's studio. She played all instruments except the drums (David Stenger). Eric Muhs introduced me to Cassette Culture in 1986 while working together in INVISIBLE WILBUR, and encouraged me to release my first solo tape, "Out of Nowhere." Since then, Eric and I have worked on the MATA RATA and ANT AND BEE projects, plus solo projects. And I have continued to promote the new tapes released by CRISPY and KARL FRANZEN.

GAJOOB: Charles Laurel's Specific Ocean cas-

sette label releases music with a definite stamp on it. These pieces are a very good introduction to several artists who are doing some great things on tape. A progressive sort of slant seems to rise most often, but with an edge. This is put together well. Recommended. SOUND: excellent.

Various Artists

Taproot 5/6

poetry/experimental • 1988 • 60 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • traders write first • Burning Press, PO box 18817, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118

Taproot is a magazine of experimental poetry writing, graphix, audio art and whatever else will fit. This compilation is in response to a request for work involving "text/textures" — almost half is local to Cleveland, with a strong response from Toronto, etc... We're still looking for language-based audio art for compilations and for my radio show (Krapp's Last Tape) which features a weekly special on Cassette Magazines.

GAJOOB: Susan Frykberg's beastly intestinal grumblings; Pennie Stasik's angst vocal over Mark Edwards' guitar; the text manipulations of Kristen Ban Jepper; the wild, twisted voice rants of Costes (this is superb!) and a 2nd piece from same; Liz Was' flowing wordplay poetics over the eerie backdrop of Qua Digs Never Parish; Tekst's bass tumble steam hissing longing whine; Beth Learns' bass boom and whispers; Charlotte Pressler's woman chorale; radio knobbing and group spontaneity, JMB is excellent, "Pants" and the repeating and bubbling up of "No Boiling No Itching"; Bob Ibersol's beatnickery; vowel play, alien expressionisms from Miekal And (wonderful); Paula Potockis' backward glances; and Joan Deveney's percussive, effective effects and text. Quite similar to what Aerial is doing now. Very highly recommended. SOUND: excellent.

Various Artists

Telenovella

\$3.00 • Dee Wolfe, PO Box 1417, Salt Lake City, UT 84101

GAJOOB: Fiction that runs from Curt James' intricate "Goddamn Boy" to Dee Wolfe's more fantastic, Kafka-esque transmogrification study. Brian Bedard and Steven S. Jacobsen round out the writers featured here. All excellent pieces, and I always enjoy hearing writers read their work. It adds something to the experience. The imagination flows, and this one runs.... SOUND: fair.

Various Artists

Veils of Negative Existence

noise/rock/psyche/industrial • 1989 • ? minutes • no bias • \$5.00 • Ugly American, c/o Greg Chapman, PO box 8433, Red Bank, NJ 07701

This is a comp tape, focusing on the South-Central Jersey/Philadelphia noise scene. There really is no scene, but just a few, good men. KING CARRASS is from Philly and they're putting out an LP on No. 6 Records due out in April. ORIFICE is from Philly also, or were, since they broke up. GRAVEYARD are from deep in the South Jersey Pine Barrens. Which, if you ever been there, is pretty remote and eerie. I have no idea what they're up to.... Probably on a coon hunt with LSD pumping through their veins. HELL SAUSAGE is from Central Jersey and they are still around trying to get their act together or something. DOG OF MYSTERY were from the Jersey shore and they died in a car accident a few months ago on their way to a gig in Fresno. Just kidding? Nope.... May they rest in pieces.

GAJOOB: Top-notch, very loud crash music. No holds barred, extreme and angry, filled with energy. This is a definite must-have for those of you into this sort of thing, because this will force your under

and never let you up for air. But then, you can't help thinking the air up here stinks something bad anyway. SOUND: very good.

The Velvet Swines

Secret Swines

electronic (noisy) • 1989 • 90 minutes, chrome • \$6.00 • audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360

The VS boys sent this to me when they were just getting out there. They were hitting all the more established tape labels (of which I guess I'm one). Try as I might, I just couldn't dislike the tape, even though it's so unsettling. So I took it for release. MATT HOWARTH did the cover art with his usual deft aplomb. Eleven people play on these tracks! Peculiar incident involving eleven promo copies and Matt's mother, which I won't get into.—CARL HOWARD.

GAJOOB: A growling mania. The sound of Id. A demonic guitar churns and chortles throughout. Hyper-processed voice is distorted and nightmarish on a grand scale. Could use more bass end to round out its sonic picture. Side two has the same reverbed drum pattern running throughout. It forces a driving pounding. Perhaps a nail. This is

GAJOOB: Sequenced synth and percussion ala Kraftwerk with the atmospheric subtleties of TDream. VE allow the pieces the time to establish a hypnotic scope and then build on their own atmosphere. Mostly soft, yet driving. A good combination. Worth the effort to obtain. SOUND: excellent.

Worry Beads/Orphans & Widows

POW!

Orphanage, PO Box 315, Phoenix, AZ 85015

GAJOOB: The Worry Beads have done an interesting little twist here. The structure of their songs sounds to me to be rooted in quite basic rock structures — even 50's type stuff; yet they sound very modern, with a punk sort of edginess, psych guitar wow, etc. The drum machine is cheap sounding, but that does little to hold them back. Orphans & Widows remind me of Triptic of a Pastel Fern. They both employ subdued, almost chanted vocals that blend into the mix in a moaning sort of way; while the main musical force is a hypnotic sort of cross between electronic and dance and punk. While O&W are quite adept at this, they aren't great; which doesn't really say much except I'm not convinced, but I could be.



Dick "Zzaj" Metcalf

for tearing down, however. SOUND: very good.

The Venus Fly Trap

'Catalyst' Live in Norwich

neo-gothic rock • 1987 • 46 minutes, chrome • \$4.50 • audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360

First tunes by them just after ALEX NOVAK's stints with ATTRITION and DANCE NAKED. Now they gig in Europe, have singles and two CD's out, and changes in lineup, but they're still a cocky, energetic bunch. And I really can say I knew them when!—CARL HOWARD.

GAJOOB: "Energetic" does seem to describe this tape. A good live band. Sound natural and at home on the stage. Clean, loud guitars. Vocals up front. Not really "gothic" if you ask me, though they flirt with it at times. Just a decent rock band (nothing extraordinary) doing what they do. SOUND: good.

Vernal Equinox

New Found World

Atomeum Dawn Records, PO Box 114, Station C, Kitchener, Ontario N2G 3W9, CANADA

SOUND: very good.

Gary Wray

Instrument of Doom

varied rock • 1990 • 32 minutes, chrome • \$5.00 • Gary Wray, 18540 Cantara St., Reseda, CA 91335

Being a member of HERMANOS GUZANOS, every now and then I produce a tape of my own stuff. Tape two of mine should be out soon, titled "Back From Pluto." Our group's big thrill of course is collaborating with John Bartles! Guzanos tapes = 10, including mine, plus 3 more in the works. Plus we've appeared on 20 comp tapes. Not bad.

GAJOOB: On this mostly instrumental guitar tape Gary Wray of Hermanos Guzanos steps out in fine fashion. These songs exude a sort of compositional confidence. These are generally chord structures with added subtleties of texture. And Wray varies the pieces nicely. The songs are complete. Enjoyable without resorting to technical wizardry. SOUND: very good.

Bhagavad X



Elysian Beaches

Tranquil Technology Music, PO Box 20463, Oakland, CA 94620

GAJOOB: The liner notes state: "This album is dedicated to the hearing conservation of all sentient beings...." "48 minutes of digitally recorded music for meditation and massage..." This is the music of a beach in solitude, in peace. Tranquil healing. A sighing synthesizer light on the touch. SOUND: excellent.

X Ray Pop

Rabelais

Sound of Pig, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 15002, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215

GAJOOB: This tape documents a live club performance, December '88. It's in France. It sounds like a lot of fun, which naturally translates as being fun to listen to. Decent enough songs, with nice female vocals and a lot of various instruments and a casual sort of air about the whole thing. The sound is pretty good. Better than average live recording, as far as tapes go. SOUND: good.

Bob Z.

Packed Up and Leavin'

various styles • 1989 • 45 minutes, chrome • \$4.00
• Bob Z., c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd St. #300, NY, NY 10010

One of 2 cassettes (the other one being "Endless Sluts") that is at least partly representative of the songs I'm currently playing in squats, in some clubs, and on the streets of New York City! NYC is not (after 6 years and 4 "Sanitation Police" gig-postering trials) a place hospitable to an aspiring musician of my ilk. I am not interested in making commercial musick, heavy metal, fluffy pop, or even hardcore straightedge conformist shit! I'm just fed up with shit, and this tape reflects some of that. But the best is yet to come, and it won't be in New York — I'm going to the West Coast in July with Flowers in my hair and an achin' in my heart — Hart Hart!

GAJOOB: I think Bob tends to do all he can do to make his songs hard to listen to. He puts needless backwards shit, backing vocals that step all over the lead.... I've heard a couple of these songs before; and I always like Bob's songs best when they're presented in a straightforward manner. Why get unnecessarily creative, when you've got as much to say as Bob? Just say it. And Bob's best at his folk/punk kinda thing. SOUND: fair - good.

Bob Z.

Endless Sluts

eclectic rock songs, acoustic, electric, punk, folk, blues, noise.... • 1990 • 40 minutes, chrome • \$4.00 • Bob Z., c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd St. #300, NY, NY 10010

"Endless Sluts" was recorded over a period of 3 weeks on a Tascam Porta 5. It includes reworked versions of a couple songs that have previously appeared on the "Packed Up and Leavin" cassette, but nearly all of the 10 or so cuts on here are brand new. "Girl in Flaming Underpants" is going to be turned into a video. It is the story of a legend dating back to the Spanish inquisition where in the obscure villa of Aragonia, Seville, every fourth daughter was required to wear flaming undergarments. This song is the story of the tragic love between the nobleman, Frederico, and this intensely devout, proud, yet young, naive and innocent Carmelita, who sits in a desert alone with clouds of black smoke billowing up from under her long skirt. Frederico sees her in his dreams, trying to douse the flames of her underwear with her tears, and he wakes up in a cold sweat. Anyway, the rest of the tape is just as jam-packed. Full of grisly tales and sweet melodies, blended like a piping hot pie in the sky, guy.

GAJOOB: Finally, things such as channel-delay and careless recording that did in previous releases by Mr. Z. do not impose themselves here. Bob employs some experimental tricks on this one; but I still think he's best served by keeping it simple and allowing the message and anger of songs such as "Shopping Mall Friends of Suburbia" to shine through. Punk-Folk, I guess. Meaning the spirit of punk, but more stylistically folk. SOUND: good.

Zima

The Police Can't Settle Our Humanity

Porkopolis, PO Box 3529, Cincinnati, OH 45201

GAJOOB: Punk with a progressive cast by this Polish band. The lyrics are Polish, and this is a live tape. Very good sound with the singer a little too up-front, barring the occasional drop-out. What I liked about Zima was their use of augmented chord structures. The guitar and bass work very well together. The drummer sounds as if he's desperately trying to play catch-up throughout. But all in all, this is pretty good. SOUND: good to very good.

Chuck Van Zyl

Callisto

See ad in this issue • Distribution Box 22, Upper Darby, PA 19082

GAJOOB: Two side-long pieces of airy synthe-

sizer excursions. Nothing really out-of-the-ordinary. A driving arpeggiated sequencer moves across the space while a slightly detuned string-synth touches on melody. SOUND: very good - excellent.

Zzaj

In a Conservative World

1990 • 90 minutes • \$6.00 • traders write first • Dick Metcalf, HHC 19TH SUPCOM, PO Box 2879, APO SF, CA 96218

This was my first attempt "on my own" with words and music.... I felt a lot more "at ease" with the keyboards. The only thing that limits me (being over here in Korea where good equipment is often hard to come by) is the cheesy mic I'm working with for the voice tracks. I still felt pretty good about the results, but we'll see what the reviews have to say about that. The underlying theme, I guess, is to make people think about how bad "conservatism" is when it becomes a habit.... I think there's been a tendency over the last ten years or so to view "law-n-order" as a panacea.... nothing could be further from the truth, in my mind; I guess I'm trying to say that the "home-taper" phenomenon is one good sign that we haven't been totally invaded by the "lawmongers" — YET!

GAJOOB: Dick Metcalf (aka Zzaj) relies heavily on the homogenous presets of his little Yamaha synth, conjuring up an often hypnotic, improvised soundscape whose only fault is its lack of diversity in its tonal picture. The vocals, which also seem improvised, at least in their spoken delivery and hard-panned (left and right) placement, do much to keep the proceedings interesting. This is helped by there being a cohesive theme throughout the tape. Metcalf offers up an endless assortment of Conservative phrases, played against one another; and doesn't need to resort to repetition (not that that doesn't work sometimes also), surprisingly enough over the whole 90 minutes. Zzaj would definitely do well to utilize a more diverse sound palette. It would do wonders, as his keyless improvising needs something besides itself to play against; adept as it certainly is. SOUND: fair - good.

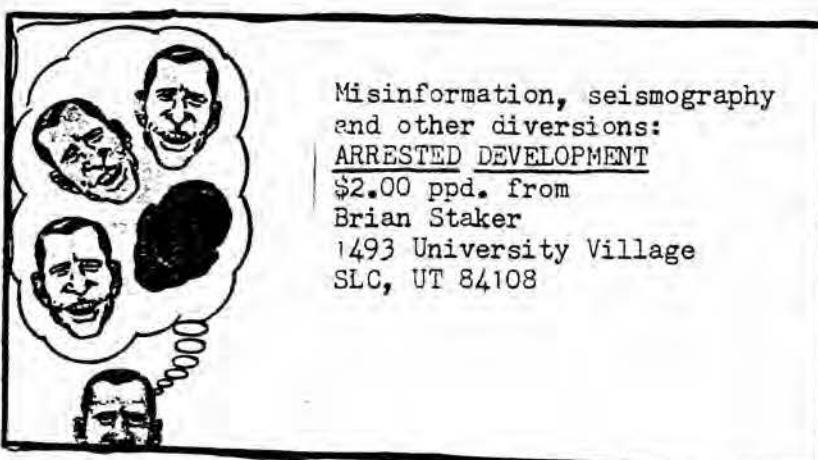
Zzaj-Art

Volume Two, Nov-Dec 1989

Dick Metcalf, HHC 19TH SUPCOM, PO Box 2879, APO SF, CA 96218 • 1989 • 90 minutes • \$6.00 • traders write first

Second collaboration with Bret Hart. I feel very privileged to work with an artist of his calibre.... Done in the spirit of "America," sort of like an old-fashioned Christmas.... All the basic tracks were down on this one, so we just did a lot of ping-pong and remix, as well as some voice trax on one side with J.B. Sells poetry.... To make the story shorter, we drank a few brews and got pretty groggy; went dancin' half the night.... I kept saying that I was gonna get up early and fix the turkey — Bret makes a GREAT turkey.... This is all by the way of saying that we were both pretty relaxed and in a natural frame of mind when this was put together.... Hopefully this will come across to the listener!

GAJOOB: A definite off-filteredness permeates this release. Off-filtered guitar and keyboards, warbling around the mix. Surely the improvised instrumentation does its part to help this along, but it's really Bret Hart's guitar work that does the trick. Sort of an atonal, yet fitting flair to that. This is pretty lean, and sounds maybe a little rushed. Could have used fuller fleshing out; but you get the picture. Dick's spoken word stuff is here, but it's a little too self-conscious perhaps, natural as it might be. Dick and Bret seem to be mining this territory extremely well - and digging up a few gems in the process. I like their style. SOUND: good.



Core Rock	Dan Schaaf	Lycia	Metal/Hardcore
Big Nurse	Undercurrent	Mea Culpa	Absolute Zero
Donter Bogan	Zzaj	Doug Michael & the Outer Darkness	Disturbed
Hermanos Guzmanos		Lord Litter	
Kneeling on Beans	Sequenced Synth Pulse	Mother Tongue	Electronic Loops
New Aged	Dead Goldfish Ensemble	Eric Muhs	Dan Fioretti
Rattus Rex	Richard Franecki	Poetry Devils	M. Nomized
Arielle Project	ITN	Worry Beads	Mike Miskowski
Sockeye	Sue Doe	Gary Wray	
Zima	Vernal Equinox		
Chuck Van Zyl			
Reggae/Beat		Poetry	Polished Rock
The Bud Collins Trio	Relaxation	Backyard Mechanics	Chemical Cat
Sanchez	Todd Fletcher	Aida Pavletich & Norma Tanega	Mr. Cut
Improvisational Core	Jack Hurwitz	Poetry Devils	Colm Keenan
Big Joey	Michail Mantra	Miriam Sagan	Scatman Meredith
ordure	Vernal Equinox		Donald Rubenstein
tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE & John Berndt	Bhagvad X		
	Chuck Van Zyl		
Story Music		Rock Funk	Progressive Rock
Tom Burris & Ken Clinger	Percussion Improv	Mata Rata	The Bud Collins Trio
Aida Pavletich & Norma Tanega	Crawling With Tarts	The Bud Collins Trio	hermanos Guzmanos
Adult Contemporary	The Miracle	Chemical Cat	Jaws of the Flying Carpet
Deborah Cairns	Electronic Experimental - Noise	Doug Michael & the Outer Darkness	Charles Laurel
Margaret King	Darren Copeland		Lord Litter
Scatman Meredith	Formula 409		Mata Rata
Christy Rosten	Malok		Eric Muhs
Jason Underground	Moving Mantlepiece		EQ... Zak
	Pantaloons Cinema		Blair Petrie
Noise	AMK-Montage		
Murilee Arraiac	Trance	Industrial	Punk Funk
Labrat	Undercurrent	Lycia	Big Boys
Trance	The Velvet Swines	Sin Drome	Zima
Unstability		This Window	
Uvengraf	Song Inanity	Worry Beads	
The Velvet Swines	Bad Boy Butch Batson		
Electronic Rock	Booger Pill Safety Barn	RocknRool - Improv - Experimental	
lanetescapes	The Cheapskates	Eugene Chadbourne	
Todd Fletcher	Kneeling on Beans	Coz the Shroom	
Headspace	Lawrence Salvatore	George Travail	
Keebler	Sockeye	Bret Hart	
Lord Litter	Humor Rock	Jaws of the Flying Carpet	
Mea Culpa	Kevyn Diamond	Kneeling on Beans	
Doug Michael & the Outer Darkness	John Bartles	Mea Culpa	
Mother Tongue	Dino DiMuro	Mothman & Headspace	
Blair Petrie	Love, Calvin	ordure	
Sistar Power	Arielle Project	Other People's Children	
Sud Doe	Russ Stedman	Poetry Devils	
Triptic of a Pastel Fem	Mothman & Headspace	Lawrence Salvatore	
Gothic		Sockeye	
The Rex Havoc Army	Sound Collage	This Window	
Lycia	Steve Buchanan		
Mother Tongue	Dan Fioretti	Melodic Beatle-ish Pop Rock	
This Window	Illusion of Safety	Ray Carmen	
Tom Memory	Malok	Scatman Meredith	
Orphans & Widows	AMK-Montage	Christy Rosten	
	Spagyrific	LMNOP	
	This Window		
Wild Improv Rock	Sound with Improv	Hard Rock	Folk Rock Pop
Dimthlingshine	Ron Ellis & the Chamber Rock Ensemble	Disarray	Bombarded With Flowers
Jaws of the Flying Carpet		Humidifier	Tom Burris
The Miracle	Sound - Experimental Guitar	The Junk Monkeys	Forest 4
Coz the Shroom	Stephen Buchanan	Poetry Devils	Colm Keenean
Electronic Synth Improv	George Travail		Kneeling on Beans
Fox/Treyfid	Bret Hart		Scatman Meredith
Inch Eggs	Eric Muhs		New Aged
Jesus & Adolf	Pantaloons Cinema		Other People's Children
mea Culpa	Trance		Rattus Rexx
Mother Tongue	Unstability		
Moving Mantlepiece	Tim Gilbride	Electronic Experimental	Simple Song
New Aged		Crawling With Tarts	Daniel Johnston
Plastic Eye Miracle	Instrumental Guitar	Doll Parts	Jason
Donald Rubenstein	tim Gilbride	Idy	Under-
	Colm Keenan	The Bill Jones Show	ground



NOTES FROM THE POWER PLAGUES TOUR DIARY

BY BOB Z

CARBONDALE

Aaron played drums in a godforsaken basement while I pounded out power chords. We sounded good.

The night, I plugged into the crowd and my fears no longer mattered. This place was the ultimate party, a thousand miles from nowhere.

MY FRIENDS IN CHICAGO

Just beyond the stink clouds of Indiana, where all highways meet, fat men waving fists out of windows, shouting obscenities, in this pit by Lake Michigan I fell in. They call it "Chicago," a place where punks play petty politics, and only a few have the guts of Corny, lead singer for Dead Steel mill, bringing punk back from the grave, pushing the limits, melting my eardrums in high voltage buckets of thrash. The slack-jawed waitress in the greasy spoon who served me a dirty hamburger, the din of the trains, the planes and the cars on that stark, deserted Sunday. These were my friends. I stood beside them in the alleys.

WELCOME TO FLINT

Flint worms into the stomach, a maggot gnawing the intestines as the brain comprehends a tight fist. The stench of dead men dances in the alleys. Skeletons leap from the dumpsters along these narrow streets. A hearse waits at the traffic light. An old man mumbles on a wooden bench, "Welcome to Flint."

THE OUTCAST LEAGUE

Somewhere in Minneapolis, the night before a tornado brought down the power lines, I was trippin over beer and soda cans, watchin' Lee the Gutter Man playin' hopscotch and squeezing out farts. A bona fide member of the Outcast league, Lee pulled down his pants and smiled a demonic, drunken smile while he peed, stepping on tablecloths and knocking over many bottles. The soccer game had broken up. The entire crowd brought their leathers, nose-rings and spiked hair to hang around this house and drink or do drugs or just get loud and stupid. Punk chicks with graveyards in their eyes put a smile on my lips.

A SPECK OF DIRT

Spent in a New Mexico forest, putting out a cigarette 10,000 feet up, looking at pine trees laced with the fresh mountain wind. Out there is the end of all argument... So I shuffle into the corridors of my own personal dream, churning the dusty road and spewing rocks into a pool of light.



Freaked out by this world but still on my feet, i bounce back from my defeats without the help of God.

My thoughts are quick and streamlined, blowing smoke-rings into the sun, my gaze bouncing off distant trees. Far out in the hoodoo, my mind stops for a drink. Clear and pure quiet. Each breath of air tells me who I am, beyond solitude. A tiny speck watching three black hawks, up, skankin' in the clouds.... Wondering at bumblebees and snakes kicking up dust.... Watching curious woodpeckers, little budinskies, attend to small worlds hidden away inside trees.

A deceptive sparkling: the murmur of distant car engines; in my mind's eye, a redneck armed with guns. A pane of shattered glass; all peace stolen away. As my fears become clear, reality crumbles and everywhere I see evidence of enemies. Until I sort this out, you, my readers, just kick your feet up on the desk and laugh.

Down like a six-legged insect crawling on a white, tiled floor, I'm black and blue with the knowledge of myself as insignificant as spit in a bottle.... A speck of dirt on your garage door.

UNDER THE CYANIDE SPEW

Cleveland, Ohio, the home of used hefty bags blowing down the street, stuffed under crabgrass and dangling from trees. Filth on the sidewalks, filth in the gutter, spewing from the backs of cars. Every atom is polluted. Every anthill - a bad smell. Caked with soot, busses bring workers home on the turnpike. Poison's poured into the street day and night until even the stop signs are caked with it. Will it ever stop? Rivers of slime are piped from one house to the next.... Sold in the supermarkets, pumped in the gas tanks and delivered to each doorstep, filth falls from bibles and crawls out from under the rug. Hard to remember, under the cyanide spew of Ford factories, what's going on. Filth doesn't care; Cleveland manufactures more, waiting for the sun to burn up.

GIRL FROM SAN PEDRO

Along the beach, I found her, turning over jellyfish and laughing. I was so used to being alone, at first I didn't think she was real.

"Who are you?" I said, the sound of crashing waves bouncing between us like pogo sticks.

She answered with a gesture, a perfect spiral drawing me to her. Crazy and restless like me, she was burning, racked with pain and bored, curious, open-minded and totally convinced she was right.

She bent over and peered into my pain, a move made easier by our similarities. As if she'd been trying to scream, she had trembling lips. I backed away and dropped my thoughts into an envelope, not intending to mail it. I was soaking with perspiration. I had only just come by when she hit me with her aura, but she made it clear, there was not time for sadness, not time at all.

Her voice went through me like a bullet. I watched her turn the wheel of pain. She led me to a strange, old house. We walked past withered flowers and yellowed portraits and then past a window where birds jumped out of trees and madly circled.

She ground me in her arms. I fell into the depths of despair and surrendered everything in that embrace. Then I saw the sunrise over the mountains each time I looked at her, overwhelmed by bleak passion.

As I sit on my sailor's chest and smoke, I can still see her standing on the beach, that girl from San Pedro.

COLORADO

COLORADO

Peaceful as a parked hearse, Colorado is a plum uncultured place. I think of Colorado and I see a smelly hand crushing a very-used paper cup. Dry, Colorado, workingclass zombies with brains like wads of bubblegum fly the dull flag of ignorance. Boredom bubbles over into religion and spills out on the street: hordes of churchmen raising huge billboards in heavy-handed schemes for greater state control. Masterminds of power, twisting truth like Bakker and Falwell, they rake in the bucks in Colorado, home of ballistic missiles and wonderfully yupped-out homes filled with NewAge® products. People are content to watch TV while the corpse of Colorado develops maggots.... And what about censored racks of magazines that will never be seen, thanks to Nazi politicians who claim to protect Colorado youth? What they've done is to take away the rights of the common man. Just buy your lottery ticket, sit down and shut up. A big part of Colorado is censorship, the protection of military secrets. "Let's create a distraction, bum some Playboy and Penthouse magazines! Got to keep Colorado clean."

Applianoidal Grphcus Birthday Elaps

Abscond, 2251 Helton Dr. #N7, Florence, AL 35630

A booklet of computer graphics and text manipulations by Mike Miskowski, editor of MaLLife. It's very well put together. Sometimes quite striking, sometimes blurred, sometimes compressed. You find yourself looking at it from different perspectives. Holding it at various distances. Altering perception.

✓Baby Sue

\$1.50 • Half-Legal, 16 pages, offset
PO Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031

From the man who is the one-man LMNOP band, Baby Sue is a comic and the title of this zine. One issue was entirely devoted to fantasy recipes — very sick ones. This is a humor zine; and the humor throughout the three issues I received was very dark and very sick — and also very funny. Definitely not for the morally squeamish, or for people who prefer pleasant thoughts forever cascading through their empty skulls. Baby Sue only reviews a few recordings per issue, so it's not exactly a clearing house — or even a music zine, actually.

Brain Dead

#2 • Half-Legal, 2 volumes (102 pages), Xeroxed (high quality)
c/o John Bergin, 4503 Washington St., Kansas City, MO 64111

You can see a couple of Mr. Bergin's pieces in this issue of GAJOOB. If you like these, you'll love Brain Dead. Much of #2 is a couple of excellent, long art pieces done in a similar style to what I've published here. Very unique. Visually stunning, even picturesque. A lot of work obviously went into this. It's appreciated.

Cafe Armageddon Anthology 1990

Price? • Standard, Spiral-bound, Offset
2008 Oxford, Austin, TX 78704

"Cafe Armageddon is a nonprofit organization dedicated to promoting arts in Austin and around the world, in any way we see fit, and with whatever resources are at our disposal." The second in their series of annual anthologies of the accumulated solicited and unsolicited material they've received, this is loaded with intelligent writing, prose, poetry and graphics. Great layout too — very striking.

Catharsis

Monthly • Tabloid, 16 pages, offset
PO Box 3181, Suffolk, VA 23434

Entirely engaging, funny, satirical, offbeat, etc. local tabloid which every locality should have, could have but rarely (and probably not ever this good) does have. Music reviews and opinion pieces and whatever. This is great!

The Cuttingsville Times

\$1.00? • Standard, 16 pages, corner stitched, Xeroxed

1612 Broadway, Ann Arbor, MI 48105

Mostly made up of strange newspaper articles (simply cut right from the newspaper). Also contains a couple pieces of poetry and a few other things. "Big Peon is Watching Them" by Mike Perini is quite engaging, telling of the dreaded experiences of jobhunting.

✓Cybernetik Renaissance

#1, June 1990 • \$1.50 • Half-Legal, 20 pages, Xeroxed
c/o Vi Lewis, 111 East Drake Rd. #7088, Ft. Collins, CO 80525

Vi Lewis has been involved in Cassette Culture for several years now with Madison County Sound Labs. Now comes his CR which states that it is a forum for the "New Renaissance." Lewis is referring to taking control of your own personal expression. In being this forum he "... will attempt to provide technical and articulate reviews to all music received." He asks that when sending music for review to include some general information about yourselves and your music. Issue #1 contains an excellent interview with Jeph Jerman of Big Body Parts and City of Worms. Six music reviews which back up his stated intentions, being



articulate.

Dangerous Times

#16 • \$1.50 • Digest, 28 pages, Xeroxed
c/o Josh, 32 Chestnut Hill, Greenfield, MA 01301

A punk-oriented zine heavy on the personal opinion of its two editors, Josh and Iggy. This two-person approach makes for very interesting reading because they're both quite opinionated and actually seem to be intelligent — not following the old punk lines. The reviews section even reviews a High School. The letters section features some correspondence around some Nazi-bashing activism by the editor. The live show reviews talk a lot about the lame local scene, and since this seems prevalent just about everywhere you don't feel too alienated.

Dumars Reviews

#6 • \$2.00 • Digest, 28 pages, Xeroxed
c/o Terata Publications, PO Box 810, Hawthorne, CA 90251

Denise and co. review dozens of magazines, books, videos, poetry and a section devoted to the Occult. DR prefers not to accept unsolicited items for review, only reviewing those it feels worthy of it.

Electronic Cottage

#4 • \$3.00 • Half-Legal, 72 pgs., offset
c/o Hal McGee, PO Box 3637, Apollo Beach, FL 33572

With its exclusion of reviews in issue #3, EC has turned its focus directly towards offering itself as a forum for fringe audio artists; and that means the cassette underground to a large extent. My favorite part of EC is the interviews. This issue has thoroughly enjoyable sessions with John Wiggins, Crawling With Tarts, Little Fyodor, Poison Plant and John Gullak — all conducted by others who are involved in the scene themselves, such as Carl Howard and Michael Chocholak.

Experimental Musical Instruments

Volume V #2 • \$3.50 • Standard, 24 pages, offset
PO Box 784, Nicasio, CA 94946

Much of this issue is about the history of one-man multi-instrument apparatus. EMI documents many different kinds of musical instruments, providing background and diagrams. Highly recommended.

✓Factsheet Five

#36 • \$3.00 • Standard, 134 pgs., offset
c/o Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502

Where you go to make contact with the small press network. Hundreds of small press publications, tapes, records, CDs, comics and videos are reviewed informatively and concisely in every issue, published six times a year. Anni Ackner's "Stars on One" movie column is always a joy to read, along with several other regularly featured columnists. The addition of several new audio reviewers has added a new dimension to the reviews which I like. As many of you came in contact with GAJOOB through FS5, you already know it's THE place to go. It literally opens up a whole new world filled with interesting and diverse points of view.

✓File 13

#7 • \$2.00 • Standard, 36 pages, offset
PO Box 175, Concord, MA 01742

Quite similar to Mole (or vice versa) — and likewise impressive in scope and content. Editor Mark Lo maintains a strong identity, which adds much to the proceedings as he's an interesting guy. F13's focus is music, with much of issue #7 being reviews of such. Lo has an impressive musical vocabulary strongly evident here. His reviews are both informative AND insightful. Along with the music are pieces about a summer vacation in a mental institution for people who have attempted suicide and a bike trek along the great wall of China.

Mike Film

#6 • \$2.00 • Standard, 14 pages, Xeroxed
PO Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203

This is a fascinating document of various distributions of 46,800 pieces of an 8mm film which has been going on for some 11 years. Many forms of distribution are documented. Balloon distribution. Toilet bowl distribution. A secretary in the CIA even took Mike Film to China. Many letters from many places telling how they distributed their Mike film. How am I distributing my Mike Film? Read the next Mike Film Distribution Form and find out. This is truly fascinating.

Gallery X • 1989-90, In Retrospect/In Progress

\$1.50 • Standard, 8 pages, offset
c/o Peter Petrisko, Jr., PO Box 56942, Phoenix, AZ 85079

This is "...meant as a short overview and more in-depth look at some of the individuals whose work appeared at the downtown Phoenix art space. Through exhibition, it is hoped to confront people with challenging ideas. This publication represents the next step — the opportunity to challenge these ideas." It contains short

pieces on Nick Zedd, Daniel Plunkett (an interview with this Editor of ND), and Debbie Jaffe.

Homonuculus

\$2.00 • Standard, 14 pages, Xeroxed
PO Box 18685, Rochester, NY 14618

Subtitled, "A Journal of the Bizarre, the Horrific, the Phantasmagoric, the Sublime, and the Generally Outré." Pretty much sums up the writing here. A couple poems, some engaging prose and essays. Kathy Kern's "Stewed Tomatoes" is particularly good, with its interesting viewpoint on the abortion issue. Not what you'd expect.

INCITE!

\$1.00 • Digest, 16 pages, Xeroxed
c/o Tim Albom, PO Box 649, Cambridge, MA 02238

This is always a welcomed item in my post office box. Tim writes about things he cares about; and makes you care about 'em too. This means music, and his piece on songs that meant a lot to him when he was growing up will strike a chord in many a music lover's heart, as it did mine. Tim is starting up a RECORD label now called Harriet Records; and I wish him all the best. I hope INCITE keeps making its regular appearances here.

International House of Fruitcakes

\$1.00
PO Box 235 Williamstown, MA 01267

Occasionally these guys put something out that is actually worthwhile; but while I wait for that I get all these unintelligible, slap-dash things I really don't care for. I think they also send me chain letters.

Lab Notes

May '90 • \$1.00 • Half-legal, 8 pages, Xeroxed
What Hiss Music Co., PO Box 24155,
Winston-Salem, NC 27114

What very well could be simply a newsletter for this label is nothing of the sort. It's a small zine of poetry. Most of it pretty good.

MISCI!

\$33 • \$1.50 • Mini, 40 pages, Xeroxed
High School Comics, 4841 Birch Lane, Gilbert,
MN 55741

Another great issue in this consistently excellent mini-comic series. This time out we're treated with stuff from Brian Pearce, John Fellows, Matt Feazall, Lon Roberts, Paul Turney, Jules Grey Hart, Eddie Bocage, David Lee Ingersoll, Ben Lord, Sam Arroyo, Chuck Bunker and Brad Foster. "At the Films With Bob and Randy" is a hilarious take-off on Siskel and Ebert, et al. Jules Hart is an excellent artist. Matt Feazall contributes Cynicalman, Mr. Spot and Cute Girl pieces. David Ingersoll's "Trashing Detritus" is also very good.

✓MOLE

#2 • \$2.00 • Standard, 40 pages, offset
c/o Jeff Bagato, 801-D Jamestown Dr., Winter
Park, FL 32792

This is billed as "Reading, writing, ruling underground culture." Whatever it is, it's mighty impressive. Excellent writing, including a piece entitled "Haitian Art Vs. American Myth" which not only told about Orlando Florida's growing voodoo culture; but went further by delving into its roots and even analyzing its meaning to American culture. Very impressive for an alternative, mainly music publication. This issue also has a great interview with Laughing Hyenas; along with Mike Watt. Also an opinion piece on the recent Red Hot

Chili Peppers' trial which presents a viewpoint I wouldn't have expected.

OCTOVO • Macabre

\$1.00 • Digest, 8 pages, Xeroxed
c/o Sue Doe, PO Box 751912, Memphis, TN 38175

Aptly self-described as "a collection of 17th century art with photos and drawings. Skeletons are a strong character throughout this graphic zine. Visually unique, it has an old look about it.

✓on site

#8 • \$2.00 • Digest, 28 pages, Xeroxed
c/o Bob Bannister, 230 W. 105th St. #5C, NY, NY 10025

An interview the band Fish and Roses; and scores of music reviews. Records, singles, CD's and books. Editor Bob Bannister of the band Fire in the Kitchen apparently has good musical knowledge; and he brings it into play in his reviews, which makes them very understandable and enjoyable reading. And he's definitely not "starry-eyed" about any genre. I appreciate the fact that experimentation doesn't awe him out of believability.

Radio Free Banff '89 days of Radia 89.9 FM

Standard, 60 pages, Offset

A very thorough documentation of the 89-day experimental radio workshop by Inter-Arts, the Banff Centre for the Arts. Participant profiles and a day by day log of events. Anyone interested in Radio as an artform, or just exploring the boundaries of it should get a hold of this one. Outstanding!

Retrofuturism

#13 • July 1990 • \$3.00 • Half-legal, 84 pages,

vyral infekted produktions

vyral infekted produktions

—product order form—

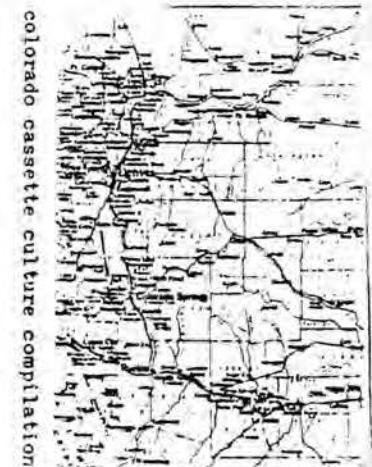
- 001: madison county sound labz: mechanism of mind—cass
the first local release, this tape was constructed using tape loops, a home stereo, and employing simple tape loops. it is primitive, and established a foundation for future releases to build off of.
- 002: madison county sound labz: self fulfilling prophecy—cass
a natural progression from the first release, this tape was constructed using tape loops, a home stereo, and employing simple tape loops. it is placed on 7cm spooling and 10cm manipulations.
- 003: madison county sound labz: industrial—cass
a more complete and refined work to date, this programming is heavily treated by any means. industrial music for layers of industry...for the sound of big music label!
- 004: madison county sound labz: source unknown—cass
a compilation of experiments and manipulations with sound. selected sound loops were strictly on found sounds. each sound was completely dissected and rearranged until achieving a desired result. (for the sound of big music label)
- 005: colorado cassette culture compilation—cass
a documentation of the experimental sound/music artist from the area known as colorado; includes: city of worms, architecture office, little tyrone, madison county sound labz, formula 409, Dave clarke/walter dress, black tape-age, the strangle, name to, 90's paper, & antisocialism (for the sound of big music label)
- all tapes \$10.00, includes postage please pay in usd currency
make checks payable to: vt levi

cybernetik renaissance- this is vyral infekted's publication issue #1 includes reviews art comics and an interview with city of worms.

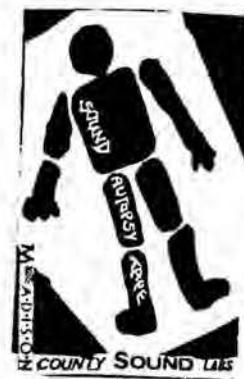
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includes postage & handling

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half page-\$15 6"x3.75"/15.4cm x 9.5cm
or 3"x7.5"/7.7cm x 19 cm
1/4 page-\$10 3"x3.75"/7.7cm x 9.5cm
biz cards-\$5



colorado cassette culture compilation



coming soon: escl/ welcome to auschwitz-cass
industrial man/ black krome-cass
cybernetic renaissance #2

contact: vyral infekted produktions/111 east drake road
suite #7088
ft collins, colorado
80525-usa-

includes 5-cut 45", Offset

911 North Dodge, Iowa City, IA 52245

Extremely intelligent, thought-provoking magazine which discusses topics generally centering around the dissemination of information. This includes print and audio reviews; and also contacts wanting submissions, mail art happenings and other participation informations. The features are all insightful and, in this issue, cover ideas such as Neoism, the mail art Eternal Network, a twist on the Paperless Society, the Macintosh as capitalist tool, a report from the Anti-Art Festival held in Cleveland on March 31 and several discussion concerning the Art Strike. On the included piece of vinyl are five cuts from Mystery Lab (1 cut), The Fleeing Villagers (1 cut) and (3 cuts by) X Y Zedd. Very highly recommended.

✓Saudade

#1 • \$3.00? • Digest, 32 pages, Xerox

Gothic Cottage, High Street, South Moreton, Oxon OX11 9AD, ENGLAND

An entertaining "kitchen sink" kinda zine having a lot of fun. They're sponsoring a Toucan at the local zoo. Opinion pieces on Captain Beefheart and Syd Barrett. The latter talks mainly about some lost tracks which are being released. Editor Hamish Ironside is very big on They Might Be Giants at the moment. There's also an "Introduction to Jack Kerouac." Saudade's list of "The Ten Most Under-rated Bands" lists Neil Diamond at #3, which is actually not such an inconceivable thought if you hold any respect for songsmithing whatsoever. This is at least unpredictable. Don't write this one off. Ironside seems to have quite a depth of musical knowledge with a high degree of excitement prevailing. Open ended and open minded.

Shattered Wig Review

#4 • 76 pages, Half-legal, Xeroxed

523 E. 38th St., Baltimore, MD 21218

Stylistically very slap-dash, but thoroughly engaging. It's layout actually forces me to skim it every time I pick it up — so I seem to keep coming back to it, and find more each time I do. Lots of poetry. Mainly prose-oriented. Some collage art. Lots of contributors.

The Skeleton Quarterly

#11 • \$2.00 or trade • Standard, 32 pages, Xerox

c/o Phillip Lollar, PO Box 411021, San Francisco, CA 94141

Much of issue #11 is made up of Phil's very excellent collage art, which is visually striking and thematic. There's also some fiction, poetry, publication reviews and comics. Phil is in the band Devil Dog.

Storefront Bar-B-Q

Spring 1990 • \$1.00 • Standard, 8 pages, Xeroxed

c/o Shawn Swagerty, PO Box 18743 - 20th Street Station, Washington, D.C. 20036

This issue of Shawn Swagerty's zine of his thoughts contains a thoroughly engrossing, first-hand account of the local National Organization for Women's counter-measures against Operation Rescue (an activist, anti-abortion group which attempts to physically shut down clinics) and their attempts on a certain day in November. Also reviews of live shows, cassettes and zines. Swagerty's writing style is a pleasure to read.

✓Strange Noise

#5 • \$1.00 • Standard, 20 pages, Xerox

c/o John Rickman, 8312 Greenock Dr., Richmond, VA 23236

A spirited zine devoted to Cassette Culture. This issue contains an interview with Little Fyodor, Chris Phinney, a small write-up on International Terrorist Network, Paul Weinman's White Boy prose, 6 tape reviews, an interview with Teen Lesbians & Animals and comics from Matt Howarth and Treiops Treyfid. Strange Noise is even more irregular than GAJOOB.

Table Manners

c/o WCLR, PO Box 17121, Indianapolis, IN 46217

Visually vibrant text presented in a very, very graphic way. This can be read as poetry, as well as viewed graphically. Extraordinarily intricate and substantial.

Carla Yoker's Unrequited

\$1.00? • Digest, 20 pages, Xeroxed

Made up entirely of Ms. Yoker's poems, which are often insightful and engaging. For instance:

Again

Sex again.

Now I know what all those

Top 40 songs mean.

Void Post

#5 • \$1.00? • Standard, 8 pages, offset

PO Box 19427, Minneapolis, MN 55419

Subtitled, "the journal of the Little City in Space," this is basically a newsletter for this newly nationally syndicated radio show; although it does contain a couple opinion pieces. I liked Peter Stenshoel's "Let's Go Bowling With the Art Strike."

WCSB Spring Program Guide 1990

\$1.00 • Digest, 16 pages, Offset

Cleveland State University, Suite 956 - Rhodes Tower, Cleveland, OH 44115

Besides being the program guide for the radio station, much of this is taken up with presenting thoughts on the Art Strike. There are many excellent pieces about the Art Strike floating around zineland at this moment; and this is another.

Subscriptions

International

with

Blurbs, Tapes

Match

Tom Furgas

Underground
Comics

200+
Interactive
Tape Reviews

and
MORE
of course

Subscriptions

See
Page
75
For
Details



compilation announcements

Below is a list of people currently accepting submissions for compilation tapes. A compilation tape is made up of several different artists. They are an excellent way for people to hear a lot of music they might possibly not otherwise hear; and an excellent way for you to get some added exposure. Usually you will receive a copy of a tape on which your work appears as payment. Several of the contacts below are simply addresses I received stating that they do comps you may wish to query first before sending something. GAJOOB lists these comp submission requests free of charge for anyone planning a compilation project. Just let me know!

Gary Wasikvuori, PPA 1, 61980 Pantane, FINLAND

Fast Times Recordings, c/o Andrew Heppinstall, PO Box 110, Whyalla 5600, South Australia, AUSTRALIA

Phil Riola, 15641 Pensacola St., Westminster, CA 92683

Flush Productions, PO Box 1050, Richmond, CA 94802

Glancarlo Leveroni, Manuel Ugarte Y Moscosa 1053, Urb. Orrantia Del mar, Lima 17, PERU

Shawn MacDonald, 720 Mullin Way, Burlington, Ont. L7L-47J, CANADA

Craig Caron, 50 Fielding Cres., Hamilton, Ont. L8V-2P5, CANADA

Daisy Chain Tapes, c/o Chris, 28 Silver Rd., Norwich, Norfolk NR3-4TA, ENGLAND

4 Minute War, c/o Bish, 32 Martham Rd., Hemsby, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk NR29-4NQ, ENGLAND

Hypertonia World Enterprises, PO Box 4307, N-5008 Bergen, NORWAY

Electronic Cottage Magazine, PO Box 3637, Apollo Beach, FL 33572, is currently seeking pieces of no longer than four minutes long for a ten-tape compilation series. Hal tells me he's already on #3. So hurry!

Josh, 32 Chestnut Hill, Greenfield, MA 01301

"I've got a tape project coming out at the end of this year. C90, Side A: talk and noise type comp, Side B: music (any genre) comp. Seeking material for both sides. This will be distributed free (copies sent to people who send a tape and postage).

Spiral Cassette, PO Box 17686, Phoenix, AZ 85011

...is looking for audio collaborations assembled through the mail between 2 or more people. "...Looking for works that might not otherwise occur." No deadline. Submissions should fill 30 minutes, be on high bias with Dolby B or C. Returned with SASE. Payment in 5 copies.

Absolutely Sweet Tapes, c/o Tero Lehto, Kieverink. 12, 15140 Lahti, FINLAND

the human voice is preferable, all kinds of WEIRD sounds are welcome! All languages accepted, and no piece is too slick or too FILTHY! Send your contributions on good quality cassette. Write for information on upcoming volumes.

Provocative Punk Productions, c/o Mark Murray, 1675 Vernon St. #39, Roseville, CA 95678
Does Punk compilations

Decapitated Productions, c/o Panos Tzanetatos, Aspasias 55, 155 61 Holargos, Athens, GREECE

"We are looking for new talents and upcoming bands for future vinyl releases or to be featured in forthcoming compilation tapes and records. Bands, zines, record labels, traders: get in touch today! Send samples and further info. Let's make some good trades with our products, distribute our flyers. Trade ideas and opinions! We are open to all kinds of music!!!

Charnel House Productions, PO Box 170277, San Francisco, CA 94117
Is assembling a compilation of pieces which are dominated by percussion or a strong rhythmic backbone. Include return postage if you want your cassette returned.

Paul Rydeen, PO Box 207, Ft. Lyon, CO 81038
Is compiling a comp of Residents covers. "Quality of no concern; I'm only interested in feeling, not slickness." Submit works on cassette. No submissions returned.

Aspirin Zine, c/o Woksa, PO Box 111133, Omaha, NE 68111
Puts out an on-going series of comps.

Krapp's Last Tape, c/o Burning Press, PO Box 18817, Cleveland, OH 44118
"We're still looking for language-based art for compilations...."

SET Cassettes, PO Box 334 - Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215

"Boston based cassette culture label would like to help promote truly underground music from Boston. We are looking for other experimental, electronic, cassette artists to contribute their recordings to our first collection of home made recordings from Boston. Show the rest of the world that this is much more than a "rock n roll" city!"

MILENOISE CASSETTES, 1225 N. East #163, Anaheim, CA 92805

Seeking contributions for an upcoming compilation tape. No deadline as of yet. No theme either. All contributions used will get the usual payment of one copy per track used.

Sverre H. Kristensen, Bjerggade 44, DK-6000 Kolding, DENMARK
"Disgruntled Employees" poetry rants will be a series of spoken word tape compilations, featuring weird and beautiful sounds from all over the world! Readings, phone pranks, cut-ups, interviews, anything goes! There are no restrictions. Although something including

Frank Herbst, Kalumer Bruch 21, 42 Oberhausen 12,
WEST GERMANY

Your Chance Tapeshow features radioshows on tape.

Jan Bruun, PO Box 4307, N-5008 Bergen, NORWAY
Does a radio show besides his Hypertonia World Enterprises tape label.

Something Else, c/o KLSU, B46
Hodges Hall, Louisiana State
University, Baton Rouge, LA
70803

Is a radio show hosted by Arlen P. Speights. He's just getting into the cassette culture, and he's called me several times. He's really in need of some good tapes. Electronic and experimental especially; but I'm sure he'll give all sorts ample consideration. He just sent a list of songs he has carted for all-hours play on the station.

Krapp's Last Tape, c/o Burning Press, PO Box 18817,
Cleveland, OH 44118

Hosted by Luigi Bob Drake on WCSB Radio, Cleveland State University. "We're still looking for language-based art for compilations and for my radio show, which features a weekly special on Cassette Magazines."

Mystery Hearsay, PO Box 240131, Memphis, TN
38124

Is a radio show on WEVL. "Special events include: live

improvisations with guest musicians, interviews and an array of spontaneous mixes of submitted sound sources." Saturday evenings.

Roger Guillevic,
FRANCE

13
Sulniac 56250, Eleven,
7-7

Hosts a radioshow called "START in which he "...plays indies who aren't distributed here."

WAIF, 2525 Victory Pkwy,
Cincinnati, OH 45206

Is a radio station that features "In Your Ear" Tuesdays 8 pm to 10 pm: Indie Rock world-wide — address tapes to Cleopatra; and "Kindred Saction": local and regional music — address tapes to Cynthia O. Dye.

Fresh Air Radio, KFAI 90.3 FM, 1518 E. Lake St.
#209, Minneapolis, MN 55407

Features "Root of All Evil," described as "Molten metal breakdowns...." Address tapes to the attention of Earl Root. Earl is also in the band Disturbed.

WUNH 91.3 FM, University of New Hampshire,
Durham, NH 03824; (603) 862-2541.

Music director Marc Simony sent me several recent playlists of music in an alternative vein. I don't know if there's any cassettes to speak of, but you might check it out.



odds & ends?

The Archive of Contemporary Music, 110 Chambers St., NY, NY 10007
Research, mailing lists, data base, recording archive.

Steppingstone, c/o Miller Marlin, PO Box 4264, San Francisco, CA 94101

Is looking for band videos for V.T. TV, which airs on Viacom Cable Systems Channel 25 Mondays at 4:30. "Each week we will spotlight the best music and videos from independent labels like yours." Write for more information. If sending your video UPS, you can send it to Rusticia Newone, c/o Pearl St. Studios, 45 Pearl St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

Very Friendlies, c/o Tadahiro Shida, 1350 Yuicho Ihara-gun, Shizuoka 421-31, JAPAN

Is interested in doing collaboration works through the mail; and has rare tapes for exchange also.

Lord Litter, Pariser Str. 63A, 1000 Berlin 15, WEST GERMANY
Runs the KFR news department. KFR is an international distributions system/network. The "Independent Database" is a collection of (currently) more than 2300 addresses. Newsflyer No. 1 says: "Please write to me. I hope that this will become the greatest database of the independent scene, but this will only become reality if you will take part."

The International Media Exchange, c/o Mike Honeycutt, PO Box 240131, Memphis, TN 38124

Is a computer bulletin board system which can be reached at (901) 382-3069. 300/1200/2400 baud.

Victor Gates, 552 Lancelot Dr., No. Salt Lake, UT 84054-2230
Has just published the first issue of a new mini-comic series. It's called "Round House" and will center around his characters, The Geep and Maxine. "This will be a fun and sexy look at newlywed life as well as covering the joys and pain of being young, single and fat." Issue #1 is only 75¢ ppd.

MusicNet is a growing Washington, DC, computer bulletin board which contains discussion boards on a variety of topics, and also a lot of other music-related info on-line. It's available for \$39/year, or \$24 for six months. If you're calling by modem, dial (301) 946-6796, and use standard protocol: 8-N-1 (echo off); or write MultiMedia Software, PO Box 835, Germantown, MD 20875.

Video Music, Inc., PO Box 1128, Norristown, PA 19404, announces the release of the film *Wonderwall*. The movie features music by George Harrison.

Missing Link Music, 6920 Roosevelt Way, NE #328, Seattle, WA 98115, offers a catalog of over 100 independent tapes with reviews of each. They also have four comp tapes available.

Singer Mary Wells, 47, is receiving outpatient radiation treatment for throat cancer at County USC Medical Center. The former Motownchanteus, who topped the pop charts in the early '60s with such hits as "My Guy" and "You Beat Me to the Punch," is broke, has no health insurance and was evicted last week from her Los Angeles apartment. Donations can be sent to: Mary Wells Care & Treatment, c/o the Rhythm & Blues Foundation, the Smithsonian Institution Museum of American History, Room 4603, 4th St. & Constitution Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20560.

NEW ADDRESSES

Big Body Parts, PO Box 9813, Colorado Springs, CO 80932-0813

Violet Glass Oracle Tapes, 5546 Harvest Ln. #B, Toledo, OH 43623

Jake Berry, PO Box 3112, Florence, AL 35630

Walter Wright, 911 Main St., Indianapolis, IN 46220-1714

ordure, PO Box 801, Kingston, NH 03848

Mike Miskowski
Bomb Shelter Props
Mailife Magazine
Ectctrept
Spiral Cassest, PO Box 17686, Phoenix, AZ 85011

Bret Hart, 112 Quartz St., Mansfield, MA 02048

Pawnee Ribber
Cluttered Mind, 37 Terry Ln., Monticello, NY 12701



The Cassette Mythos Database Listing Project, 1990

The purpose of this list is to share all of the addresses with each person on the list, self-designated cassette-art enthusiasts. In turn this will also serve to inform and guide others who are exploring networking and collecting cassette recordings by mail. The growth of the Cassette Mythos database will enhance itself, naturally, as well as any other interested collaborators and fellow listing services. We each offer unique opportunities and we each need constant updating to maintain usefulness. The idea with this project is to make it as easy as possible for members and new-comers to find out about cassettes by mail.

The way that this system will work is to offer this questionnaire to interested participants that will channel information about audio art works in a comprehensive list that can be updated easily, electronically. By putting such a list on-line it could be edited by the artist themselves if they had a computer with a modem. Otherwise it could be transcribed here. Periodically the entire list will get printed off and distributed in paper form, which has always been the most widely used.

By mingling different specializations much can be imagined to be possible collaboratively. The subject of stylistic classifications has always been a controversial one, do we limit an entity to a musical realm this way or is it just our nature to want to describe what we hear? A particular recording might be somehow classified, but certainly not an artistic career.

These questions trace a new kind of address matrix for interested cassette arts explorers. Please respond using the questions to guide your listing data, all early participants will receive a free listing as well as a copy of the printout when that part is done.

Please answer only the questions that apply, the level of detail that you want to go into is up to you. This is an experiment to see how it can work in 1990. To be honest, there may be something better next time, or you may have to pay for this service, or nothing may come of this at all, the project may be confirmed as impossible to do at this time, which is what happened in 1989.

This is not a form to fill in the blank and send back, this is a guide. Each question is numbered, on a blank piece of paper you can number your responses. Any time that you may wish to change this information, if you move or if you have a new batch of material, please do so by writing until we are able to take care of this on-line or even by telephone and voice.

You don't need to answer each and every one of these questions, the ones towards the beginning are the standard things that will enable you take part in this. There is a lot of work to answer everything asked for. We thank you for your spirit of cooperation.

Here are the kinds of information we would like you to provide:

1) Name of artist: personal name, nickname, production name, etc., most listings consist of either a personal name or nickname, and frequently there is a name for the production company, which would be used for correspondence but not necessarily for putting on checks. Checks and postal money orders require the real name, the personal name, no nicknames, so you may need more than one name. Business names can be like band names.

2) Name of distributor — most commonly distribution is undertaken by the artists themselves but sometimes a very popular and convenient arrangement exists between shops or mail order organizations and artists. It is usually possible to have more than one distributor marketing an artist's work in addition to what that same artist may have to offer directly.

3) Contact addresses — contact point where mail can be received: possibly a personal address, possibly a post office box, possibly with a separate distributor address; include telephone, FAX, email and other (what ever that may be) only if you feel it is appropriate. It may be useful to provide more than one address, with one the preferred choice.

4) Titles of cassette releases — chronological list of completed tapes or tape projects undertaken to this time. These items are presumed to be available currently from either the artist directly or any number of tape distributors. You can include old projects if you distinguish between what is available and what is not. If you have a catalog that will work nicely, however please designate two or three choice items.

5) Titles of cassette releases that exist in the Cassette

Mythos Archive — If you have sent material for the archives please indicate title and date if possible. We are sorry to be lacking in chronological data for most of the holdings. A complete list of the archives is forthcoming. It is split into two parts and is hard to handle now. Eventually all reviews will be available to everyone who sent in material regardless of being published anywhere previously, and with the full correct text.

6) Have tapes listed in (4) been broadcast or reviewed, either on the radio or in print? If yes, where (radio program and station or name and location of magazine, etc.) and when, even just the year is ok.

7) Names of bands — just the most relevant recording names of bands you are in or have been in, with any released titles (especially tapes and packaging art (covers) that were reproduced more than a few times), as far as you want to take it naming the personnel and what other tapes they have released, etc. This is a more historical experiment.

8) Instruments used — please list the musical or technical instruments that you usually use for recording. Again, just as far as you want to take it, but a very short list would be best.

9) Stylistic descriptors — Would you like to describe your music using single words or short phrases? We are going to make a list of descriptive words, if you would like to think up more words besides your own music's sound please do so.

10) Traders — are you willing to trade a tape of your material for a tape from someone else? This is



for fun, right? This status is not intended as a legal obligation to supply tapes to whomever sends you one. Please comment if you have any feelings about how to handle this activity.

11) **Tape collector status** — (yes or no) Please put me on a list to receive promotional materials from artists or distributors.

12) **Compilation projects** — theme, contact person, address, target date due.

13) **Reviewer status** — which magazine(s) do you write for? What kinds of material do you prefer? Would you like to review cassettes for your own magazine? Explain.

14) **New projects** — what new projects are you working on these days?

15) **Radio broadcasters** — list station, station address, length and frequency of program, station wattage, music director or program director, music policy (briefly), self description of program and specific types of material preferred. There can be more than one program relevant from a radio station for listing here, often

programmers receive their material at home so that they can properly listen to each tape and select sections for broadcasting.

16) **Video status** — do you own a VHS deck? a VCR? do you make video art?

17) **Homecomputer networker** — do you have a computer and use electronic bulletin boards or email? Do you make programs that can be shared (swap disks sort of like cassettes)? This will require some compatibility information about your system.

18) **Related work** — artistic work or interests beyond cassette play. The purpose of this is to enhance the networking possibilities, for example writing science fiction or making clay post from clay that you dig yourself.

19) **Graphics** — ideally there should be a place to display graphics for each listing. At this time it may be possible to include a black and white logo or design or half-tone photo. Any donations of artwork will be credited and appreciated.

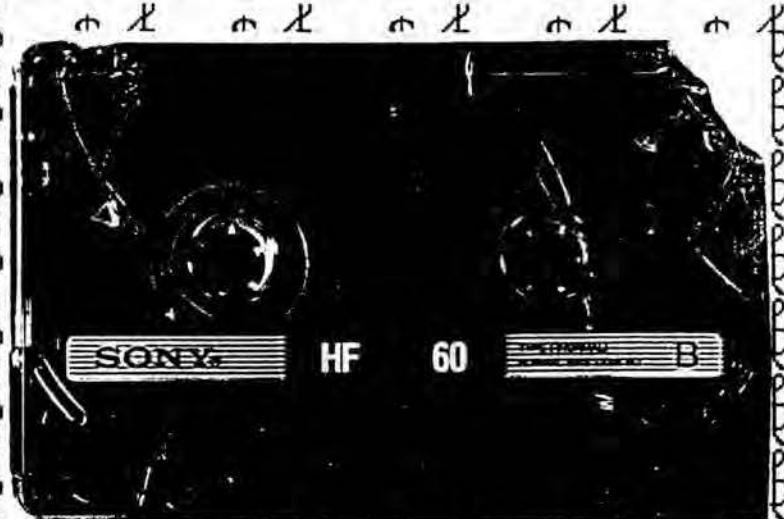
Comments — we are interested in your thoughts about this project. We predict that only a very limited number of people are going to bother much with this, but those people will have a very powerful tool for acquiring some interesting new tapes and a promotional advantage, being in an updated listing for others that will follow, looking for new sounds to hear, new ideas to experience.

There is a book component that is underway, **THE CASSETTE MYTHOS**, gathering much information from a lot of different places. One of the last things we are doing is putting together a book and magazine list, with comments, that goes along with the topics of sound art, performance art, sound recording, play scripts, zine publishing, video, international correspondence, many different kinds of topics that intersect at this place. If you would care to offer the names of your favorite books or other resources, or to comment, we may be able to incorporate your ideas in this last-minute stage of the publishing process. (Yes, it's still not too late). Much work has come in so far, if you would like more information about **Cassette Mythos** please inquire, we also have audio tapes for \$8 (USA).

Email messages: Compuserve 71036,1303 / Delphi MYTHOS

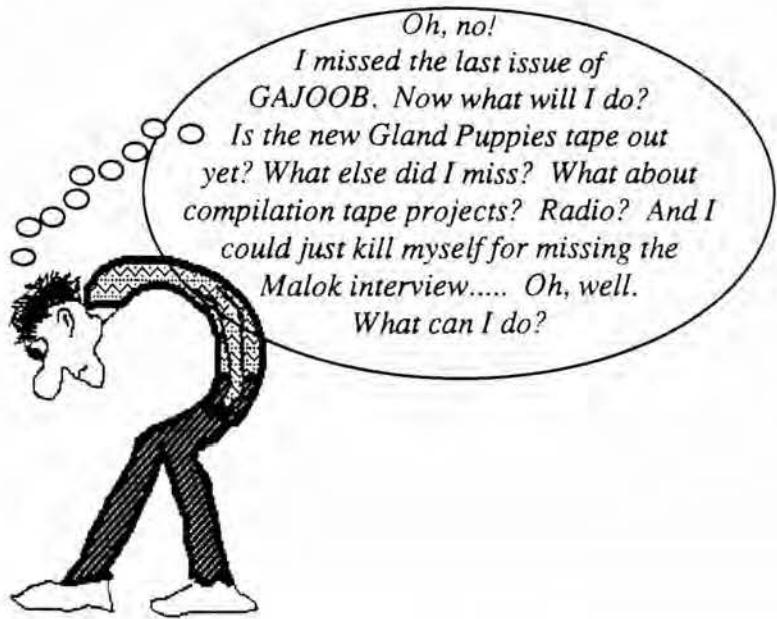
Cassette Mythos, PO Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507

HOME TAPING IS KILLING THE MUSIC INDUSTRY

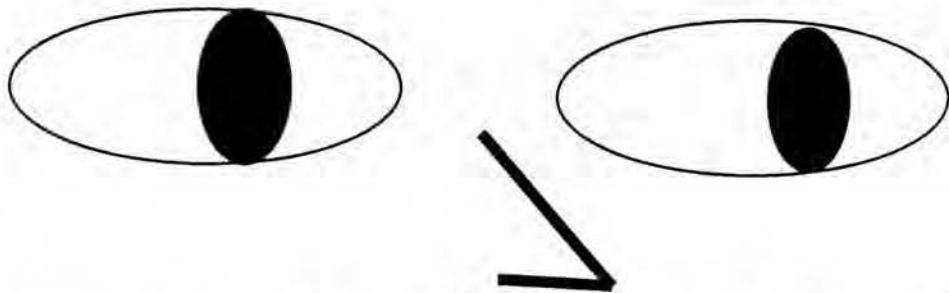


and it's about time!

DON'T BE A BOOB



*Oh, no!
I missed the last issue of
GAJOOB. Now what will I do?
Is the new Gland Puppies tape out
yet? What else did I miss? What about
compilation tape projects? Radio? And I
could just kill myself for missing the
Malok interview..... Oh, well.
What can I do?*



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tape*

TO

GAJOOB

PO Box 3201 • SLC, UT 84110

ABOUT THE SUBMISSION GUIDE

Your comments about the tape(s) you send for review will be included within the review of your tape in an upcoming issue of GA-JOOB. If you don't know what to write, read some of the comments in this issue. Consider it your chance to tell the world about it.

Some of you may prefer to "let the music do the talking." I can understand this; but GA-JOOB deals with words -- hopefully the words will lead a few people to your music. Don't be afraid to ramble.

In this issue I did very little editing (almost none). I will not guarantee that I will publish every golden word that spews forth from your pen; but I do believe in opening up this publication to as many possible viewpoints towards Cassette Culture and independent recording as I can. I think, for a start at least, I succeeded in doing this. Hopefully, it is just a start.....

Tape Submission Guide

Artist _____

Title of Tape _____

Contact and Address:

Style _____

Year _____ Length _____ Chrome? _____

Price _____ Instead of money, will you consider another tape in trade? _____

On a separate sheet, tell me about you or your band, and the recording of this tape. Interesting techniques. Anecdotes. Try to personalize it a little (or a lot!).

If GA-JOOB may use one of the pieces on a future compilation, sign below:

Consider sending a photo for possible publication

The Degeneration of the Upper Cerebral Cortex of an Editor

by L. "Flip" Marlee, B.A.

Question. Does incessant exposure to large numbers of cassette tapes as a reviewing mechanism foster ill mental health. I might say yes.

It has become apparent to me (and not recently I might add) through contact with a particular editor (Bryan Baker of GA-JOOB Magazine) that the act of listening to a large number of cassette tapes for purposes of review for publication can and, furthermore, does prove to be psychologically damaging to an individual if exposed to continuous listening and intense mental participation (in this case). Case situations readily demonstrate this as follows:

Case sit #1: The burbling and slurring of language when trying to conduct an intelligent conversation (*a conversation*) on the telephone.

Case sit #2: (addendum to #1) Inability to properly form words such as "dog," "cat," "help," "me."

Case sit #3: Lack of social interest; apathy.

Case sit #4: Appreciation for bathroom sounds increases.

Case sit #5: Threats of self-destruction are verbalized ("I will impale myself on the wooden fence outside if I can't see you to-night".....)

Case sit #6: Acts dichotomous in nature flourish. (Compare #3 and #5)

Does the act of offering a review for bands (artist, nonartists, musicians, nonmusicians, lay art people, however one may identify the person/people) contribute to the slow, but inevitable, destruction of a once innocent, unscathed human mind? What is the price to be paid for this "service"? It is a question to be pondered and taken seriously. Perhaps ranking up there with the vast "Save the Planet" movement and the Persian Gulf crisis. Well, it is to me.

Contribute!

GAJOOB Magazine is intended to be a forum for independent recording artists. If that includes you, then here's what I would like to see from you. Don't be shy. The more contributions GAJOOB receives, the more valid this forum becomes.

Tapes

Tape reviews are the heart of this publication. Some of you have offered to review tapes for GAJOOB. Believe me when I say that when I'm confronted by a stack of 200 tapes, this sort of offer is very much appreciated. But I think that having a single voice commenting on tapes gives GAJOOB more of a distinct personality—and makes the reviews more reliable over time. Besides, listening to all these tapes keeps me aware of what's going on. And that's important to me.

I'm still reviewing every tape that is sent to me, so please keep them coming and I'll be sure to let everyone know about them.

Photos

Sending GAJOOB photos of you or your band is an easy way to get some added exposure. It also gives this magazine better graphic appeal, to be quite honest. Black & White or Color work equally well.

Articles

GAJOOB is always in need of well-written articles which cover anything of interest to independent recording artists. An article doesn't even necessarily have to be about independent recording, per se. Chances are if a topic interests you, then others will be interested in it also. So give it a try.

Some ideas you may want to consider: the local tape scene in your area, those of you with experience in radio may want to write about that; building a recording studio; homemade instruments; unique recording techniques or unique ways of presenting your recordings; networking; running a tape label; etc.

Be creative. You may wonder why it seems like the same people keep appearing in GAJOOB and other publi-

cations. It's not because they have any more insight into Cassette Culture than anyone else. The reason you keep seeing the same people writing articles, doing interviews, having their tapes reviewed, etc., is simply because THEY DO IT.



Letters

People are interested in what other people think about independent recording. Their hopes and concerns. Letters which offer constructive ideas are important to the growth of Cassette Culture. I also appreciate feedback on the magazine itself. I do listen—believe it or not. I also try to respond where a response is wanted; and I'm getting better at doing so.

Interviews

Interviews can be done by mail, over the phone or in person. If someone in Cassette Culture, or someone who you think might be of interest to those of us involved in it,

is particularly intriguing to you and you would like to know more about him or her and their recording -- consider interviewing them yourself. They're a lot of work; but usually quite rewarding.

Other

Let me know what else you'd like to see in future issues of GAJOOB, and I'll do my best to bring it to you. Who would you like to see interviewed? More of this or that? What?

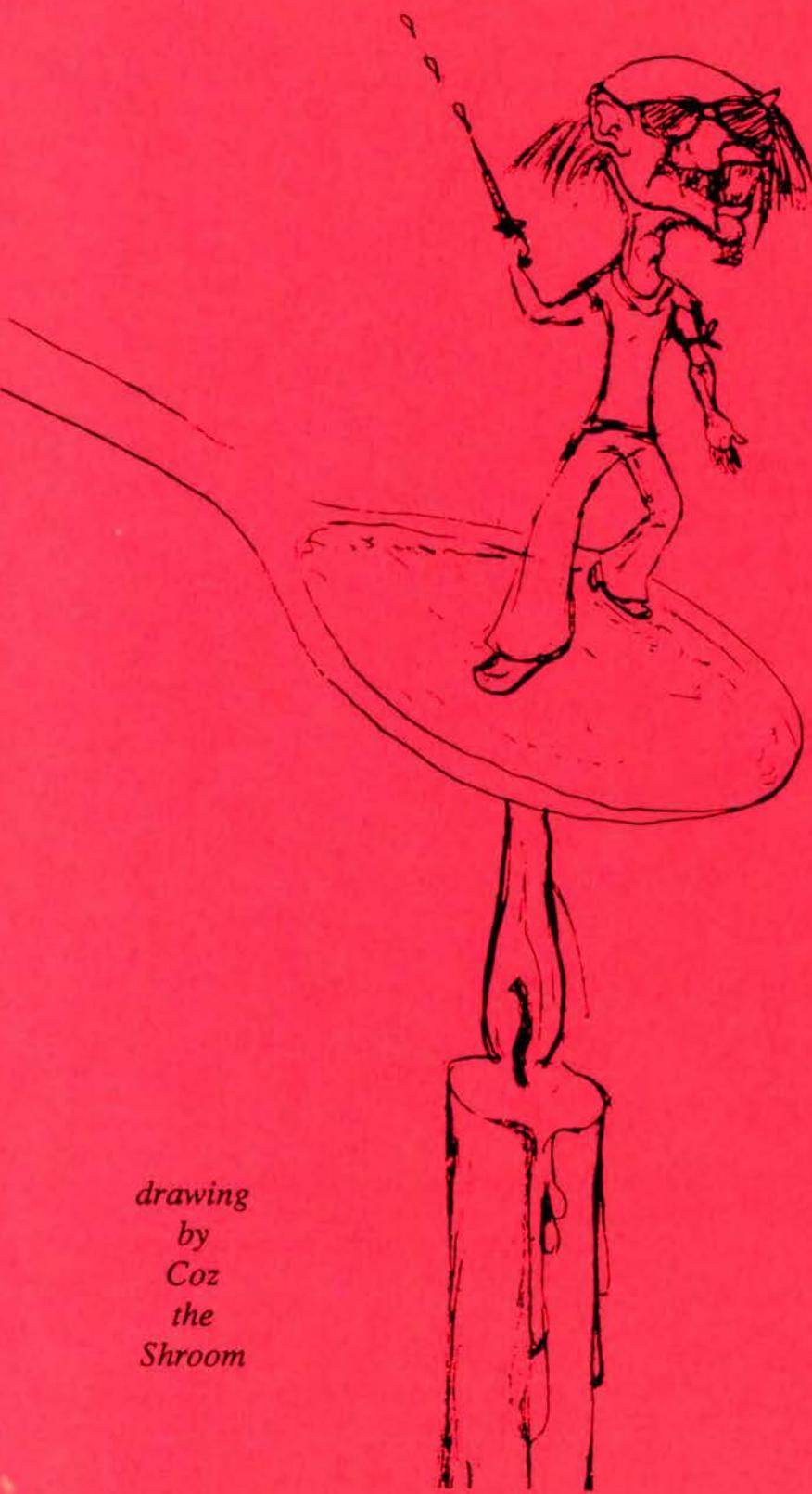
Above all, just keep having fun with independent recording and networking; and GAJOOB will do its best to keep you informed.

**THAT'S
ALL
FOR NOW**

**GAJOOB
#6
PAGE 77**

After the Brain Wash

drawing
by
Coz
the
Shroom



"How little anything means anymore"

(someone once said this)

You can't remember what you were going to say, and then the furniture in the room seems strange; it's not your style. Has the whole God-damn place been redone? Then an agent pulls you aside, away from the noise of all this, the cameras and the anxious interviewers. Weeks later, after an agreement has been reached, your story can be told. In this manner you are kept alive by the cameras, even when not present. Refreshed as you are by the whole experience, it is no matter the few small details the newscasters inevitably get wrong. You can always turn off the set if you are sick of hearing your name. And still later you learn that they have chosen someone younger, better looking to play the part of you

- Brian Staker -

GAJOOB Magazine

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